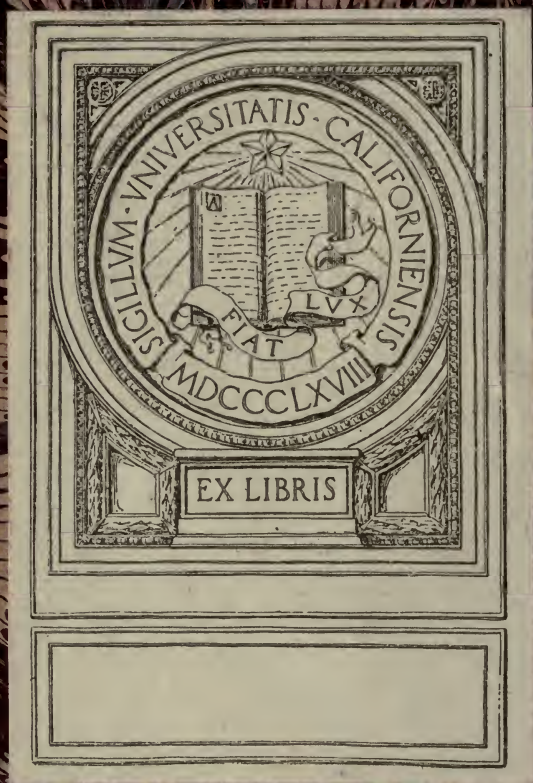


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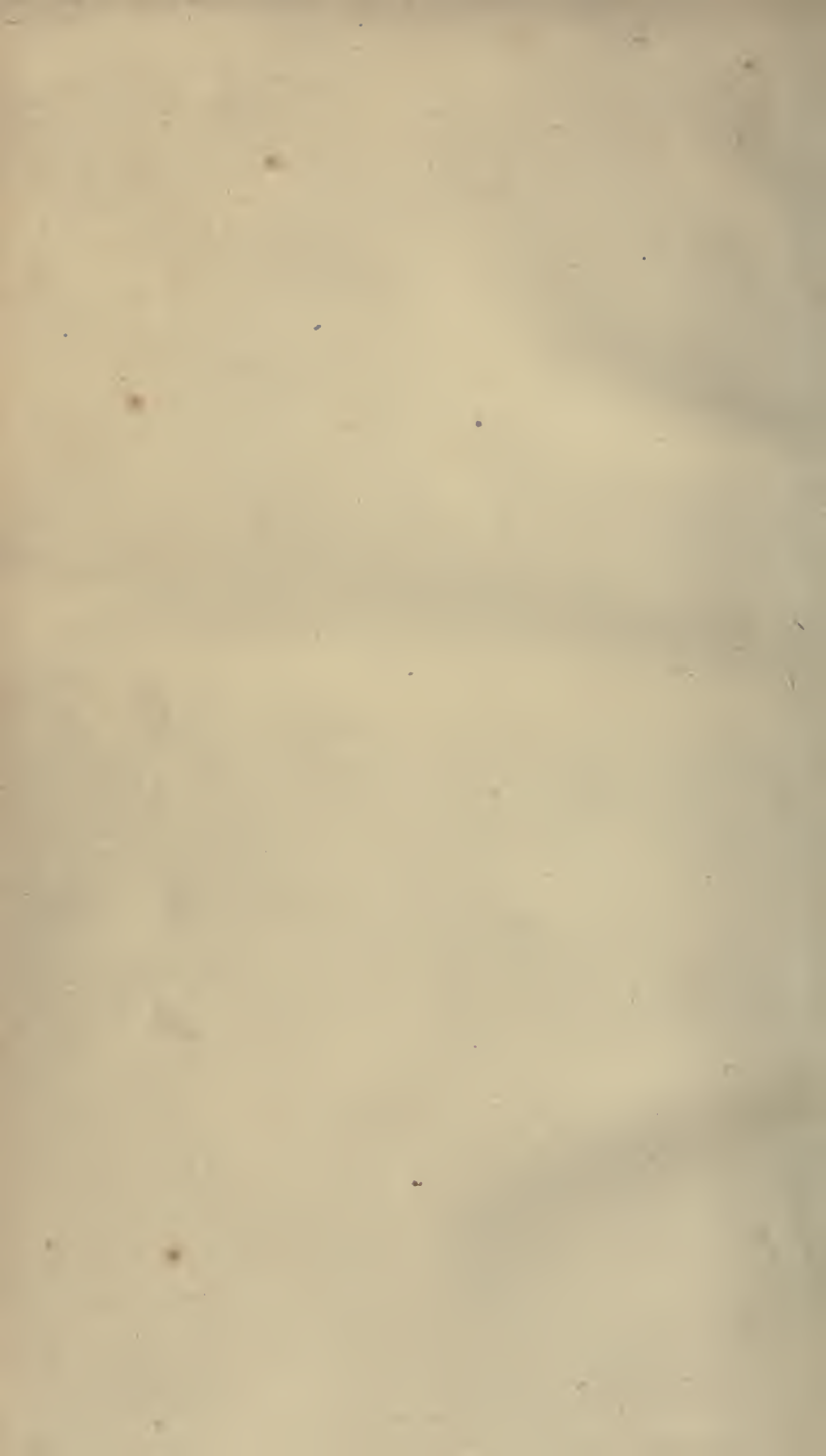




prepared by Geo. W. Scott



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# NORTHERN MEMOIRS,

CALCULATED FOR

THE MERIDIAN OF SCOTLAND;

TO WHICH IS ADDED,

THE CONTEMPLATIVE AND PRACTICAL

ANGLER.

---

WRIT IN THE YEAR 1658,

BY

RICHARD FRANCK, PHILANTHROPUS.

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*Plures neeat Gula quam Gladius.*

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NEW EDITION,

WITH

PREFACE AND NOTES.

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EDINBURGH:

PRINTED FOR ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE AND CO. EDINBURGH;

AND HURST, ROBINSON, AND CO. LONDON.

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## CONTENTS.

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	PAGE.
PREFACE, . . . . .	1
To Mr J. W. Merchant in London, . . . . .	v
DEDICATIONS.—To the Virtuoso's of the Rod in London, . . . . .	xiii
To the Academicks of Cambridge, . . . . .	xxi
To the Gentlemen Piscatorians of Nottingham, . . . . .	xxviii
The Author's Preface, . . . . .	xxxiii
The Author to his Book, . . . . .	xliii
RECOMMENDATORY POEMS.—By John Richards, . . . . .	xliv
By Mercurius Hermon, . . . . .	xlv
By John Slator, . . . . .	xlvi
By Richard Johnson, . . . . .	xlix
The Author to the Poet, . . . . .	l
NORTHERN MEMOIRS, . . . . .	1
Notes on the Northern Memoirs, . . . . .	363
The Angler ; from Browne's Britannia's Pastorals, . . . . .	378



## PREFACE.

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THE following reprint of a scarce book will afford, it is hoped, amusement as well to the topographical antiquary as to the lover of the angle, since it contains some curious particulars respecting the state of Scotland during the sixteenth century.

Of Richard Franck, the author, nothing is known beyond what he himself has intimated. He was born at Cambridge, as is stated from one of his three dedications, and during the reign of James VI., as appears from his having lived during the reign of five sovereigns. But, as Franck repeatedly mentions his slender education, it is not likely he participated, to any extent, in the advantages of the university, although one would

think some degree of learning was necessary to have formed so very uncommon and pedantic a style. He informs his worthy and honoured friend Mr J. W. merchant in London, that the impending Civil Wars drove him from the university to London; and if he was born about 1624 (James died in 1625) he would be seventeen years of age in the fatal 1641.

Richard Franck seems to have resided at Nottingham, but in what capacity he give us no opportunity of conjecturing, nor whether it was before or after his expedition to Scotland; he certainly served in the Parliament's cavalry during the wars in Scotland, to which he makes repeated allusion, and thence, probably, he derived the title of Captain, given to him by Richard Johnson in his commendatory verses. In religion, Franck appears to have been an Independent, but upon a mystical system of his own, which was no uncommon circumstance in that age. He censures occasionally both Prelate and Presbyter, and throws out, from time to time, his own peculiar tenets, which, indeed, he was at the pains to publish more at length, though not more intelligibly, in a separate work;

called Rabbi Moses, written expressly for that purpose.

It is singular that, under all these circumstances, Richard Franck, a Cromwellian trooper, and Independent, should have been represented as an unfortunate Royalist, who undertook his tour to Scotland to escape the persecution of the dominant party during the Commonwealth. His enumeration of "the six great patriots of the English nation," Ireton, Vane, Nevill, Martin, Marvel, and Cromwell,\* as well as his subsequent panegyric upon the Protector,† ought to have prevented this misrepresentation. The truth seems to be, that the author's journey into Scotland was owing to his desire of withdrawing himself from the disturbances which seemed like to arise in the Commonwealth. At what exact period this occurred, is not surely settled. If written in 1658, the journey must have been performed in 1656 or 1657, in which case the disturbances apprehended might be those betwixt the republicans and the faction of Cromwell, which led to the plot for which Sinder-

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\* Pp. 253-4.

† P. 286.

combe suffered in 1656. No doubt, the uncertain state of things which succeeded Cromwell's death, in 1658, was still more likely to have induced a prudent man to withdraw himself from approaching evil. But, first, Cromwell only died 3d September 1658, rather too late in the season for commencing a fishing tour as far as Sutherland; and, secondly, an event so remarkable would have been hinted at in the dialogue betwixt Arnoldus, Theophilus, and Agrippa, which precedes the resolution of the two first to visit Scotland.

The general route adopted by Arnoldus (Franck) and his companion, (for in description he often deviates from it,) contains a very extensive tour in Scotland, which they enter by Dumfries and Sanquhar. They then traverse Ayrshire, and come to Glasgow by Kilmarnock, visit Lochlomond and its romantic environs, from thence go to Crieff by Stirling, and from Crieff return southwards to Perth. From Perth the travellers descend Strathmore by Meigle, Forfar, and Brechin, and from thence journey northward by Fettercairn, Cairniemount, and Kincardine O'Neill to Loch Ness. From Inverness they proceed to Sutherland, and

visit Dunrobin, and the small town of Tain in Ross-shire ; Cromarty is also visited, and the travellers return by Castle Gordon, Aberdeen, and the coast-road which traverses Stonehaven, Montrose, Dundee, Bruntisland, to Edinburgh. From Edinburgh the pilgrims return to England by Dunbar and Berwick ; and, finally, repose at Nottingham, where, as we observed, the author seems at one time to have had his ordinary residence.

The sketch of such a tour, made during the seventeenth century, promises, it must be allowed, a great deal more curiosity and interest than the reader will receive from the actual perusal. The rage of fine writing had unfortunately seized on Richard Franck, Philanthropos, with inveteracy unparalleled, unless perhaps in the case of Sir Thomas Urquhart of Cromerty ; and instead of acquainting us with what actually befel him, like a man of this world, he generally renders himself obscure, and sometimes altogether unintelligible, by his affected pedantry and obscurity. Probably no reader, while he reads the disparaging passages in which the venerable Isaac Walton is introduced, can forbear wishing that the good old man, who

had so true an eye for nature, so simple a taste for her most innocent pleasures, and withal, so sound a judgment, both concerning men and things, had made this northern tour instead of Franck; and had detailed in the beautiful simplicity of his Arcadian language, his observations on the scenery and manners of Scotland. Yet we must do our author the justice to state, that he is as much superior to the excellent patriarch Isaac Walton, in the mystery of fly-fishing, as inferior to him in taste, feeling, and common sense. Franck's contests with salmon are painted to the life, and his directions to the angler are generally given with great judgment. Walton's practice was entirely confined to bait-fishing, and even Cotton, his disciple and follower, though accustomed to fish trout in the Dove, with artificial fly, would have been puzzled by a *fish* (for so the salmon is called, *par excellence*, in most parts of Scotland) of twenty pounds weight; both being alike strangers to that noble branch of the art, which exceeds all other uses of the angling-rod, as much as fox-hunting excels hare-hunting.

It must not be omitted, that the Northern Me-

moirs, though less rich in local description and anecdote than might have been hoped, contain a great deal of interesting matter, concerning the state of Scotland, during the Civil Wars. They appear to have been committed to writing in 1658; but certainly not drawn out at length until 1685; so that the author's reflections often relate to events which took place long after the term of his own journey. This is the remark of his friend Theophilus, who says, "You writ your book in 58, and spread the net to 85."\* There may be reason to think, that the first Dedication to "Mr J. W., merchant in London," was written for the rough draught of the Memoirs, and that the "prudent and valorous prince," who is pointed out as healing the wounds of the Civil Wars, was the Protector Oliver, whose death and its consequences may have prevented the publication of the work. But this supposition, the reader must be aware, rests on the same arguments which were formerly alleged, for supposing the tour was made in 1656, or 1657. If these do not ap-

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\* P. 285.

pear convincing, and they are by no means offered as conclusive, the “victorious prince” must mean William III., applied to whom, the epithet is of doubtful propriety. At length, so late as 1696, the Northern Memoirs were given to the public.

During the interim it would seem, from his publication entitled *Rabbi Moses*, that the author had been in America, which was a general place of refuge to the soldiers or followers of the Commonwealth, as soon as the Restoration rendered England an unpleasant or dangerous abode for them. The full title is, “A Philosophical Treatise of the Original and Production of Things Writ in America in a Time of Solitude. By R. Franck, London, 1687.” At the end of the Northern Memoirs, the same work is advertised as “*Rabbi Moses, or a Philosophical, &c. to be Sold by the Author at his House in Barbican.*”

If the Northern Memoirs were published in the year 1694, Richard Franck, the author, born, as we have calculated, during the last years of King James the First’s reign, must have attained the age of seventy and upwards; so probably did not survive the publication many years; and these few

notices are all the particulars of his life, which an attentive perusal of his work has enabled us to trace.

Franck, as already noticed, seems to have entertained peculiar and mystical notions in theology, yet, in general, expresses himself as a good Christian, and well-meaning man. His praise of Montrose and others, opposed to his own party, is, to say the least, liberal and candid ; and his view of Scotland, under so many circumstances of national discouragement, and affording, doubtless, most exquisite reasons for the censure which the travellers occasionally cast upon the sluttishness of the cookery, and the inferiority of accommodation which they met with, indicates much good-humoured liberality. It is remarkable, that he does not appear to have experienced that hospitality which Taylor, at an early period, and many tourists since his day, have received in Scotland, and which we are accustomed to consider as characteristic of the country. Captain Franck does not mention having experienced the civility of any native from the beginning of his tour to the end ; for the hospitable Commandant of Dumbarton was undoubtedly an

Englishman. If this was owing to the dislike in which Franck's countrymen were held at that time in the land, which they kept in subjection, the circumstance makes his candour the more remarkable, and every Scotchman must look with some favour on an author, who, so circumstanced, could have described Caledonia as "a legible fair draught of the beautiful creation, dressed up with polished rocks, pleasant savannas, flourishing dales, deep and torpid lakes, with shady woods, immersed with rivers and gliding rivulets, where every fountain overflows a valley, and (which is especially to the author's purpose) every ford superabounds with fish."

It only remains to say, that a young friend having undertaken the present edition of a rare work, (of which only a limited number of copies has been printed,) these remarks, and a few trivial notes, were contributed by one who may subscribe himself with John Richards, in his *Recommendatory Poem* :—

NO FISHER,  
BUT A WELL-WISHER  
TO THE GAME.

EDINBURGH, *January 3, 1821.*

• • • • •

THE TROUT, THE DACE, THE PIKE, THE BREAME,  
THE EELE, THAT LOVES THE TROUBLED STREAME,  
THE MILLER'S THOMBE, THE HIDING LOACH,  
THE PERCH, THE EVER-NIBLING ROACH,  
THE SHOALES WITH WHOM IS TAVIE FRAUGHT,  
THE FOOLISH GUDGEON QUICKLY CAUGHT,  
AND LAST, THE LITTLE MINNOW-FISH,  
WHOSE CHIEFE DELIGHT IN GRAVELL IS.

• • • • •

*Britannia's Pastorals.*—WILLIAM BROWNE.



TO

MY WORTHY AND HONOURED FRIEND,

MR J. W. MERCHANT IN LONDON.

---

SIR,

As this compendious volume of my Northern Memoirs contains nothing of obscenity whereat I may blush, so I hope no absurdity worthy your reprehension: Yet because modelized in the plain methods of an English dress, will perhaps occasion the sciolist to interpret me but a junior academian; and truly so he may, if when to consider my slender education. However, I have endeavoured, as much as in me lies, to avoid all prolixity, and long parentheses, which possibly would relish unpleasant in your ear; so have I abhorred repeated tautologies, lest fearing to nauseate and surfeit your appetite.

For that end, sir, I'll be brief in my description of Scotland, and as concise as possible in my *Contemplative Angler* ; so sum up both as compendiously as I can. In Cambridg, it's true, I had my education; but travel having the ascendent over me, I afterwards rambled the remote northern tracts of Scotland ; where, to admiration, I inspected that little artick world, and every angle of it. It's true, travel always affected me, and to travel by books, when nothing else presented to transport me, was a solitary kind of satisfaction, but no fruition. I must confess 'twas in an ill juncture of time, when the nation was alarm'd by the fatal approach of an intestine war (that perplex'd my anxious thoughts with various inquietudes) because then to see a preternatural cloud arise, that neither men nor counsels were prophetick enough to consult, whereby to stop the deluge of this hostile inundation that threatned to involve the kingdom in blood.

In this dilemma I left the university to seek umbrage in the city of London ; but my retirements contributed equal trouble,

for now a smোক began to rise in every corner, and like a meteor, it blaz'd out at last into fuliginous flames, that overspread the beautiful prospect of peace; which not only distracted the minds but the manners of men; because then to behold a storm rise out of a calm, that not only threatned prerogative and privilege, but a national *exit*, unhappily calculated to compel the people to see their own ruins wrapt up in the destiny of war. Where some, because never enough satisfied by being well, endeavoured by inadvertency to make themselves worse, and striking their breasts with their own weapons, forced all the kingdom to bleed at last. So that now every man runs to seek a pleget to stanch, if possible, the reeking wound; yet no man so propitious to find his own cure, by which he fancied all the rest incurable. That now so generally and epidemically the kingdom was diseased, that deliriated and distracted, they let one another blood. Nor stop'd it here neither, for the cultivated fields stained all over with English blood (beyond all precedent) bled,

till the life of that nonsuch Charles expired.

But now since England is so happily blest under the prudent conduct of a valorous prince (whose heroick vertues like a *corona* surround him) presents me an opportunity to step into Scotland, to examine there her remoter stars, fed by the vital flames of our southern orb ; supposing it no riddle, to fancy any man ridiculous that holds up a taper to illuminate the sun : for if when to consider, that the beautiful Cynthia sheds her nocturnal beam abroad, only to sprinkle the universe with cold influences, from thence we conclude that the major luminary (viz. the sun) adds to her obscurity his bright reflections, since she of herself is but a borrowed light, that can neither warm the world, nor cherish it with vegetation. But the light of the sun not only invigorates the creation with light and warmth, but is also a creational good in the ends of production.

Come then, whilst it is day, let us step into Scotland, to rummage and rifle her rivers and rivulets, and examine her flou-

rishing streams for entertainment; there the rocks and the groves will be our solent reception, and the cities and citadels supply us with accommodation; and there I fancy our time will be well enough spent to view the country, and give a description of all her curiosities: which I here present you, my worthy patron, in this short narrative, not doubting your clemency to absolve my stripling muse, though not fleg enough to elevate it self to the lowest elevations of your generous acceptation. But I'll do what I can in these northern tracts, to bring you a discovery of some of her rarities, whose solitary shades strike a damp to my pen, because to behold there such unexpected landskips, meanders and labyrinths (which I frequently met with) as exposed my resolution to a farther progress, whereby to discover all her northern gaities that shin'd so splendidly in every fir-wood, as also in her lofty domineering hills, that over-top'd the submissive shady dales, and over-look'd the rapid torrents of rivers, and pretty purling gliding rivulets; where the polish'd rocks, and imbellish'd fortifications beyond

belief, so surpriz'd my genius, that it puzzles me to report these remote curiosities.

For you are to consider, sir, that the whole tract of Scotland is but one single series of admirable delights, notwithstanding the prejudicate reports of some men that represent it otherwise. For if eye-sight be argument convincing enough to confirm a truth, it enervates my pen to describe Scotland's curiosities, which properly ought to fall under a more elegant stile to range them in order for a better discovery. For Scotland is not Europe's *umbrâ*, as fictitiously imagined by some extravagant wits: No, it's rather a legible fair draught of the beautiful creation, drest up with polish'd rocks, pleasant savanas, flourishing dales, deep and torpid lakes, with shady fir-woods, immerg'd with rivers and gliding rivulets; where every fountain o'reflows a valley, and every ford superabounds with fish. Where also the swelling mountains are covered with sheep, and the marish grounds strewd with cattle, whilst every field is fill'd with corn, and every swamp swarms with fowl. This, in my opinion, proclaims a plenty, and pre-

sents Scotland, a kingdom of prodigies and products too, to allure foreigners, and entertain travellers.

So that now Scotland represents a star that reflects a beam on our southern orb ; but England is the magnet that attracts this northern Chalybs by sweet influences, (and mild condescensions) whereby the fruits of peace and tranquillity protrude, and bud up to unite interests in one another. The orbs were made for the erratick stars ; and every star as a lesser orb (destinated for light and discovery) renders the creation beautiful to excess, by divine appointment of the divinest. For the sun we see is not impaired, because to lend us a ray of light ; nor does it lessen superiours (in any degree) to communicate their virtues to influence inferiours. Do stars run retrograde to make subjects slaves, when the whole creation is but under subjection by divine condescension of the great Creator ? Nor is there any thing of slavery (save only servility) except man who enslaves himself to his lust ; or by tyranny imposed upon his fellow creature. And now, sir, I have done, in doing my

duty, not only to my country, but singly to your self : give me leave therefore to wind up my epistle, and solicit pardon if any thing be amiss ; supposing my language runs harsh and rugged ; but that I cannot help, because drawn from the rough draught of a martial pen, which shews my stile may be somewhat unpolished. Nor can I flatter the times, for I never was a parasite nor a time-server ; so that, errors excepted, I may hope a pardon and an easy penance from so mild, so moderate and judicious a patron, under whose patronage I lodg my sentiments, and subscribe my self,

Worthy sir, yours to serve you,

PHILANTHROPUS.

A

## DEDICATION

TO THE

*Virtuosos of the Rod in Great Britain's Metropolis, the famous City of London.*

---

GENTLEMEN,

I WAS somewhat unwilling my Anglers should pass the press, till sedulously examined by some of your ingenious society ; and the rather, because it's eminently known, that many amongst you are experienced proficient, in the mystical art and intrigues of angling : whose approbation will indisputably accommodate my design, provided it come time enough, before my Angler encounter the press. However, if it come

short, I shall satisfy my self (as if already confirmed) that you'll please to embarque in these my solitary examinations of those rivers and rivulets in England and Scotland, where the fields in winter are paved with frost ; yet are the meadows in summer-time beautified with greens, and deck'd and adorn'd with redolent sweets, that perfume the air, whose delightful fords are furnished with trout ; and to advance recreation, the generous race of salmon : an entertainment perhaps not every where understood, nor is it by every angler (I perswade my self) throughly examined.

But, gentlemen, I have brought you somewhat else ; which, for ought I know, may prove a friendly diversion, if you please to inspect this narrative and survey of Scotland, where perhaps you'll meet with such entertainment, as may not only benefit, but in some measure delight you, after your exercise of fishing for trout. What then if you step from the water-side, and contemplate nature ; so raising your scenes, you'll admire the Creator, in his rare and admirable

creational work ; there you may see the operation of elements and stellate influences ; there also you may see the curious and various amalgamations of earth into cristalline forms and opacous bodies ; and there you may see how the luminaries are adapted parents of polite stones, metals and minerals : How vegetables also protrude and bud up, because impregnated with prolifick vegetation ; and how the principles naturally operate in animals, inspired and animated by the soul of the world.

We have also considered some moral duties, in reference to men of sober conversation : nor are we altogether barren of solitudes, and divine contemplation. The stars we consider as fiery objects, and he that made them thus gloriously to shine, made them also to influence and impregnate the universe : for God through wisdom hung up aloft these bright, shining, and globical bodies, whereby to illuminate this stupendous creation ; and that by reason of their rapidity and circular rotation, they impregnate the earth with prolifick virtue : and as

we see the stars surround the earth, the orbs beyond dispute immure the stars ; but the heavens encircling both the orbs and elements, plainly demonstrate that from the divinest, every created individual has both ends and means naturally and specifically appropriated to it self, whereby to make it visible ; and visibility terminates in time. Which notion, to explain in a philosophical sense, seems to imply, that both matter and form results in their own proper and natural beginning. Know therefore that corruption is the child of putrefaction, and putrefaction is the prison and sepulchre of death ; death therefore precedes the resurrection, and the resurrection is the *clavis* that opens eternity.

But, gentlemen, pray excuse me if I wander too far from the water-side, to gaze and admire these glorious metaphors, the divine oracles of him that made them, so not only lose my opportunity of angling, but endanger to lose my self in these solitary meanders ; rarely frequented and trod by the vulgar. Give me leave therefore to retrieve

my self, and introduct you into the slender margin of this my uncultivated book ; and examine the volume, if provided any thing may be found there worthy your ingenious entertainment, or the general acceptation of so splendid a society, that gives laws and rules to all the anglers in England ; that accommodates every county with rods for diversion, and enriches every river with hooks and lines ; that circumspectly prescribes critical hours for recreation, and consults both the mean and elevation of angling, whereby to augment and quicken the spur of pleasure. But I'm sorry I can raise my scenes no higher, to elevate this admirable piscatorian science, beyond the Elizium of the angler's Arcadia. For had I that pre-eminence of pen and fancy, to illustrate what the art of it self deservedly requires, I should impoverish England, nay it may be all Europe, if not all the world, to select expressions, to express and decipher it's deserved encomium. But finding my self unable to accomplish this great undertaking, I'll silently sit down satisfied,

under the rhapsodies of contemplation ; inviting my associates so to do, when encountering the rocks and rivers for recreation.

Now, gentlemen, since magnetism is so little known among artists, I less blame the indigency of those that know not how nature by innate quality attracts her own likeness, than other inconsiderate rationals, that sport away their time in pursuit of their lusts. Let the angler therefore (if he please) select contemplation, and pity such others that are destitute of those heavenly advantages, till the strokes of grace and a pious example or education, compel them to write memorandums of the glorious creation, in the fair and legible copy-book of wisdom ; so imitate nature in her daily progress, till arriving at the super-excellency of practical Christianity, which truly to know, is wisdom in the abstract, that transmutes our nature into grace, and our humanity into divinity. But this you'll alledg is heavenly transmutation ; and so it is beyond the mediums and discovery of art, or the indication of nature (improper therefore to introduce un-

dergraduates) : It's true, it is so ; but what then ? can't they omit the thoughts of elements, to mingle sometimes their contemplations with things more sublime ? Can't they relinquish their exercise, to converse with heavenly objects ? This I advise to, and my book will instruct them.

Now I have given you a plat-form for contemplation, which opens the windows of the mind to inspectulate (if possible) invisible objects ; but not to darken your sight by gazing too much at the sun ; for the more amiable and illustrious any thing is, the more astonishing is that thing, and ought therefore to be the more admired, consequently desired, before the methods of industry, or the lineal progress of art. But in as much as angling is a great part of our business, let me admonish the more ingenious artist to be mindful of experience, lest peradventure he slide into the slippery tract of an author, so unman himself of practical demonstration. Against which hypothesis I exhort the angler, whilst capable to trace

the silver sands, or florid meadows of Thames  
and Trent, to consort with ingenuity amongst  
rocks and meanders, where probably he may  
meet with his friend

PHILANTHROPUS.

A  
DEDICATION

TO THE

*Academicks in Cambridg, the place of my  
Nativity.*

---

GENTLEMEN,

I PRESENT you with a fair opportunity to travel Scotland, and stay at home : but then you'll lose the benefit of tracing those northern tracts, where you may pick up admirable curiosities in every angle, because naturally replenished with great variety. But not that I commend the country to flatter her inhabitants, nor intend I to exceed in my method and stile, when only to describe her cities and citadels, towns and castles, &c. For that end expect an impartial ac-

count from a candid and (I would, if permitted, say) a regular pen, that neither profits nor loses by imbellishing or demolishing either her towns, cities, forts, or fortifications.

But the longer I comment upon this northern subject, the more arguments I bring to convince the incredulous, that Scotland's national stores, and commodious maritime ports, will treat you with good accommodation and civil entertainment. Nor do I seem to contradict my self, when modestly concluding every impartial examinant under the perswasion of my opinion : nor doubt I to convince him, that shall hereafter trace her delightful shores, and observe the various and distinct classes of her numberless numbers of fish and fowl, her lofty and domineering mountains, and mountainous ascents burdned with firs, her pleasant and fertil fields fill'd with corn, and her meadows and pastures crowded with herds of cattle, but that he will conclude with me, that her cities and sea-ports flourish under the conduct of trade and navigation. And where the gilded Highlands are the Low-

landers prospect, and the skirts of the hills sanctuary to the bordering planes, shading her plants from the fiery strokes of the sun in summer, that defends them against impetuous and immoderate cold in winter, incident there to in regard so situated, that it lies north latitude near fifty nine degrees, though reaching the cusp of our southern situations.

Formerly, I confess, I flattered my self with Scotland's intemperance ; but my opinion is otherwise now, because having sufficiently examined to the contrary, and adjudg it an error in any man to denounce sentence before examination. Are the Arctick and Antartick Poles at variance, because of distance and seemingly contrary actings ? or stand they in opposition one to another, because Aristotle's philosophy could not reconcile them ? Must it therefore follow that there's no correspondency, no congruity nor harmony betwixt them ? when it's evident they are exerted by the universal spirit of nature, whereby they act and react upon one another : else would the tides of themselves stand still, and because

wanting motion, the ocean would stagnate, and at last result in putrefaction ; so by consequence invite a new creation.

Let Scotland therefore be England's Chalys, and let England be unto a Scotland a magnet to attract, contemporate, and mingle those northern severities, by southern softned reflections of moderate heat ; lest peradventure the rose withers, and the thistle meet with the fatal stroak of the syeth. Nature is but one in all her operations. So let these two famous and flourishing kingdoms survive their enemies, whilst I strip off some of Scotland's sweetest flowers, to present them to Cambridg, the place of my nativity, with this legitimate fair one ; intending her an academian there, because I fancy in time she may grow a proficient, when at present to appear so amiable in rags ; and probably deserves better ornaments than my slender education is capable to give her, whereby to manuduct her to point the ground, till she her self treads the stage of the world, as her heroick ancestors have done before her.

In the mean time, let me flatter my self,

that no gentleman will be so ingenteel to censure my survey, because not lineally artificial. I grant my methods might have been reformed by riper judgments, and my discourse placed in better order, which possibly merits a reproof: but I have this for answer, that I'm but a young practitioner in the press; and because finding my self obliged to conduct and pilot a northern princess ashore, I laboured all I could to bring her to the Borders, expecting some others in readiness there to give her entertainment. But I found my self defeated, and this beautiful fair one neglected, notwithstanding all the shores were crowded with spectators, that viewed and reviewed her modest approaches, yet none had the manners to bid her welcome. However, since she is come, I'll present her to the angler that treads the shady tracts and beautiful shores of Cam: together with the rest of the fraternity of the rod, that ramble the margin of famous Thames, Trent, Severn, Owse, Tweed, Tine, Eden, Ask, Dove, Darwin, Tees, Yor, Air, Need, &c.

Now since no art more than angling ele-

vates and advances the generous mind of the contemplative angler, let me invite and encourage him to patrol the solitary streams of Trent, if he purpose to undergo the toil of the art, before he publish himself an artist: for the practicks of angling won't appear legible, whilst the theory remains paradoxically unintelligible, (here's a cypher prick'd down instead of a figure) so that should I emblazon or intitle my self an artist, or a proficient of the rod, how can I avoid running the risque of being reputed ostentatious? On the other hand, to remain silent after the periods of forty years exercise, every angler will censure me ignorant, and my silence interpret me wilfully obstinate. Thus I steer betwixt Sylla and Charybdis. But as I cannot impede or hinder the thoughts or suggestions of any man, so by the law of retaliation, no man ought to hinder or misinterpret my modest resolutions, when but to challenge the degree of an under-graduate in the art. Nor have I confidence to raise my ambitions higher, than to superscribe my self an admirer of the rod, and a lover of silent and solitary

streams. Let my writings therefore remonstrate my experiments, and my experiments manifest my zeal for solitudes, and my natural affection to the place of my nativity, which can never be wanting whilst I'm in a capacity to speak or write my name,

PHILANTHROPUS.

A  
DEDICATION

TO THE

*Gentlemen Piscatorians inhabiting in or near the  
sweet Situations of Nottingham, North of Trent.*

---

GENTLEMEN,

IF to violate faith (though but with infidels) we forfeit not only our reason, but religion ; so not to dedicate some part of my experiments to your ingenious society, might justly prohibit me the freedom of tracing your flourishing fields and fragrant meadows, inamel'd with flowers, that perfume the beautiful suburbs of Trent ; upon whose delightful banks I formerly used to spend some solitary hours, in pursuit of the scaly fry, and where the plenty and sweet situations invited me not only to contemplate, but improve this mystical art of angling : though it's true, the rudiments (in

the minority of youth) were laid in Cam ; yet silver Trent's orient streams graduated my juniour experiments, by unfolding her meanders, and making obvious the intrigues of her rapid fords, replenished with variety ; nay so great variety of fish, that only to express it would almost bring truth into suspicion ; when from the more profound and solitary deeps, the artist (if expert) may summons up lucit, and the generous race of salmon.

But, gentlemen, I am not angling now, I'm only telling you those original motives to this solitary (and piscatorian) science, that grew up with me when an adult ; for then I courted the shady streams of Cam ; but Trent (as I told you above) gave me education. To Trent therefore (and the place of my nativity) I direct my influences, let malice do its worst ; nor are they extravagant notions, nor broken fragments, collected from foreign nor domestick authority, but lineal and practical experiments and demonstrations, drawn up and cultivated by the mediums of art, and the exact methods of observation ; which without vanity, I dedicate to your Society inhabiting the

flourishing ports of Nottingham ; which I doubt not you'll accept of, though not much to enrich you ; however you may taste of those solitary hours laboriously spent in Great-Britain's Hellespont, (the famous Trent) where I used to refresh my self, and ramble up and down her delightful fords, to gratify and satisfy others as well as my self with the fruits of experience. So that should I call sea and land Elizium, it's not altogether improper so to do, since earth and water compleat but one globe.

In those florid fields, near the fords of Trent, I frequently wandred up and down to crop the buds of experience ; yet I plundered no man's orchard to enrich my arbory, nor borrowed I other men's labours to adorn my discoveries : the bounty of Heaven, that always blest me with benevolent success, restrained me from rifling the records of my ancestors ; when to put a rod in my hand, and place a river before me ; so that I should offer violence to reason and art, if now to consult the authority of others, when such a large and legible folio to write by, as the great and stupendous volume of the creation ; which to contemplate, interprets the

divine practice of solitudes, and becomes not only contributory to the present, but the future generations.

To study contemplation is the high way to heaven, where the suburbs consist of a divine composition, and where you may read by those oracles the stars, the beautiful order of celestial bodies, and the great and lesser world all harmony ; for heaven and earth are correlates, which duly to contemplate, poises our passion, and baffles our pride ; which necessarily pursues the footsteps of generation, as naturally as rust follows copper, which without dispute is the death of the compound : consequently tradition, if penitentially admitted, and ignorance opposed to the mediums of art ; there uncultivated arts present no dispondencies, nor need a man sollicite reality in practicks. But this I oppose, and confidently assert, he that licks up the fabulous fiction of slippery authority, to confirm his false and untenable position, brings unsound arguments to prop and support the slender faith his opinion leans on ; whereby he exposes himself to clamour and reproach, and the censure of every judicious examinant.

Give me leave therefore to remonstrate my resolution, since the arguments and allegations in my book are my own. Yet had I rob'd Virgil to adorn my muse, peradventure my fancy had been more fruitful ; but take it as it is, since so freely dedicated to the Virtuosos of the Rod, from whom in modesty I may reasonably expect some charitable censures of this my sober and contemplative angler ; advising them to direct to the gnomen of practicks, omitting theory, and the useless prescriptions of the antients. Then shall no man need to grope the invention of others, but manifest every truth by plain demonstration. Thus far I may safely sail under the angler's protection ; but should I write marginal notes, and place them to the test of unpractical anglers, beyond dispute I should split on a rock, and wanting a pilot to bring me off, I might live without hope, and die in despair ; which I resolve against whilst capable to write my name,

PHILANTHROPUS.

THE

## P R E F A C E.

---

COURTEOUS READER,

*LET me manuduct you through the slender margin of my uncultivated book, to contemplate the evangelical sweets of reason and religion, two requisite and necessary principles for a Christian. For since it hath pleased God, through infinite mercy, to breathe into man a rational soul, whereby he was made lord of all the creation, to govern and conduct the creatures committed to his charge, with respect of duty to his Sovereign Creator : this capacitates man to act prudentially ; for imprudent actions proceed from rashness, and the inconsiderate poize of reason. So to be religious, it's the Christian's corona, that enables him to contemplate his present state and future felicity : Which to accomplish, he must cruciate himself with his thoughts and his lusts, and strip himself of all imaginary vanities, to ruminate how the.*

*certain uncertain state of mortality in a moment breaks up and terminates in death. And it's requisite it be so, since the body's solution displays the soul's glorious ascension out of this elementary tabernacle of earth and clay ; whereby with more vivacity she may elevate her self on the wing of faith, by divine attraction, to those glorious and invisible exaltations : which beatifical vision no mortal tongue can well express, nor can mortality conceive nor enjoy here, save only by a divine faith, and a holy and heavenly speculation.*

*Now, how necessary is the study and practice of Christianity, the true, noble, and the heavenly birth ! For a Christian is such by regeneration, and to be regenerate is a child of God ; and a child of God is a saint here. For militant saints in grace here, shall be triumphant saints in glory hereafter, made beauteously to shine in the New Jerusalem, and wear the royal badg of heaven, and that's an immortal angelical crown ; to which is affix'd the diadem of the Divinest, in legible and intelligible characters of the Cross. God in love with his own image, beautifies and adorns the soul with immortality. It's true, Heaven knows no limit nor dimension ; but earth has periods. With what circumspection, therefore, ought we to travel through this mortal pilgrimage, to the sacred temple of piety and devotion, where the blessed sweets of eternity, are perpetually tasted by*

*contemplating a preparation for death. And what is death but the key of eternity? These and such like pious considerations, lift up the standard of the mind to the elevations of contemplation. For if the progress of life be but one single scene of a tragedy, of necessity the world must be the theatre, life the prologue, heaven the design, and death the exit. So not only to live, but to live well, imports a well-dying; and to die to sin, is to live eternally.*

*Thus whilst premeditating the life of solitudes, give me leave to publish to the world this mystical art, and the intrigues of angling; and because animated by the mediums of experience, I thought it argument good enough to gratify the age, and reward the industrious with trophies of the art, which indeed is the ultimate end and period of experiment. Now tell me a better accommodation than what naturally flows from solitary hours solemnly dedicated to the Divinest; when to discourse with birds in shady bowers, and converse with fish in rivers and rivulets; to obliterate the world and vain conversation; so take our flight as high as heaven, by divine faith and heavenly contemplation: such a life as this explains the angler not only a monument of patience, but experience: so that ambition can never be a bait to ensnare him, that already is delivered from pride, and the arrests of arrogancy. O, how sweetly*

does such a man's habitation smell, whose entertainment and salutation is the dialect of peace, where every action, if thorowly examined, reads harmonious lectures of concord and content, labouring what in him lies to stand a distance from this ambiguous world, whilst the world pursues her flattering admirers, and such only as vainly heap up accursed riches to perplex themselves, and blast posterity. But I fancy, and it may be but a fancy, that some prevaricating Zoilist will arraign my hypothesis, and stigmatize anglers (and the art) with those black blemishes of barbarity and cruelty, when only design'd to kill a fish. To which I reply, that the creatures in the creation (by divine appointment) were appropriated for use, and what may that use be, if not the refreshment and nourishment of mankind? Adam had a commission from the King of Heaven, empowering him lord over all sublunary creatures: Will any one question this privilege? And Peter was commanded to arise, kill, and eat; when doubting with himself the legality of the thing, who disputes this commission? Now for any man to question these divine truths, (except a Banian,) he questions the Scriptures, the authority of truth. The creatures in the creation (we must grant) were design'd for nutrition and sustentation; yet no man had a commission so large to take away life upon no other account than to gratify his lust.

*Then the next question arising will be, whether the rod or the net is rather to be approved of? I have only this to answer, (since both contribute to health and maintenance,) the apostles themselves they used the one, why then may not the angler plead for the other?*

*Thus far I enter the angler's list, and resolve to encounter this critical age by promulgating the series of the art of angling. But to shape out rods, twist lines, and appropriate times and seasons, with variety of waters, and suitability of baits; as also the making of instruments, arming of hooks, forming the accurate proportion of flies, shaping of corks, staining of quills, forming of swivels, and drawing out wiers, besides casting of plumbs, and moulding of shot, I resolve against; for its nothing my business, though a task neither intricate nor tedious to the several and various artificers pregnant in the art. For that end you may dedicate your opinion to what scribbling putationer you please; the Compleat Angler, if you will, who tells you of a tedious fly story, extravagantly collected from antiquated authors, such as Gesner, Dubravius, &c. but I rather commend you to famous Isaac Owldham, whose experiences sprung from the Academy of Trent: so did that eminent angler, George Merrils; and as eminent as he was John Fawlkner, whose known abilities*

*to cultivate this science (both for directions and manuels) I modestly prefer before any other.*

*Yet how frequently is this art promulged by mudlers, and under the plausible pretence of anglers? when upon examine you'l find them deficient in practicks, and indigent in the lineal and plain tracts of experience; yet so fortified with confidence and ignorance, enough, I declare, to make an artist blush, if only but to hear them assert, that from one river in a nation, all the rest may be nationally understood: which preposterous impertinent opinion, if I should not publickly oppose, it would seem to confirm and assign me a confederate with the rout and rabble so ignorantly opinionated. But I shall offer my reason, to avoid the suspicion of an imposture, lest I be thought to traduce my proselytes into the extreems of an error; otherwise I had shrowded my self under a taciturnity, had not I dreaded the censure of other able and practical anglers, that in reason may expect a replication from me. For that end, I publish this Treatise to the world, where my arguments are synonymous, connect together like links in a chain, in opposition to that inconsiderate opinion, that by one river all the rivers in England, &c. may be included for fish and diversion. Which is alike probable, that an orchard without cultivation, should produce foreign fruit: or the Peak in Derbyshire, should*

*assign us gold instead of lead, or the minera of oar.*

*Now supposing this eminent difficulty resolved, yet some will be solicitous to puzzle themselves about baits and seasons ; so that I foresee it will aggravate and fret their intoxicated patience : Where note, such may search (as already pre-noted) in the mouldy records of Androvanus, Dubravius, Gesner, or Isaac Walton, whose authority to me seems alike authentick, as is the general opinion of the vulgar prophetick : for neither all nor one of them is an oracle to me, experience is my master, and angling my exercise ; yet moderated so, that I don't always employ my self with throwing in, nor haling out, as pochers do, that covet more than their panniers contain ; this makes the sweet of their labours unprofitable, when the angler only designs diversion the final end of his recreation. However, somewhat of this nature is expected from me, otherwise the prejudicate will conclude me ignorant, or affected with paucity : but I shall prevent that suspicion, by publishing to the world this Treatise of Angling ; wherein the practicks are manifestly divulged, though the contemplative be but in part express'd. And what hinders (I pray you) to withdraw sometimes from the trembling streams of Trent, to dedicate your vacant hours to the shrines of solitudes ; to sit upon rocks, or in shady groves ; there to contem-*

*plate the beautiful creation, and meditate our present and eternal future state ; so with a holy and reverential fear, call to mind the Creator and Original of all things, through whose wisdom kings rule, and princes decree justice ? But doubting some may want other moral inducements, to such I have brought a glass of morality, wherein they may view the world's state of inconstancy ; but to the more religious and contemplative angler, a model of piety, (Jacob will struggle hard for a blessing,) where he may see the inamour'd and seraphick soul surmount the æther, whilst earth-worms like otters prey below upon fish.*

*Now to such as love travel, I have brought them history, but to such others as love fish and pleasant waters, my Treatise : for the studious geographer, here are cities and countries ; but for the active engineer, castles and citadels. Should thy fancy be mean, here are shallow brooks ; deep rivers require the skilful art of swimming. Thus my book seems a mart, where a man may trade for trifles, or merchandise for things of greater value. The world is all purchase, and death the pay-master. Think not, therefore, to naturalize earth into heaven, since every thing adheres and partakes of its own nature. I advise, therefore, the lovers of a solitary life, to study sobriety, temperance, patience, and chastity ; for these divine blessings are the gift of God. So is contempla-*

*tion, which never shines so clearly as when retired from the world and worldly incumbrances. Woods, rocks, grottas, groves, rivers, and rivulets, are places pick'd out for contemplation ; where you may consider creational work, and melt with the warbling notes of Philomel, and the innocent harmony of musical birds, that delciate the air, and delight the attention. Or you may proportion your meditations with the pulse of the ocean, or the soft and murmuring complaints of purling streams, that imprint their passions as they pass along, when melting the smiling florid banks.*

*Nature consults no artificer to imbellish and adorn her illaborate works ; and shall the God of Heaven, the great Creator, draw his lines from the faint shadows of nature ? Pray, but consider, who makes the sea keep her regular motion, the constellations their rotations, and the erratick stars roll in their several orbs ? Are not all the reins of government in the Divine Hand of him that made them ? Is not the Christian's diadem, and the purchase of the Cross there ? liberty and freedom there ? the sweet tranquillity of peace there ? the blessed society of saints and angels there ? justice and mercy there ? the results also of life and death there ? and where shall we be found if not there, in those everlasting arms of beatitude, that exert our souls by the divine ray of contemplation ?*

*Study patience, practise humility, and let repentance be our daily exercise ; since these with other virtues, are duties incumbent. Then may we sing hallelujahs at an angelical pitch ; and that's a strain above the world's *Ela*. These, and such like divine impressions, we ought to imprint on our immortal minds, when with impatience we pursue our exercise, either to the river, or solitary lough. For the taper burns, and the thread of life (because lap'd up in this fine tiffany web of mortality) like a meteor terminates sometimes in a blaze : Too late then to confer with reason, or think of religion. So farewell, and be happy in the rules of friendship ; but happier to live in the amiable arms of virtue, ever honoured, and admired, by thy friend,*

*PHILANTHROPUS.*

TO

## MY BOOK.

---

Go, tell those men that bait their hook with gain,  
That plow the Hellespont, and cross the main,  
To fish for gold in ev'ry muddy pit,  
And hourly wait for ev'ry paltry bit ;  
That make their shops the fishponds, and the fry,  
Knacks of all sorts, to catch the standers-by ;  
That trole with silver hook, but use no rod,  
And freely strike, perchance the line but nod :  
That use no other links than such as are  
Compos'd of golden threads, not stone-horse-hair :  
Such mudling anglers, all the baits they lay  
Tempt nothing more than arguments of clay.  
Not well consid'ring, all this while they paddle  
In Cræsus wealthy ponds, their eggs prove addle.  
For when they come to scale their fry, and cook,  
Ev'ry surprize reach'd them with silver hook ;  
They must conclude more fin than fish was caught,  
'Cause ev'ry action proves an empty thought.  
Come, trace the angler's footsteps, he will lead  
Thy genius to some grove, or rock : there feed  
Thy thoughts with contemplation ; whilst most men  
Think such retirements but a cave, or den :  
And I'll assure thee when thou com'st to know  
Those vertues that from contemplation flow,  
Thou surely wilt conclude the whole creation  
Was made for man ; man, but for contemplation.

PHILANTHROPUS.

TO MY HONOURED FRIEND,

CAPTAIN RICHARD FRANCK,

UPON HIS

**Contemplative Angler.**

---

I AM no fisher,  
But a well-wisher  
    'To the game :  
And as oft as I look  
And read in your book,  
    So oft I blame  
My minutes spent with frothy recreation,  
Whilst others live aloft by contemplation.

It's true, sometimes I read  
In Cambden and Speed,  
    And sometimes Mercator :

Yet in them I can't spy  
How the scaly fry

    Floats in the water.

We grant those anglers were elaborate  
To fish the world ; but you the anglers state.

JOHN RICHARDS.

TO MY WORTHY AND HONOURED FRIEND,

CAPTAIN R. F.

ON HIS

**Contemplative Angler.**

SIR, you have taught the angler that good fashion  
 Not to catch fish with oaths, but contemplation.  
 No man that's wise, but out of good intention  
 Will hug your plot, and well-contriv'd invention.  
 To take the fowl, and fowler let alone ;  
 That's not the killing two birds with one stone.  
 But he that catches fish, and fisher too,  
 Has done as much as man or art can do.  
 Honour's the bait for one ; but silly flies  
 Are mortal engines for the scaly fries.  
 And he that thinks to scape the present danger,  
 Fastens himself, thinking to noose the stranger.  
 For one or other's still catch'd in the net,  
 When politicians have the pool beset.  
 And haling to and fro, to fill their dish,  
 Lites on a chub perchance, or some such fish,  
 That dies without redemption, unless he  
 Amphibion-like, can live by land, or sea :  
 But in the calms of silver silent Trent,  
 There's no such danger in the turnament.  
 For you may fish till sun-set, nay all night,  
 Find but your gamesters a fresh appetite ;  
 And that a bait will do, when you would court  
 Your game ashore, that dies to see the sport.

MERCURIUS HERMON.

TO MY HONOUR'D FRIEND,

CAPTAIN R. F.

AUTHOR OF THE

*Contemplative Angler.*

---

I KNOW, ingenious sir, that Sol's bright rays  
Make tapers useless ; so will be my praise  
Of this your Angler, for what I express  
Can nothing add to that illustrious dress :  
Except in this, as colours dark, we know,  
Cause brighter colours far more bright to show.  
The garb it's clothed in, indeed is rich ;  
Made up of neatest ornaments of speech ;  
Grac'd with most pleasant fancy, and the flow'rs  
Of purest elegance, pick'd at such hours  
When you have sat to hear the Muses sing  
On the sweet banks of the Castalian spring :  
Adorn'd with most curious observations,  
Join'd with most sober contemplations :  
Things both divine and moral, and withal  
Pleasant descriptions geographical :  
Full of ingenious variety,  
Mixt here and there with dainty poesy.  
So that there's scarce a line throughout the book  
That is not furnish'd with its line and hook,  
With which the reader will be caught, when's eye  
Is searching how to cheat the scaly fry.  
Ladies will make it their companion,

And learn by it to fish in Hellicon.  
 Who, when that their fair eyes shall chance to view  
 Your active fancy, will with haste pursue  
 After the same, to see its utmost flight ;  
 And so involve a progress of delight.  
 Here's nothing to offend their eyes or ears,  
 Nor fill their tender breasts with dismal fears.  
 No horrid plots, nor base conspiracies,  
 Nor noise of arms from Mars his nurseries :  
 No fields of blood, nor air disturb'd with tones  
 Of harshest discords sent from dying groans.  
 Arnoldus and Theophilus will lead  
 Them in more pleasant paths : They now may tread  
 On Scottish ground with pleasure ; for that place  
 Looks brisk and fair, since you have wash'd its face.  
 'Twill please them when they do behold the state  
 Of this new structure bravely situate :  
 And then immediately they'll fall in love  
 With that alluring and delightful grove ;  
 And those harmonious birds that sit and sing,  
 Whilst ev'ry pretty purling pleasant spring  
 Doth murmur as it glides, and loth to be  
 Depriv'd the sweets of such societie.  
 Here may be found those vertuous harmless sports,  
 That far transcend the vanities of courts.  
 Here may be seen each hill's majestick brow  
 Smile on the amorous valley that's below.  
 Here may a man enjoy such pleasant naps,  
 As poets have upon the Muses laps :  
 Whilst gentle Zephyrus from rosie lips  
 Sends whispers, which through fragrant bushes skips  
 Upon the gentle streams, that glide away  
 Whilst lambs do bleat, and pretty fishes play.

And thus through paths that strewed with content,  
 You bring the reader to the silver Trent,  
 Upon whose fertile banks methinks I see  
 Apollo's darlings making melodie :  
 Led by your fancies thread from their own spring,  
 And in delightful tones sit sonneting :  
 Who when they mention you in their sweet lays,  
 May th' angler eccho your deserved praise.

JOHN SLATOR.

TO MY HONOUR'D FRIEND,

CAPTAIN R. F.

AUTHOR OF THE

**Contemplative Angler.**


---

ATLAS I've seen, and I have read your book,  
 Where ev'ry argument's a line and hook  
 To catch the curious reader ; let him throw  
 But to surprize the fish, he's surpriz'd too.  
 For whilst in shady streams the anglers watch  
 To catch the fish, the silly purdues catch'd.  
 Nay I have seen, when I have seen you spread  
 The trembling streams with neither silk nor thread,  
 That you with horse-hair upon throwing in,  
 Has fish surpriz'd that never wagg'd a fin.  
 Mussles in Trent, I've seen them leave the water,  
 And swim ashore as if 'twere them you sought for.  
 Cheese after meat prohibits other dishes,  
 And after shell-fish rarely other fishes.  
 Now anglers look about you, whilst you draw  
 Your game ashore, and preach the common-law  
 Of destiny, as if it were a favour  
 To sentence death beyond all good behaviour :  
 You know not but your selves in project may  
 Be angled for, whilst you devour the prey.  
 If so, the fisher with the fish takes share,  
 And both alike their fortunes equal are.

RICHARD JOHNSON.

THE  
AUTHOR TO THE POET.

---

It's true, you do allow a man may fish  
 In Trent's calm streams, and complement his wish.  
 What then ? were Trent all fish, without content  
 I'd neither covet fish, nor value Trent.  
 The glorious eye of speculation differs  
 From airy things that's hung about with ciphers.  
 It's not the man that's rich, it is the mind  
 That makes him happy 'cause it's unconfin'd.  
 Riches remonstrate horrid shades of night  
 The day puts off, which Phœbus puts to flight.  
 And fear our flight pursues, so that where e're  
 We lodg our fears, death he brings up the rear.  
 But solace and content, is such a thing,  
 And so divine ; it's great Jehovah's ring,  
 With which he weds the world, to make earth's portal  
 The celebration of things more immortal.  
 For heaven and earth in unity repose,  
 From thence our contemplation sweetly flows.  
 The great and lesser world's all harmony ;  
 The spheres are vocal pipes, man's but the key,  
 That when Jehovah's fingers touch to play,  
 The ravish'd soul shakes off this mould of clay ;  
 And hov'ring with her wings, at last makes flight  
 Unto those endless cords of true delight.

# Northern Memoirs,

Calculated for the

## Meridian of SCOTLAND.

Wherein most or all of the Cities, Citadels, Sea-ports, Castles, Forts, Fortresses, Rivers, and Rivulets, are compendiously described.

Together with choice Collections of various Discoveries, Remarkable Observations, Theological Notions, Political Axioms, National Intrigues, Polemick Inferences, Contemplations, Speculations, and several curious and industrious Inspections, lineally drawn from Antiquaries, and other noted and intelligible Persons of Honour and Eminency.

*To which is added*

### The Contemplative and Practical Angler,

by way of Diversion. With a Narrative of that dextrous and mysterious Art experimented in England, and perfected in more remote and solitary Parts of Scotland.

By way of Dialogue.

---

Writ in the Year 1658, but not till now made publick,

By Richard Franck, Philanthropus.

---

*Plures necat Gula quam Gladius.*

---

LONDON,

Printed for the Author. To be sold by Henry Mortclock, at the *Phoenix*, in St. Paul's Church-yard. 1694.

# Northern Monitor

## Abolition of Slavery

It is the duty of all of us, in this country, to support the cause of the slave. We are all bound to do so, and we are all bound to do so in the most effective manner possible.

The cause of the slave is a cause which is as old as the world. It is a cause which is as noble as the cause of liberty. It is a cause which is as just as the cause of truth. It is a cause which is as pure as the cause of God. It is a cause which is as great as the cause of humanity. It is a cause which is as noble as the cause of the human race. It is a cause which is as just as the cause of the human race. It is a cause which is as pure as the cause of the human race. It is a cause which is as great as the cause of the human race.

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# BRIEF DESCRIPTION

OF THE

CITIES, CITADELS, &c. IN SCOTLAND.

WITH

THE CONTEMPLATIVE ANGLER.

*Theophilus.* It was in April, when every bough  
look'd big with blessings, and the florid fields  
and fragrant meadows, (adorn'd with green,) sent  
forth their sweet and redolent perfumes to re-  
fresh the universe. Chanticleer then gave the day  
a summons, and the early lark, earlier than the  
sun, salutes the air, whilst blushing Phebus  
paints and gilds the azure globe, whose celestial  
influence, (by refulgent magnetism,) blest all the  
world with prolifick blessings; so that the whole  
creation began to vegetate, and every vegetation

sent forth sweet aromas ; the birds began now to build their nests, and every bird to choose his mate ; whilst the groves and delightful springs, as also the forests and unfrequented desarts, celebrated the fragrant spring ; when the frigid congelations of frost and snow were all struck dead by the blazing fiery strokes of the sun.

*Arnoldus.* What infer you from these pretty metaphors ?

*Theoph.* I infer thus much :—The vernal ingress smil'd a blessing, when she sent the melodious harmony of birds to melt the air. The nightingale with her warbling notes, the black-bird, thrush, linnet, and golden-jay, besides the canary and delicious bulfinch, fill'd all the woods with their solitary strains ; and because beating the air with such proportionable harmony, every bush became an aviary, and every grove a mellifluous concert, whilst the purling springs, and more shady rivulets, softned by the gentle breathings of Zephyrus, seemed tacitly to express a secret, whispering, silent praise.

*Arn.* To whom ?

*Theoph.* To whom think you ? Unto Jehovah the great Creator.

*Arn.* Very well exprest ! Proceed.

*Theoph.* Things thus posited, under such a

rectoral governance, my reason and all my faculties were excited to contemplate the excellent beauty of this stupendous creation; but above all, when to consider man lord of this creational work, and invested with power to conduct the creatures, and intrusted with the cargo of the whole creation; this, I confess, was very surprizing, when but to conside him in a natural state, and compare him with the excellency of celestial beings.

*Arn.* What observe you from thence?

*Theoph.* I observe him complicated, and compounded of elements; and elements of themselves they drop in sunder.

*Arn.* But what if you take him translated into a state of grace and regeneration?

*Theoph.* Why, then, I'll grant the first death is past, and the second death shall have no power to hurt him.

*Arn.* So far you'll grant him to excel all created beings.

*Theoph.* Yes. But not as he stands in a natural state.

*Arn.* Do but consider him a living monument of praise, enrich'd with all the endowments of natural perfection, besides those eminent qualifications of piety, which intitle him excellent, and confirm him a creature adorn'd with all the

signal marks and shining characters of this stupendous creation.

*Theoph.* Why so?

*Arn.* And why not so? Does not the lion and the leopard, with the tiger, wolf, panther and vulture, pay their veneration to him? Does not his very aspect confound the crocodile? And, with one superficial glance of his eye, he mortifies the basilisk. Consider the composure of his face and features, together with the delicate frame, and his well compos'd fabrick of body. Do not these present him a composition of majesty? Surely it does; for all the creatures honour and adore him, which demonstrates him a monarch, and of such a princely sovereignty, that the whole creation pay their services to him.

*Theoph.* You wilfully misinterpret me, or prevaricate your own judgment, by taking wrong measures. That dignity and vertue (you sum up) that formerly shin'd as a ray about him, is now become a cloud, a promiscuous cloud to obscure him.

*Arn.* How can I mistake myself, when, to consider him in a most eminent state, and such a capacity of beauty and excellency, that the maz'd world think him more than a monarch?

*Theoph.* They may think what they will of

his primitive state, but convinc'd by experience, he is not so now. It's true, the time was when all the creatures, with a solid submission, humbled themselves before him; but that was then in his state of innocency, in Eden's fair fields, before transgression, before he unhappily found out the art of sinning; then and there it was they paid their veneration, but do they so now? We experience to the contrary; for the beauty and majesty of that glorious image was so macerated and torn by the talons of sin, that it has grown up since to a flood, to deluge posterity. This act of disobedience divested our protoplast, and influenced his successors so, that every generation since Adam has laboured under the same predicament; for that dethron'd Adam in Paradise, disinherited us and Adam's posterity; there it was man lost his prerogative, and here it is sin makes us less than men.

*Arn.* Can one single act in our protoplast so vacate the royal grant of prerogative, to enervate the conduct of succeeding generations? Surely no. The glorious act of government shines universally in man, and will so to the succeeding generations. The whole creation was placed in a posture of servitude to Adam, as he himself stood a subject in obedience to his Creator. So that, if I rightly understand creational work, the great end was to discover hid-

den things and manifest ideas, with the consequent of production of their various species. So that, under submission, I may as rationally conclude, that the creatures in the creation have now, as then, a natural right to bend their submissions to man's princely sovereignty.

*Theoph.* I very much doubt it ; for no sooner Adam lost his prerogative, but he felt a trepidation invade all his vitals, and his soul began to blush within him, because afrighted with the aspect of sin, that at a distance presented him the picture of death : now the same death that strangled him, strangles all his posterity. Thus it was when Adam lost his government, and thus it is with us when governing imprudently ; for, till then, the creation was unacquainted with disguise ; nor, till then, did the creature relinquish his authority, till he relinquished his primitive simplicity.

*Arn.* What happened then ?

*Theoph.* There happened a change in all the creatures, because they perceived a change in their conduct ; where note, ever since that general revolt, the creatures have been cautious to repose a trust under mortal protection, because destitute of power to govern himself.

*Arn.* Will you deny man a sovereign power and divine right, to intitle himself universal monarch ?

*Theoph.* That is not the point in dispute. I have already granted that Adam's divine graces sprung spontaneously from the refulgent ray of the majesty of God. But what is that to us? Can we restrain our hands from blood, and our hearts from malice and precogitated sin? Now, every man knows the reward of sin is not death simply, but divine justice; and divine justice bars out all the footsteps of mercy.

*Arn.* That's undeniable; however, I'm convinced, that could we but govern our own irregularities, our passions, our ambitions, and exorbitant desires, we should shine like stars (among men,) and seem, in some sort, almost immortal.

*Theoph.* That word (almost) was well put in. But to the argument as to point of government. If unlike Christians we govern ourselves, we tacitly slide into the inconveniency of slaves; and such we may suspect ourselves to be, because to sink under the weight of every single temptation, by which means we sully all those excellent privileges that adorned our protoplast in his primitive state.

*Arn.* What state, then, must we call this, a state of apostacy?

*Theoph.* You may call it what you please; for every man is in a state good or bad; but worst of all is that state that lifts up its hand to rebel against Heaven: Such were the giants in the

days of old, and such are we now, because overgrown in sin. How often have we violated the authority of our commission?—and how often have infring'd the liberties of the creation? Now, in the primitive state, there were no such proceeds; for then the creatures flew as naturally to Adam's hand, as terrified now they fly from ours. The turtle then was heard in every grove, now they coo nowhere except in aviaries;—all the families of birds then fill'd the air, now they are compell'd to whistle in cages; then they express their gratitude with demonstrations of joy—now they lament their destiny, because doomed to die. This was the golden age our ancestors liv'd in, but it's the iron age we live in now. For innocence, in effect, is almost lost, and it's well if we lose not ourselves.

*Arn.* However, I cannot yield to this conclusion; that Adam's commands were so torn and macerated, that surviving posterity should neglect their obedience; for if, when to consider how many generations have travelled through the map of time, (from our ancestors to us,) and time you know informs us of experience,—how rational is it then to conclude (but I only offer it for argument sake) that, was Adam reposess'd of paradise again, and premonished of sin, (as we are daily cautioned,) whether or no it might not be thought to raise a circumspection

in him, to evade the serpent, the sin, and the woman's temptation? Into this opinion most ages have crept; and our modern assertors and predicators approve on't.

*Theoph.* That's a point beyond my sphere; I meddle not with *why may not's*; however, I allow you a privilege and freedom of thinking or saying what you please; but then you ought not to circumscribe bounds to another. However, this I assert, that such was the original purity of Adam, in his state of innocency, that his graces then shined with heavenly rays, and heaven we know is all generosity. But every generation since Adam has so diminished that beauty and lustre, that from men we are almost dwindled into mortals.

*Arn.* Ay, but, my friend, have you well considered how that the formal fabrick of man's natural body, doth represent unto us the world's epitome? Why not then by the glorious speculation of his mind, (under a renovating and regenerate state of grace,) he may represent something of the invisible glories?

*Theoph.* You come near to the point. Did not the generations more and more degenerate? But this, beyond precedent, has outdone all the rest; for, by offering violence against all that's good, will at last offer violence against itself; and this is but just by the law of retaliation.

*Arn.* Why so?

*Theoph.* Because, so vehement in the pursuit of sin, we outdo our ancestors—and what's the conclusion? Adam, you see, was made an exile, and compell'd to relinquish the sunshine of paradise—he was forced to sit down under the shades of Mesopotamia; but we renounce both law and gospel to monopolize the world and aggrandize posterity. This is now our deplorable state; compare it with Adam's, and give your opinion.

*Arn.* My opinion in short is, Adam comes short of us; for, as he was the father of all his posterity, so, as father, we patronize all manner of impiety. Now, I have given you my opinion, how do you approve on't?

*Theoph.* I'll sum it up thus. Whilst Adam stood in purity, his beauty shin'd without deformity; so that by the will of the divinest, had he kept his station, posterity had never been doom'd to die by the cold and icie finger of death.

*Arn.* O, Theophilus! that one single sin should so deform him, that was elevated and exalted above the beauties in the creation!

*Theoph.* Just so it happ'ned to that bright star Lucifer, (and his aspiring conspirators,) whose ambition dethron'd him, and so it will us. He, striving to get above that that was super-excellent, lost that excellency the Supreamest had given him. So we, placing our affections on ex-

terious objects, we but inamour ourselves with our own similitudes. Judge of the consequence.

*Arn.* Is the law of nature a standing rule or no? If it be a rule, it ought to be obeyed; for it is natural in kind to answer kind.

*Theoph.* Can nature, as nature, exert our zeal, to stir up in us the lively act of Faith? Surely faith is no part of creational work; it's rather a bough or branch that buds up from regeneration. The excellency, therefore, of the things that are, are not of themselves, but dependent on some other, infinitely more glorious. Such is the Creator.

*Arn.* He that made the world had no need of assistance; but all things that are made were made by him alone. Creational work, therefore, was discovering hidden ideas, and making invisibles to appear visible.

*Theoph.* God, the Creator, made himself manifest in time, by his glorious act of power in creating; who, by his eternal wisdom and providence, upholds it that it drops not asunder.

*Arn.* That's manifest by the eye of sense; but he that sees by the eye of faith, sees beyond the creation, for he sees the Creator; and, in seeing him, he sees his Redeemer.

*Theoph.* Why then struggle we so hard after superficial knowledg, to defeat ourselves by the dull prospect of sense; for if, when to create in-

quietudes in ourselves, we labour and toil with unprofitable anxiety?

*Arn.* What but the curse anticipates the blessing? Man and the creation were made in time; and time was drawn out by the wisdom of God; but the understandings of most men, differently discerning, differently distinguish, till time, the harbinger of eternity, eats out his character, so translates him to the shades of his silent sepulchre.

*Theoph.* What infer you from this?

*Arn.* Solomon was a man inspir'd with wisdom, and endued with understanding; and God gave him eyes to foresee the vicissitude and revolution of times and states.

*Theoph.* Solomon had a divine soul, incorporated with humane nature, whose ambition, (if proper to say so,) coveted wisdom rather than wealth, and God answered his desires. In that day Solomon was the Jewish oracle; but every day is the Almighty's holy-day, and time and the world like a globe in his hand. Consider, therefore, the same excellency of spirit Solomon had hovers still over us, like a glory about us, and, by divine permission, over every generation.—But, because falling short of Solomon's knowledge (and divine speculation,) we do not, as Solomon, all alike discern.

*Arn.* Grant the argument admits of no con-

tradiction ; yet you will find it a task difficult enough to study the art of self-resignation.

*Theoph.* Solomon, you grant, he refused wealth for wisdom. But what think you of Saul, that went as far as Endor, and rak'd up the ashes of the dead to enquire a victory ?

*Arn.* I think the case different, both in nature and quality. The one chose wisdom, but the other witchcraft ; so to connect them together draws on a false conclusion.

*Theoph.* Then the consequence follows. Saul's reasoning with flesh and blood, as it was impious—so his application to sorcerers and necromancers was also diabolical ; who, to accomplish the end of his conspiracy, consults not Endor only, but the brood of infernals.

*Arn.* He did so, who denies it ? I know what you'll alledg, you'll tell me the tree is known by its fruits. I grant all this, and what then ? yet I dare not interpret Saul a son of perdition. God's mercy never wants wings to fly to the disconsolate penitent, whose mercy super-excels his divine acts of justice. Therefore, judg not Saul, lest we judg ourselves ; when, by the heart only, things are legibly construed.

*Theoph.* It's true, the heart made legible discovers a phenix or a vulture ; the first living, (as Hippocrates says) and the last dying ; so that

neither physick nor philosophy can make mortal immortal. There's neither energy nor excellency in the superficial form. Vertue lies conceal'd as a jewel in a cabinet. No man, therefore, can be read by his species.

*Arn.* To grant your conclusion, proves the thing less difficult in knowing others, than to search within to know ourselves. Solomon had wisdom and divine discoveries; and Saul had courage to encounter the Philistines.

*Theoph.* That authority that tolerates Solomon to have wisdom, the same authority concludes Saul inquisitive after witches.

*Arn.* Admit it does, (what then?) that power that gives life a being, is indisputably more noble than the thing that has life. God created the world, and by wisdom animated it with life; so that life shines everywhere, in every individual. This is manifest to every man, and every creature, that breaths in the creation.

*Theoph.* This I agree in; but I can't reconcile myself to your opinion, that Solomon and Saul's case run in parallel lines. Lucifer and Michael, though stars of the first magnitude, yet they paid not equal adoration to their sovereign superiour.

*Arn.* I don't question but you will grant that nothing has life of itself, but from something

else that's eminently superiour. That the world is governed by Divine Providence, and that every beginning is destined to death in time.

*Theoph.* All this I grant—what infer you from thence?

*Arn.* I infer, and observe, you are somewhat too severe in censuring Saul's sin, by the rule of your judgment unpardonable. Now, for one man to take upon him to judg another, he betrays his rashness, because his judgment is not infallible.

*Theoph.* I know where it pinches, you'll hinge upon mercy.

*Arn.* I must tell you that God is a merciful judg, whose mercy, as recorded, is above all his works; and a mystery so sacred and secretly conceal'd, that angels themselves dare not pry into it. How then shall man discover this admirable arcanum of mercy, when lock'd up in the secret cabinet of heaven? Let us not assume such previous conjecturals, but rather consult and expostulate death, since death is the wages and the reward of sin. Man and the world terminate in the arms of death, because they alike consist of elementary principles; but death will be found the extinguisher of life, except that life that's lighted by the torch of regeneration; that life will outlive the second death.

*Theoph.* But you'll agree in this, that a vi-

cious man living (and reigning) in sin all the days of his life, his life may be taken for a living death.

*Arn.* I'll comply with any thing except censoriousness ; for that end trumpet not Solomon's praise too loud, least the eccho resounding, ecchoes ostentation. On the other hand, not to hope an indemnity for Saul, we straiten God's mercy, which is infinitely boundless. So let's leave it to the Judg of all the world ; for if the world be left to determine this case, she'll denounce a false judgment, because of her partiality. Nay, she may be suspected uncharitable too ; and such are we, if children of the world, because subject to err by the rule of instability.

*Theoph.* You bear hard upon me, yet I'm loth to give up the cause ; there's little or no difference in the length of our weapons ; but this I'll say, so drop the argument. Solomon was an oracle of wisdom and learning, and the blazing star that shin'd in Jerusalem. And Saul was a king, and the first king in Israel ; but then he was that king God gave in his wrath, which was soon after removed, for David stood in Saul's way.

*Arn.* So did Uriah in his, when inamoured on his wife.

*Theoph.* But David was a prophet, and a man of God ; and Saul was censured for his im-

pious exorcisms, as if the tincture of regeneration was obliterated in him.

*Arn.* God forbid that the sting of sin should be so venomous a poison, that no antidote can cure it! Did not the Lord of Life die to conquer sin, and death, and hell, in every believer? Let us be so charitable as to parallel Saul with Sampson, who had his Dalilah, as Saul had his Endor. Here we read, that David found repentance after the prophet's reproof; and Sampson had his satisfaction upon the lords of the Philistines. These two had their pardon seal'd before death; and fain would I be so charitable to conclude so of Saul.

*Theoph.* Ay, but Saul's fault is writ in capital characters.

*Arn.* That's instituted for our admonition, and the reformation of succeeding generations.

*Theoph.* O, Arnoldus! the generations to come will abominate this, that inflames itself to set the rest of the world on fire.

*Arn.* Then let them burn and consume one another; for lust and pollution augment the flames.

*Theoph.* Do not all the nations and kingdoms about us exhaust their treasures to indulge themselves, and devote their services to the hypocrisy of the times?

*Arn.* It's rare (to a miracle) to find faith

amongst men, especially such as daily expose conscience to the wreck of opinion. And he that makes a god of his belly devotes all his services to his luxurious appetite. Thus, men, as by machination, traduce one another into the devil's school, to brazen themselves against the modesty of a blush, lest sin should be thought to be shame-fac'd. And others raking up the embers of revenge, fire themselves by quenching the flames.

*Theoph.* So let them. But what's all this to our angling design?

*Arn.* Stay a little till we come to the water-side: In the meantime I have a question to put, and that's this; How comes it to pass that the hinge and poize of politick states move and turn about with such rapid motions, that kingdoms and potentates are dash'd in pieces?

*Theoph.* The naturalist, we see him consult natural causes, and the judicial astrologer, planetary events; but the more religious devotes himself to the providence of God. Is there not a time for frost, and a time for hail? a time for rain, and a time for fair weather? a time for revolution, dissolution and death? and all these times and various changes are exercised by Him that holds the poize and ballance of government. That naturalist, therefore, that concludes a divinity in celestial influences, does but grope in

the dark ; and the astrologer pins his faith upon other mens sleeves.

*Arn.* You tread upon the heels of my former assertion.

*Theoph.* What if I do ? I hope not to hurt you. The Prince of this world rules in the air, insinuating himself into the heart of man, from whence comes war, and the rumours of war, as rapine, ravages, murder and blood. Does not pride strut up in the face of piety, and hell presume to juggle heaven ? And can good and evil (think you) run in parallel lines ? No, Arnoldus, I perswade myself, this age lives within one step of destruction, were it not upheld by an Almighty Providence.

*Arn.* O the subtilty of man's heart, that nothing but arrows from the Almighty can reach it !

*Theoph.* He that reads his own heart, without a perspective, reads all the world ; but to know God is life eternal, and that's more than the world knows, because wanting the key of knowledg.

*Arn.* Man is like a ship in a turbulent sea, where every wave threatens him with death, and every gust of wind one step to his grave. How mindful, therefore, ought he to be of well-living, which answers the ends of well-dying.

*Theoph.* Divinely alluded ! Man, therefore,

by how much the more honourable he is than the rest of his fellow creatures, by so much the more nobly and divinely ought he to be exercised in the piety of christianity and self-resignation.

*Arn.* This is good advice, but still methinks I see a storm coming ; not that I prognosticate another revolution ; no, no, rather a desolation by sword or famine, for sin, like a granade, tears up all before it, and rips up the foundation of kingdoms and commonwealths.

*Theoph.* It is true, sin is the original cause of all national calamity, and there is no satisfaction for sin, but the death of a Saviour. The cross must purchase the crown : the old man must die to seal the regenerate birth. What have we to do but consider the transitory state of things, and the stability of that that gave them a being ? Here's nothing but rumbling and jumbling about us, till He come, whose right it is to reign, and subdue all monarchs, and make their thrones his footstool.

*Arn.* By this prophetick discourse, methinks I smell a strong scent of invasion. But where the storm will fall, God he only knows. Are not the nations about us like an acaldemy of blood, that darkens the air, and terrifies my pen to write such dismal and tragical apprehensions ? Will not the sword, plague, and famine, contend

for victory? O how sad will it be to see the father fall by the dint of sword, the mother crawl by the infected walls of a pesthouse, and the poor innocent and comfortless infant perish in the streets, and pine away with hunger? Three such merciless and unsatiable conquerors, and all to keep the field at once, will totter the strongest camp in Christendom.

*Theoph.* Then where's our security, and what signifies the strength or the artifice of man, when God has a controversy with the kingdoms of the world? The Christian's arms then will prove the best security. He that cruciates his lusts, outlives the vice of impiety.

*Arn.* What then becomes of him that throws vertue into the embracements of vice, and prostitutes justice before every clamorous derider? that lifts up the standard of impiety, to justle religion, and profanes the altar by superstitious adorations? that mounts ambition on the theatre of luxury and hypocrisy, and opposes the Gospel and Divine Oracles to humane tradition, and the vain imaginary inventions of men? that in defiance of heaven opens the portals of hell, and advances the curse instead of the cross? What must we conclude from such dreadful consequences, but that God will tear the nations in pieces?

*Theoph.* There was a time when the law

shin'd bright ; yet at the same time the Gospel shin'd behind the horns of the altar ; (but in this our time neither law nor gospel shines ;) the Divinest then had his residence in the *Sanctum Sanctorum* ; but hell is let loose now, and heaven violated with oaths and imprecations.

*Arn.* The times were bless'd in those halcion days, when our patriarch Jacob was clothed with innocency ; but in this our day we are all turn'd Esaus, to pursue the world and inconstant vanities : And though no gospel-star then shin'd amongst them, nor was Christianity known in their courts ; it's well if we that are Christian professors live up to the practice of sound morality.

*Theoph.* We read in the Sanhedrim, that the seed of Hagar stood in opposition to the seed of Sarah. But Abraham's God will dwell in tents, rather than in temples with the Prince of this world : Yet Rachel had her idols, who adds sacrilege to idolatry, by taking away, (or stealing,) those of her fathers.

*Arn.* When the Turk turns Christian, there's hope the Persian will fight under the banner of the cross.

*Theoph.* Then he'll be fit to turn Roman Catholick, to stamp the cross on every service, and vengeance with a simiter on the breasts of Protestants ; to immure their proselytes betwixt

stone-walls, so starve them to death under pretence of sanctity ; and because not to die a violent death, the anchorite fancies he dies not at all. Is not this a fine way to mortify the flesh, when at the same time they'll surfeit with fish ? that grope in the dark at noon-day, and hold up a taper to illuminate the sun ? that like spiders, they'll unravel their own bowels, though it be but to entrap a silly insect.

*Arn.* I look on the hierarchy of the Church of Rome, like men that encounter a blasted fate : Where priests are saints bells, but defective of sound ; and oracles at the altar, but dumb in explanation ; that kindle their tapers to blaze in the temple, and consecrate sacrifices without a blessing ; so cover their nakedness with a Babylonish garment : Where mattins are metamorphosed into masquins, collects translated into collations, and St Anthony's bells into nocturnal cabals. These are the men that can mode religion, and dress it up to humour the times.

*Theoph.* Religion of late is very much discour'd, and after some sort crept into most men's mouths ; but least in practice of any thing practicable. If they tell you that Asians are Athenians, you are bound to believe them ; and that Turks are Christians, you can't disprove them, since France and the Port have been confederates. Nay, there are some blear-ey'd Ro-

manists, under pretext of Christianity, will swear, that to worship images is no idolatry. And some others of such voracious appetites, that they'll eat the horse and digest the stirrups. And some amongst them (I speak what I know) are never satisfied till glutted with spoil, which exposes every man to the lust of his adversary, whose power is as equal to restrain his will, as the body to refrain from drought in a fever.

*Arn.* I make no doubt on't, we have Copernicans amongst us, that can fancy the earth, as the orbs, turn round ; so rapid are the minds of some in this adúltrous generation, to be winding and turning, till He comes that will overturn and dissolve the elements like ice in warm water ; so melt down the creation with one single blast, and strike that dead that violates his regal commands. The all-glorious beatifical star of heaven's high tribunal is already risen in our earthly horizon, which virtually lifting up itself by magnetick power, lifts up our souls also by a magnetism of Divine sympathy, whereby we shall ascend above these muddy cisterns of earth and clay, to blaze aloft in those illustrious and most illuminated mansions of beatitude and eternity.

*Theoph.* I grant what you say. There are a sort of men that flatter themselves with self-righteousness, and shape out condemnation as a re-

ward to others; that can spy the mote that deforms their brother's eye, but the beam that shades their own is no impediment. Thus some gaze at their own pageantry, and too frequently answer their own petitions; that say to themselves, all is well, when nothing's well but what is ill; that live so near the portalls of death, as if there were no death in dying. Such men as these think the sun shines blessings no where but in their chimney-corners; that build their habitation upon a sandy foundation; that judg and pre-judg both moralist and heathen, (that rather deserves their pity and charity;) and censure all the world, when they themselves can't live without it.

*Arn.* What crazy props such men lean upon, that exchange their profession for profit. If Christ be our foundation, let's believe as Christians; not barely to honour the appellation of Christianity, but live the life and practice of Christians, otherwise we build on a sandy foundation, that sinks beneath the surface, or tumbles down in the storm. We daily observe the earth a fix'd body, yet it bears not the heavens, nor itself neither; because it hangs by poize of its own, and the providence of God supports it. For our blessed Saviour that made the world, is the support of the world; for none less than he that made the world, had power to redeem man,

and save the world. This is the water of life that's drawn from the inexhaustible fountain of Christ our Redeemer. This is the true Physician of life, that blots out the dismal characters of death. Thus, whilst the formal Christian draws streams from the muddy cisterns of the ambiguous world, his devotion reaches no higher than himself, and the gaudy titles of ambition and hypocrisy.

*Theoph.* Shall I oblige Arnoldus to entertain us with a contemplation of seraphick joys, whilst the silent night passes away, and the blazing torch of the sun appears, that causes an early blush in Aurora.

*Arn.* Every day has a new birth, but time and the world had but one beginning. The night was made to shadow the day, but the sun to light and illuminate the universe; and this was ordain'd by the wisdom of Him that stuck the stars in this beautiful order, before whose triumphant throne the devout penitent prostrates his devotion, and pours forth his orizons and sweet adorations in the presence of that great and ineffable Good, that made the glittering spangled orbs, and is himself the light of the world; before whom every nation and kingdom must bow or break; whose mercy infinitely excels all his works, and whose justice and judgment who shall dispute?

*Theop.* O Arnoldus ! pray go on.

*Arn.* The elements, nay the heavens contain him not, nor is he comprehended within the circular globe of the spherical orbs. These luminous bodies of sun, moon and stars, were ordained by him to light the creation ; for he that made them gave them a being, and dignified them also with prolifick virtue, adapting them parents of vegetation, procreation, and prolongation of life, whereby to regulate and reform times and seasons ; as also to distinguish betwixt summer and winter. The greater light he made to govern the day, but the moon he made to patrol the night ; and that they have influence upon secondary causes, no man is so irrational, I hope, as to question it.

*Theop.* For my part I do not ; pray proceed.

*Arn.* Thus the stars and constellations have divine order and influence ; and the celestial powers and principalities, as angels and arch-angels, thrones and vertues, have dominion also over humane frailties. And where the patriarchs and the prophets are with the apostles and evangelists, with the whole quire of saints, cherubims and seraphims, perpetually singing praises and glory to him that sits on the throne, and rides triumphant on the wings of the wind. O let the silent deeps and the ponderous mountains, with every thing that has breath, praise the Lord !

For the earth is his, and the fulness thereof; by whose wisdom the world was made, and time begot; and by whose infinite power the separated elements live still in harmony; who form'd the fetus of earth, and made the firmament its swadling-band; and in the vast circumference of heaven he hung up the glorious creature the sun, whereby to illuminate and illustrate the world; whose centre nor circumference contains him not; nor the excellency of his glory that super-excels all creatures and creations; from whom the deplorable sons of men wail for deliverance and redemption from sin.

And now let's contemplate the nocturnal Muses. Sleep first presents us with an emblem of death; yet is it the poor man's solace, though the rich man's terror; a repose and recreation to the wearied limbs, but a disease of inquietude to the voracious mind; the body's requiem, and death's effigies. Now death is the desired hope of him that truly contemplates the state of immortality; and as mortality is the end of sorrow, so by consequence it's the beginning of joy; a period of misery, but the trophy of victory; the resurrection of life, and the bloomings of eternity. For as the barren ground thirsts after rain, so does the oppressed seek deliverance in death.

Great and good is our glorious Creator, whose

divine excellencies super-excel the creation ; whose infinite wisdom display'd itself before time and the world had as yet a beginning. Pardon my presumption, most sovereign Power, when to prostrate my humilities before thy sacred shrines, that with a holy reverence and divine piety, all my devotions may be acceptable to thee. We are but finite, but thou art infinite—infinite in power to create the world, and infinite in wisdom and providence to uphold it. Thy government is in heaven, yet thou rulest upon earth ; but thy habitation here is the tabernacle in man.

O sacred Divinest ! direct us in thy paths of wisdom, to lead us the ready way to thyself ; for thou rewardest every man answerable to his works, and our works (as Paul saith) do certainly follow us ; then will they as certainly be an orb to environ us ; and because an object continually before us, we can neither evade nor shake them off, whereby they'll delight or be a terror unto us. “ *As the tree falls, so it lies ; and in the grave there is no repentance ;*” therefore seek the Lord early in a spirit of meekness, for the meek are said to inherit the earth, whilst the proud that exalts himself shall be abased. Thy powerful arm has often reached deliverance ; the righteous, therefore, shall rejoice in thy salvation ; and all that sollicit thy paths of peace,

shall be found in their duty as by wisdom directed ; but destruction as a judgment is prepared for the scornful : Therefore let the pious rejoice in his hope, for the end of the wicked shall be an abomination.

Lord ! when we contemplate our mortal state below, and those invisible immortal powers above, blest for ever to behold the glory of thy majesty ; it brings us to consider the beginnings of time, and to ruminate where we were when the foundations of the world were laid and stretch'd out ; and who but thyself (by infinite power) fastened the ends thereof, and lifted up the curtains of heaven's glorious canopy, and caused the face of the firmament to shine ? Who but thy admirable arm could separate light from darkness, the sea from dry land, and confine them with barrocades of rocks and sand ? Who made those stormy winds to blow, and those boisterous hurricanes, (the rage of the Almighty) so tempestuously to roar, and roll themselves on the face of the deeps ? O what hand, except the Divinest, could make mortal immortal, and bring salvation from the loins of Jesse ! Can the shades of darkness speak the wonders of thy praise, or the night discover the eye-lids of the morning, that when the sun prepares his course like a giant, will the clouds clap their hands, and the stars and constellations shout for joy ?

But the dead shall arise, and mortality shall be clothed with an immortal livery, that shall never tarnish, nor never diminish; but survive and outlive the ides of time, and flourish when time shall be no more.

Then let us consider our present state, the shortness of time, the vanity of things, and how light all our services and best performances weigh in the ballance. Let us also consider the morning-star; the illustrious Aurora is rising upon us, and then it will be a perpetual day. Let us imprint on ourselves the characters of our eminent ancestors; but above all, the lively sufferings of our blessed Saviour on the cross, and no longer paddle in these puddles of sin, nor stumble in the face of the sun at noon-day; for wounding ourselves by sin, makes our Saviour bleed afresh. We have excellent precedents, that of David, notwithstanding his integrity, and that other of Solomon, tho the prince of wisdom; of Hezekiah too, though a very good king; of Josiah and others; of Paul, a convert; of Peter, a devout reluctant; of Job's patience, Moses his meekness, Abraham's faith. All these were men, (besides hundreds more in holy writ) now eminent saints, whose pieties like so many trophies hang up aloft in the new Jerusalem, to adorn that beautiful and divine habitation, where the Lamb is the light, and where no darkness can

approach, nor night close the casements of their eyes any more, nor the pale aspect of death the second time seal the indenture of a profound silence. Consider it seriously; for piety is good policy; and a holy, devout, and penitent life, no impediment to a vertuous Christian: And so good rest, Theophilus, that sleeps in silence.

*Theoph.* Silent I am, but not asleep; nor do I dream when I contemplate the everlasting praise of the great Creator. How quickly has the night dismantled herself of those shady sables that covered day, and concealed the flaming steeds of the sun, when advancing to approach our northern horizon?

*Arn.* Come then, let us rise, and shake off security; for as sleep is no solid direction to point out to us the way to heaven, so death (tho at a distance) is no long reprieve (nor assured protection) from the grave.

*Theoph.* Our former ancestors lap'd not themselves in downy quilts, but made the earth their common reception. But this age degenerates from potentates to pedanticks; and carnally devote their services to every idle and voluptuous fancy. Do we not see with what eagerness some men pursue all dishonest actions, whilst some others, under the consideration of riches, hug a conceal'd joy in their ill-got treasures? whereby they contrive the calamity of the poor, and

at the same time rejoice at the misery of the orphan, whose morsel they swallow down as greedily as they devour the widow's habitation ? Thus some contrive calamity, and sin by whole-sale, magnifying their ambitions more than men, when at the same time they dwindle into morts.

*Arn.* But if beginnings have periods, as certainly they have, the poor will rise up in judgment against such ; and a jog of conscience, besides the consequence of blood, attend their door. Their favourites and familiar flatterers then will dismiss themselves, and vanish like a mist, and the dark night of horror overshadow all their enjoyments : Their delicate and delectable morsels will melt into moonshines, and themselves transform'd into dust and ashes. This is the lot, and will be the fate of all those that pervert blessings into profane impieties. But I forget my self, for the sun appears, and the day will suddenly gain ground upon us ; let us arise and fit ourselves for a solitary march.

*Theoph.* We shall soon be ready, it's only dismounting our apartments to mount our horses. What shady groves are those, and what wandering object's that, that courts the sycamores, and talks to the silent rocks, as if there were a remorse in stones ? Surely it's Agrippa.

*Arn.* I'm of your opinion, what makes him there ?

*Theop.* I know not, except he's come to summons us home.

*Arn.* Pray examine him ; I think it's thrice three months since the last time I saw him.

*Theoph.* Shall I call him to us ?

*Arn.* Prethee do.

*Theoph.* Agrippa, from whence comest thou ?

*Agrippa.* From the flourishing fields in Albion.

*Theoph.* What's the news there, this is an age of inquisition ?

*Arn.* So it is ; have you brought us any thing ?

*Agrip.* I'm no competent judg of the times, nor of national affairs ; but I'll present you with some books and letters.

*Arn.* Have you no scheme of modern transactions ? nothing verbal ?

*Agrip.* What can be discours'd of the times, and the various projects of men of the times ?

*Arn.* Recollect your memory, and refresh yourself ; but when the sun advanceth the meridian, repair to that solitary grove, where Theophilus with me, will stay your coming ; be sure you disappoint us not, and bring your narrative of all the proceeds.

*Theoph.* I question not he will be very mindful.

*Arn.* Come then, let us chat a while, and discourse Rome divided among the Romanists.

Nay, what will you say to see the church look askew at the Pope, and Portugal to lift up his heel to kick against his elder brother of Spain? It's madness rather than manners to hear them wrangle and jangle about religion, when there's nothing left on't but bare opinion; which if you won't conform to, they'll stamp the character of a stelletto upon you, or the bloody impressions of an Inquisition.

*Theoph.* What, no better entertainments in the Spanish Court, than such rough salutes as inquisitions and stellettos! I should rather approve, that vertue in a Prince is the richest diadem in his crown; and clemency to his subjects (the vital part of his kingdom) more obliging than all the gilded baits of flattery. Money, it's true, is the sinew of war; and honours and dignities gaudy accomplishments. What of all this? when all comes to all, honesty is the best policy.

*Arn.* Let me tell you, Theophilus, gold chains best become great men, but not that gold makes goodness, nor dignity greatness, any otherwise, than a badg of honour makes a man truly honourable; nor is honour more legitimate than inherent worth; both spring from one root originally, and live above the smiles or frowns of fortune. Nor can such a man be perverted that hates the nauciating scent of a parasite, that dis-

claims against pensioners that pick his pocket, and abominates sycophants that fawn and flatter, and seem to adore the rising sun ; yet with impatience longs to see it set. Not but that no sun shines without some cloud, nor any court is kept without some flatterers, till that time comes (and I hope is at hand) that vertue shall naturally flow from the streams of piety, (and not from imitation,) which spontaneously spring from the celestial fountains of pure Christianity.

*Theoph.* When Democrasians dagger the crown, then the perplex'd native stands a tiptoe (every minute) expecting some fatal event ; and so it is, when insolency justles justice, then the magistrate suffers affronts in his legal justiciary proceeds. Such scorpions as these wound and infect the body politick.

*Arn.* From thence I observe, whenever pride is most predominant, there of necessity a nursery of war is planted, that in time will murder the blessings of peace. We have learn'd by experience, that fulness of bread (without a blessing) perverts into wantonness, so into a curse, that by degrees grows up into such a vice, that murders all it meets with, and kills without care ; it's a vertue therefore to shun its acquaintance.

*Theoph.* Come, Arnoldus, let us enter this solitary grove ; here we may dwell among rocks,

consort with the creation, and keep time with the pulse of the fluctuating ocean. Here we may refresh our ears with the relishing notes of tunable birds, and astonish our eyes with the beautiful model of heaven; where, whilst we gaze on those glittering orbs, our hearts, as inspired, may breath forth flames.

*Arn.* A solitary life I always approv'd of, to trace the polite sands, to sit down under the shades of woods and rocks, and accost the rivers and rivulets for diversion, (as now we do) and trample on the beautiful banks and florid meadows, beautified with greens, that will not only refresh our senses with their redolent perfumes, but enamour us beyond express, when to see their banks bath'd by such silver streams. Come and let's pitch our tents in these delightful plains, where every shady grove as an umbrella, will shelter us from the scorching fiery beams of the sun, till the earth sends forth her sweet aromas; over which the burnish'd and beautiful firmament of heaven surrounds all the earth (and the blessed creation) with melody like birds, and murmuring streams; I fancy it a kind of counter-paradise for mortal content. And how sweet and sublime is that contemplation that surmounts angels for divine associates! Observe, Theophilus, that little rowling rivulet, where every eye may evidence fish in those purling streams court-

ting the sun, as if naturally enamoured with stars and celestials. Such observations flow from our present state, let us therefore consider both the Author and the end.

*Theoph.* If ends and beginnings have a like fate and period (as indisputably they have) then time and our latter end contemplates eternity our future hope ; so that a retired life, of all lives in my opinion, will be most agreeable to our present condition ; for I like not the aspect of our friend Agrippa.

*Arn.* Nor I neither ; but be it what it will be, the rocks and the woods, if I calculate right, shall contribute to Arnoldus ; any man may read in legible characters a discontented frown on his martial brow.

*Theoph.* What if it be ? it won't make new breaches in our loyal breasts.

*Arn.* Nor cement old ones ; for here's a breast ready to receive the charge of danger, tho death be conduct. I value not the swellings of my adversaries, were every one of them as great as Goliah, as deep-mouth'd as the Cyclops that roar in Mount Ætna, or as formidable as thunder, that cleaves the cedars and the sturdy oaks ; yet the shrubs may escape, and live in hope to see a purgation of such eminent contenders.

*Theoph.* If ill omens presage fatal conclusions, I like not Agrippa's aspect.

*Arn.* Nor I that resolution, that only endeavours self-security.

*Theoph.* Would you have me turn the point upon myself?

*Arn.* No, nor your friend neither, by turgid repetitions; come what will come, let's talk no more on't: high tides have their low ebbs; and the higher any man rises, the greater is his fall expected. I know the world is such an inviting morsel, that, attempting to swallow it, some have been choaked. Alexander, of all men, bid fairest for the world, yet, when he went out of it, a sepulchre of six foot serv'd to inter him.

*Theoph.* It's just so now; have not we a sort of senators, that, impatient of destruction, pull down the house upon their own heads, to noose other folks in the same snickle?

*Arn.* There's nothing can stand against the rapid torrent of a giddy multitude; it's good to stand clear of male-contents, that jostle superiors, and call Parliaments pick-locks, and robbers of the people, under the pretence of publick faith.

*Theoph.* Such Furiosos, I must confess, are of an odd kidney, that can silence justice, and sentence the laws; that sit uneasy under governments, tho of their own contrivings; that are angry with any thing that's uppermost; nay, they shall arraign themselves, if no superior to contend with: Such men, I question not, will

condemn us for victims, tho without breach of law, or affront to good manners.

*Arn.* That can never be done by any, except such as exchange their loyalty for luxury, that degenerate from native English men, and renounce their oath in baptism ; that swear they do not swear, and be religious to boot. But the great acts of former famous men, will live upon record on the stage of the world, whilst the world has a being ; more especially such great actions as drew life from vertue : Such heroes we have had (but asleep now) whose memories still blossom, and after death smell sweet in the dust.

*Theoph.* What then ? must we despair of ourselves, as poor silly birds do that are seiz'd in a gin, and wait deliverance from the wretched fowler, as if death would solace our captivated fears, and refer them and us to the grave for reconciliation ?

*Arn.* I am not ignorant that the rape of a sword results in a scar, and amputates sometimes to the loss of a limb, lest peradventure the whole body be hurried into a fever ; for the sword, you must know, is death's cold harbinger, that depopulates kingdoms, and lays countries in waste, sucking the lives of the subjects and treasure of the nation, till at last, like a cripple, it creeps to its grave.

*Theoph.* But what if the banks overflow with

plenty, and the nation superabound with luxurious inhabitants, may not a war in such case be thought requisite to purge the kingdom of superfluous vagrants ?

*Arn.* Where excess and intemperance extend the veins by surfeit or pleurisy beyond their natural bounds, it's better to bleed than blow up a kingdom.

*Theoph.* I'm of your opinion in that matter : in all acute distempers, there ought to be adequate and expeditious expedients : but, without offence, may I ask you one question ?

*Arn.* Two, if you please, if I can answer them.

*Theoph.* Why those signal interruptions so oft invade you, that seemingly discover some odd apprehensions ?

*Arn.* If they do, what then ? is it more than the consideration of distracted times ?

*Theoph.* Sooner may the tides forget their natural course, than I forget to sigh a penance for my native country.

*Arn.* But then, have you considered the passion of such corruptant grandees, that think whole kingdoms gobbets not great enough to gobble down, to satiate their appetites, till completely made victorious over life and fortune ?

*Theoph.* The only way, then, to stop the glut of such furious drivers, is to interpose ourselves, whilst others more innocent escape their fury.

*Arn.* You almost perswade me into a kind of pity.

*Theoph.* Or rather, it may be into a passion.

*Arn.* That's a sin entail'd on posterity, as naturally as wax subjects it self to the impression of a seal ; so that, should I call affection passion, it but represents a moral glass, wherein every man may read his own face by reflection.

*Theoph.* And no sooner to retrieve or withdraw, when immediately he forgets both form and features.

*Arn.* Then let all suspicions suspend themselves ; so steer your course to some other point, and call Agrippa from behind that sycomore.

*Theoph.* I'll step and call him : So ho, Agrippa.

*Agrip.* What voice do I hear in those unfrequented woods and solitary streams ? Diana's fountain, nor was Dodona's grove, otherwise than an emblem of such mortal contents ; what rivers are enrich'd with trout and salmon, and trees burdened with the harmony of birds ; for such a life, who would not covet banishment ?

*Arn.* What news, Agrippa, from the coast of Albion ?

*Agrip.* We have a generation of people, that can make as good Papists to morrow, as themselves are Protestants to day ; that if Popery were but turn'd up trump, would produce you their charter in Queen Mary's days ; they'll walk to

church with you, and lie in her bosom so long, till they sting both her and you to death, which makes all mankind stand a tiptoe to see a tottering government sink, and press down itself under its own weight.

*Arn.* What! have the grandees no influence on the people, are they grown void of natural affections to themselves?

*Agrip.* What charity they have for themselves I know not; but this I know, they have none for one another; nor will they contribute one single sigh for the kingdom's calamity, but rather shove the burden upon the peoples shoulders.

*Arn.* This is forty one all over: O, the miseries that forty one brought upon the nation! (thus some cry out,) but not a word of the wickedness of the preceding years that brought the misery upon forty one. Those barbarous stigmatizings, brandings, gaggings, pillorings, whippings, cutting off ears, like lopping of trees, oppressive judgments, unheard-of proceeds by the High-Commission, and Star-Chamber-Courts; judicatories fitter for the Spanish Inquisition, than free-born Englishmen and Christians; by which means, liberty and property were invaded at pleasure.

*Theoph.* I remember what King Ahab said to Elijah the prophet, "*Art thou the troubler of Is-*

*rael?"* And I remember what the prophet replied to the King, "*No, but thou and thy father's house are, in that ye have forsaken the commandments of the Lord, and followed after Balaam.*" Here we see the king charges the prophet, and the prophet he charges the king; but the prophet proves the charge upon him.

*Arn.* This was the case in forty one; the king demands some of the members of the house, and they return'd the king for answer, It was a breach of privilege of the house; but if his majesty pleased to order a charge against them, they would proceed to speedy justice.

*Theoph.* Was it in forty, or forty one, when the king with an army invaded the Scots, and spent his money to little purpose?

*Arn.* Yes truly, it was about that time; for then was the massacre calculated for Ireland, and Archbishop Laud's publication of his Book of Sports for the profanation of the Sabbath in England: here you see prelacy and policy went hand in hand together to murder religion and property, which brought them under the severities of justice.

*Theoph.* Ay, but how came the king to be made a publick example?

*Arn.* Not because he had married with a Popish princess, that gave great encouragement to the Papists in England: Not for sending a con-

gratulatory letter to the Pope; not for abdicating himself from his parliament; nor for advancing his standard royal at Nottingham, and proclaiming open war against his subjects. There was something under his own hand appear'd against him, besides countenancing Papists, and protecting delinquents from justice.

*Theoph.* The Scots betray'd him, (I have been told so) every body says they sold their king.

*Arn.* As much as you sold him: it's true, the king threw himself upon the Scots, and the Scots threw him back again upon the English; this is matter of fact, but few understand it, and fewer will believe it.

*Theoph.* For the love of friends, let us have truth whate're it cost.

*Arn.* The naked truth is; the parliament of England about that time, when the king at Newark threw himself upon the Scots, owed or was in arrear to them L. 200,000 Sterlin, for service done; for which they had for hostage, Newcastle, Carlisle, and Berwick upon Tweed; but upon paying them one moiety down, they resigned their hostage, and withdrew into Scotland, tendring the king to the English commissioners, who at that time had no instructions concerning him, till they sent to the parliament to know their further intentions, who ordered

the commissioners to apply themselves to the king to know his royal pleasure.

*Theoph.* And what was his answer?

*Arn.* He desired to be removed to one of his southern palaces, in order to which they removed him to Holmby. But the jest lay here, the English without instructions could not take

him, and the Scots by instructions would not take him: this was the critical time when nobody would have

him; and the reason the Scots gave for it was this: That he had made such breaches in the bowels of England, they were unwilling to take him into the bowels of Scotland. This is the truth on't, and this is the Scots selling their king. But where's Agrippa? what have you done with him? And I would as gladly know what our proud superiors intend to do with us, except to spin out our lives with the wealth of the nation.

*Theoph.* Agrippa, shall I ask you one single question? Whether is best, a petty king in every county, or a parochial bishop in every classis, to ride the people but half way to Heaven?

*Agrip.* I approve of neither; though some oppose a single person to an eye-sore in the kingdom, and at the same time conclude a

Heptarchy more than enough totally to devour them.

*Theoph.* Such a government would enervate the people, and such superiors live upon the spoil of the country.

*Arn.* Is this the present state of things, and the project that prevails in every man's head? What, is their no trimming nor neutrality left amongst 'em?

*Agrip.* Yes, there's enough of that, and solicitations for peace among sober men and mechanicks.

*Arn.* But what say the people as to church government? Is one religion or more in fashion?

*Agrip.* Religion is made a meer stalking horse, to answer the ends of every design, and worn so threadbare, that there's nothing left to cover it, save only the name on't. It's true, there's some small alteration in the church, so is there in the state, by a late purgation; the army also is decimated, and it's thought the mystery of law will be made legible, to speak our modern dialect: but the priest paramount is the bravest fellow, because Presbyter John struts a horse-back, whilst the proselyte like a pensioner holds the bridle; but to speak plain English, most hold the stirrup.

*Arn.* What say Mercurius, and Publicus Anglicus?

*Agrip.* You have them both, and the National Diary to boot, where you may read the various products of men, frequent tumults in every corner, general discontents in families; heatings, but no healings, in their grand consults.

*Theoph.* What do they vary for?

*Agrip.* Something superlative; but the generality cry, *tempora mutantur*.

*Theoph.* By this I perceive some dig deep to hide their counsels.

*Arn.* Deep or shallow, it's a tiffany plot; any man with half an eye may easily see through it: who is it cries up peace, only those men whom the times court, and the Constitution flatters? such men as these may cry up for peace, while others solicit an every day's novel: No, Theophilus, there's nothing pleasant, every thing seems in a hurly burly; and France and Spain at sword's point.

*Theoph.* O, but then what becomes of our force in Flanders? and what prospect have we of the Sweeds expedition?

*Arn.* The Sweed you may read looks asquint on the Dane, the Portugal in trouble, the Venetian unsafe, and the Turk infested with intestine war. Poor Europe, who can but pity thee! more especially our native country Albion, where every politician expects to be made

a monarch ; and where every ambitious clown aspires to the eminency of a crown.

*Theoph.* Now for a book and a brook, to contemplate and recreate ; this rises to the standard of the philosopher's solitudes. Rocks and rivers with hermetick groves, shadowed with myrtles and purling streams, will, for ought I know, better answer our present occasion, than a foreign hope can insure us accommodation.

*Arn.* These elementary bodies, the beautiful rags of flesh and blood, what present they but moving shadows, that vanish in a moment at death's appearance ?

*Theoph.* And do not some men undermine themselves by supporting themselves on the crutch of mortality ? But the arm that shakes the foundation, cannot that arm shelter us from the storm ?

*Arn.* Yes sure, since he that made the world gives it nutrition, who by his act of providence makes provision for its continuation. Yet there's nothing that had a beginning, but has its period, and in conclusion melts into invisibility.

*Theoph.* That's certainly true, for the wages of sin is death ; all men therefore must die, so must that proud tyrant of France, whose sins above knee-deep have sunk him up almost to the chin : so that whoever comes within com-

pass of his steerage, he splits the vessel, or inevitably oversets her ; exposing his natives and others to a malicious fate : therefore how difficult it is to sail betwixt Sylla and Charibdis ?

*Arn.* And as difficult almost to weather the times at home ; for whenever a state stands a tiptoe, the common people are threatned exiles.

*Theoph.* I would not be thought so rash to pre-anticipate before trial ; nor would I truckle to uneven tempers of men and times, by a supine complacency, so to be coaks'd out of my life by the sugared temptation of designers.

*Arn.* Unthinking men, whilst the storm is yet rising, rise before it, so fool away their lives : he that falls in with a discontented family, propounds to build on another man's ruin. The divine powers shake the arm of flesh ; and what is too difficult for God to do ? He that made the world, can throw it down and dash it in pieces.

*Theoph.* Yes sure, and us too, if we stand within distance (I mean in his way of justice against impenitents.) O my friend, let's remove further off.

*Arn.* What star must direct us ? and whither must we go ?

*Theoph.* Into the solitary shades of Scotland ; for every eye will trace us out here.

*Arn.* What ! so unjust to ourselves, to fly

without an offence ! so condemn ourselves before trial ! when our own innocency, I should think, were enough not only to clear us, but also to protect us.

*Theoph.* Time's sandy glass slides swiftly into eternity ; and so may some of these eminent contenders slip into their graves. That wind blows high that makes our fortunes stagger.

*Arn.* Nor could thunder shake the courage and constancy of David to Jonathan : Here we have for precedent two of the worthies in that age, the one no less than a king and a prophet ; and the other no less than the son of a king. Come, let's stand the charge, there's no man knows what a day may bring forth.

*Theoph.* Yes, I'm so prophetick to foresee a stone doublet, or something worse ; why then to contribute such advantages to men of no faith ? Nay, I wrong 'em not, to say faithless to themselves.

*Arn.* On the other hand, who would harbour or engender fear, which lively prefigures a faint repulse, that never got honour by inches ? so that I resolve against preparing for flight, and alike resolve not to think of fear.

*Theoph.* Such resolutions will stem the tide, and struggle with death ; but who can withstand the torrent of invaders, or stifle a mutiny that invades the camp ?

*Arn.* I should forfeit both my reason and dis-

crétion, to foresee danger approach, and run headlong into ruin; want of foresight (not to foresee) argues to me but a purblind sight: and that resolution I always approv'd of, that's best understood by a constant courage; the morals of equity justify a cause, and the justness of a cause puts a period to doubts.

*Theoph.* The Supreamest gives wisdom, and man a capacity to choose it; which, if he refuses, it argues an irreverend neglect, both of the donor and the gift.

*Arn.* Do we not see nature commissioned from the Divinest, to dress up and beautify this stupendous creation; and how Wisdom and Providence give a blessing to preserve it? and do we act our reason to throw both away, Wisdom that made us, and Providence that preserves us?

*Theoph.* It's true, the limit and bound of nature, is by the sacred decrees of Providence; and wisdom has no limitation, because essentially from the Creator himself.

*Arn.* Art imitates nature, and necessity is the mother of invention; science also invites to study and practicks, but theory gives the prospect, and opération finishes the project. From whence it follows, that arts are sold to ingenuities, and the reward of labour and industry to experience, and the promulgation of health and maintenance. What tho Cæsar and Pompey contend for an

empire? Alexander Magnus bids fair for the world.

*Theoph.* I have waded to the chin in the practicks of experience; but never attempted knee-deep in the rudiments of politicks.

*Arn.* And I have liv'd under various dispensations of Providence, by the divine power and protection of the Divinest.

*Theoph.* Nectar and Ambrosia have fill'd my cup almost to an overflowing; while my associates were the pious and the penitent, (but not the politick,) with Apollo sometimes to bear a part, with musical instruments that never spoke treason; this is a life that lives above the world.

*Arn.* O, the heavenly raptures that flow from contemplation; they'r enough to raise the mind by divine faith, and a holy speculation, to the very suburbs and portals of Paradise.

*Theoph.* And such is unity, for it's the key of harmony; which, if but touch'd by the divine finger of the great Jehovah, how quickly the world is put in tune.

*Arn.* And quickly out of tune, where policy is planted in the room of piety. Now, I always thought piety the best policy, when beautified with the ornaments of true Christianity. For, since God himself has blest man with reason, and to his rationality added intellectual understanding, let us act above sense, for that enslaves

us ; and once enslav'd, we're captivated with fears.

*Theoph.* Were I a wise expositor, I should interpret this sentiment by the rule of travel.

*Arn.* And whither would your fancy direct you ?

*Theoph.* Into the very centre and bowels of Scotland.

*Arn.* What would you propound to your self, when there ?

*Theoph.* The exercise of the rod, and learn to fish.

*Arn.* And who shall instruct us ?

*Theoph.* Our selves ; who should ? You shall be my tutor, and I'll be your pupil.

*Arn.* Must I be didactick to initiate this art ?

*Theoph.* No man (than your self) knows it better.

*Arn.* If so, you must arm yourself for angling encounters ; for I best approve of a resolute combatant, whose conduct and courage equally strive against all vicissitude of fortune, and smiles when at the precipice of danger. Such a man bears the triumphant standard of constancy in all difficulties, and doubtful uncertainties.

*Theoph.* Are lectures to be read in features ?

*Arn.* Are lovers by sympathy capable to feel those amorous flames that scorch their hearts in each other's breast ?

*Theoph.* If that axiom be true, my breast has burnt long enough.

*Arn.* With what ?

*Theoph.* It may be with passion.

*Arn.* And it may be with suspicion.

*Theoph.* Let all suspicion (and the nature of it) be for ever suspended.

*Arn.* If that be your resolution, give me your prospect.

*Theoph.* The flourishing fields, and the plentiful streams in Scotland.

*Arn.* Shall we ramble the Highlands ?

*Theoph.* Ay, and the Lowlands too ; for I'll hazard my fortunes with my friend, and share in his adventures.

*Arn.* Is that your resolution ?

*Theoph.* Yes, that's my resolve ; I must confess, I had rather go than stay.

*Arn.* Stay, then, and I'll go with you.

*Theoph.* Why, now, I'm answer'd, doubts can have an end ;  
And so have mine, since lodg'd in such a friend  
To nature, human learning, sense, and reason ;  
Compounds of purest peace ; no plot, nor treason  
Harbours in that calm breast, where Art and Science  
Bud up like twins, and bid a bold defiance  
T' Ignorance and Prophaneness ; let thy lot  
Be what it will, and see if mine be not  
The same adjusted ; know that I can bear  
The hazard of my fortunes any where  
To vie Arnoldus, if Arnoldus lay  
Commands on him that's ready to obey.

*Arn.* This looks somewhat like a foreign doctrine.

*Theoph.* However, you'll find it an innate principle.

*Arn.* If so, then we run but one single risque ; which, of necessity, will incorporate us in one single adventurer : in order thereto, let us first dispatch Agrippa, whose countermarch will very much advance our progress.

*Theoph.* That's well consider'd ; pray, let it be so, that without interruption we may ramble all Scotland.

*Arn.* And the studious art of angling—must not we make that our employment ?

*Theoph.* Yes, sure ; but how must we accommodate our selves with rods, and other convenient manuals and instruments, whereby to pursue this mysterious art ?

*Arn.* Trouble not your self with that little affair. Here, Agrippa, take you these letters, and sweeten your rhetorick with returns of Arnoldus, so oft as enquired for by my dear Constantia.

*Agrip.* Can the tides forget their natural course ? I'll court sun and moon to sprinkle the tracts with propitious beams, to return me prosperous.

*Arn.* But when you approach those harmonious ports where Constantia dwells, be well ad-

vis'd what you say or express: let not one word slip that may cause a tear; for if one star falls, all the heavens lowre.

*Theoph.* And remember me (honest Agrippa) to the vertuosos in Nottingham; together with the generous society of anglers, that traverse the fragrant banks of those silver, silent, and murmuring streams of the famous Trent.

*Arn.* Near whose cultivated shores, and florid meadows, shines the life of my life, in the constant breast of my dear Constantia.

*Agrip.* I'll observe your punctims, and pay your respects.

*Arn.* Do so.

*Theoph.* Agrippa, farewell! and forget not Theophilus, who petitions their welfare, and thy prosperous journey.

*Agrip.* Heavens influence your designs.

*Arn.* Now, he is gone, (nor will he be long in going;) in the meantime, let us contemplate the beauteous creation, and retire to those solitary rocks, to defend us from the radiant and refulgent beams of the sun, that direct their strokes upon us; such retirements will moderate extreams: afterwards, we may stretch our limbs to encounter our recreation, and sport ourselves with the princely trout, in the flourishing rivers and rivulets in Scotland, which probably may contribute as much satisfaction as any other ri-

vers in the promontories of Great Britain, if dextrously examined, and industriously managed with patience, and other requisites, sutable and agreeable to the methods of art.

We may also in our progress, as we travel the country, take a survey of their towns, forts, and fortresses. The like we may do of their cities, castles, and citadels; with their rivers, rivulets, and solitary loughs, which will furnish us with fish enough, provided we can furnish ourselves with baits. But to furnish every angler with a new bait, was the studious invention of Isaac Walton, author (as you may read) of the Compleat Angler, who industriously has taken care to provide a good cook, (supposing his wife had a finger in the py,) which will necessarily be wanting in our northern expedition, where the fry are numerous, (nay numberless almost,) in some of those rapid and trembling streams; from whence the artificial fly (if that exercise be well understood) will contribute as much as any thing to court them ashore, and sweeten our recreation. But I speak more peculiarly to ingenious artists, not to those flegmetick fellows indigent of art; such only I allot an accidental fate.

*Theoph.* Methinks I grow impatient to attempt these silver streams with our harmless artillery. Here needs no auxiliary force to guard our approaches, when only to trample these de-

licious, pleasant, and fragrant banks, enameled with flowers, and green coverings, where every chrystal purling stream is overshadowed with a stately fir tree, or some spreading sycomore, through which Zephyrus inspires a softened breath of air, to curl the surface of the milder streams; and where the glittering shores shine like Peru, or the golden sands of the admired Tagus, as if purposely erected for a tomb or sepulchre, therein to inter the generous trout, which is the angler's trophies, and the ultimate period of art.—Reach me that rod, Arnoldus, and furnish me with tackle to try my fortune. Are these flies proper, and sutable to the season? Is the line tapred, and the rod rush-grown? Every thing answers to promise success, and now have amongst them; for I resolve, beyond dispute, to approve myself an angler, or shame the art.

*Arn.* An angler! an allegator rather; to rush so rudely upon a river, and forget your rudiments.

*Theoph.* My passionate zeal, hurried on by avarice, confirm'd the difficulty of catching fish, no more than a cast of my fly to summon them ashore.

*Arn.* That wou'd excuse your over-forwardness to put a force upon your exercise. The

angler's direction, and the mediums of art, are the Pole-star you must steer by.

*Theoph.* You do well to reckon up my errors, and lay down rudiments to oblige me to reform. All that I sollicit is, to be master of my exercise; that theory and practice be made legible and intelligible; Nature, then, will demonstrate herself obvious to the artist.

*Arn.* You have hit the mark; it's true what you say. Art, at the best, is but Nature's imitation; instructions made legible gratify the ingenious, whilst the ignorant read but lectures in their A B C.

*Theoph.* Then I need not despair. However, as I'm solicitous after the secrets of the art, direct me how to flourish a fly in a torpid, deep, and melancholy water, such as this is.

*Arn.* Stand close, be sure, that's your first caution; and appear least in sight, that's your second direction; and dabble lightly on the surface of the water, that's your third and final instruction. Now order and manage the affair as well as you can.

*Theoph.* So I will; and fancy that a city is more than half conquered, where resolution has got footing in the besieger's camp.

*Arn.* From your inference I must conclude, that confident Theophilus will approve himself

an artist, because he's so forward in the art of angling.

*Theoph.* I'll observe the angler's axioms.

*Arn.* So you must, if you intend to be an artist. But how will you flourish a fly in that solitary water, whereby to compleat yourself lord of your own exercise? Consider it seriously. In the next place, you must mind the season of the year. Small rains, fair weather, and intermittent sun-shine, all these contribute to your entertainment; but snow-broth and storms stand in opposition to your recreation. You must also observe the rack of clouds, and the hovering winds that curl the streams. These circumstances judiciously observed, an ordinary artist may kill a trout, provided he purdue himself at a reasonable distance. But what must be done when the air is undisturbed, nor the least breath of wind to fan the sholes? Can you then kill a fish to recompence your labour, and sweeten your toil?—Come, lend me your rod, and I'll hazard my skill to puzzle the art, or lay a trout in your lap.

*Theoph.* That's as much as to say, you will give me handsel.

*Arn.* And I do but little, if I do not do that. Observe that bush, whose slender branches wantonly dangle, sporting themselves on the cusp of the water; there's no stream you may observe,

nor any thing of motion, nor the least breath of air to invade the calms. Put case, I kill a trout from that silent surface, what will you think on't?

*Theoph.* I'll think you an artist.

*Arn.* When?

*Theoph.* When I see your success.

*Arn.* Have amongst them, then.—Now there's what I promised you.

*Theoph.* And I'll promise you, you are a man of your word.

*Arn.* I seldom use to be less.

*Theoph.* And I'll never desire to be more. But one thing I observe, and that's very remarkable: Why so circumspect in making your approaches, when accosting the river, as an engineer approaches a fortification?

*Arn.* There's reason for what I do.

*Theoph.* Then there's reason you resolve me what I shall do, since trouts are so difficult to deal with.

*Arn.* You will tell me more (I question not) when you come to examine them.

*Theoph.* And that won't be long if I have my liking. But what an admirable fish is the trout for shape, beauty and proportion?

*Arn.* Such is the char; next to him the umbar.

*Theoph.* And are they of as much agility of body?

*Arn.* In every respect.

*Theoph.* Of necessity, then, they must be excellent companions to consort with the angler; whiles the miser and avaricious hugs his bags; the epicure his luxurious, voracious appetite; and the wretched and covetous angler his paunch and pannier. Let art, industry, and experience gratify the artist. But as fortune favours you in your second adventure, such are my resolves to magnify the art.

*Arn.* You do well, I perceive, to do nothing rashly.

*Theoph.* And you do it better, by doing on't advisedly.

*Arn.* Then have at all; and I think I have him; look how he leaps and struggles for life; but this prognosticks a sign of death: for, when the swan sings his own funeral epitaph, which of the family of birds join in consort with him? so when the trout dances corantos to the angler, what but the line rings his funeral passing-peal? Now, see how he lies gasping for breath, though every breath of air is as bad as opium; and laments his misfortune to be so unfortunate, because not to live out half his time; where every cheque of the line challengeth death, and sends him a summons to prepare for the pannier. So

that you see he is no sooner deprived of natural strength, but submits himself to the fatal doom of the angler, who assures him no better quarter than death. Are not these terrible arguments to terrify the fish out of his element? who, whilst he endeavours to evade the angler, falls foul upon the art with equal hazard; and, designing flight, pursues the pursuer; so struggles with the artist to cheat his appetite, by proffering his life for a silly fly. By this you may see it's not difficult to court him, when with little difficulty he comes to hand, nay, to his grave, meerly for a mouthful; for this simple novelty cost him his life. And what was it think you? only a fly of another figure, and of a different complexion; the one artificial, but this was natural; and there he lies, naturally devoted yours, not daring to petition his judg's reprieve. Where note, for your encouragement, I present you with my conquest, and dedicate both my practice and experience to your self, purposing, perhaps, a farther examination. For since to find fish so prodigal as to meet me half way, what cause have I to doubt of carrying them to their journey's end?

*Theoph.* Here's lucky handsel for a young beginner.

*Arn.* And you are that young beginner; pray accept of handsel.

*Theoph.* Thanks, Arnoldus, if thanks be argument good enough to retaliate your bounty. But what must we think of those hovering clouds?

*Arn.* I think they'll bring us summons of night, otherways I am loth to relinquish these pleasant streams, that divert the angler with such profitable entertainments.

*Theoph.* If the night approach, it's time to withdraw; but to withdraw from such sweet diversion, goes against the grain. Eden, farewell. Nay, I'll repeat it twice; Farewel, Eden. With what reluctancy do I relinquish thy smiling fords, though to solace myself in the fortress of Carlisle.

*Arn.* You are shrewdly hurt. Will refreshment incommode you after the toils of recreation? and your observation of this late encounter invalidate the art? Ingenuously tell me, what your observation directs to?

*Theoph.* This I observ'd worthy my observation, that it was a field fairly fought, but I cannot say without loss of life.

*Arn.* And I declare it a conquest of an easy purchase, where arms and artillery (the rod excepted) amounts not to sixpence.

*Theoph.* Was it six shillings, what a purchase is that to experience art and tantalize fish? What's the single hazard of a hook and line, (a

valuable considerable loss, indeed) to lose the value of two-pence, to purchase a fish worth tenpence? Pray, what is it more than earnest-  
ing the river with a hook and line, to stem the adventure? which I value not a rush, was every hair a thread of gold, and the barbed hook of superfine silver; I'd expose the worth on't for the fin of a fish.

*Arn.* This resolution surmounts the adventure.

*Theoph.* Besides all this, here's another observation well worth your own and the angler's consideration; and that is, our labour and travel: It's no more than a walk to trample the delicat-  
ated and cultivated fields, on the fragrant banks that bridle the meandering streams. O, who would not sollicit patience to crown such charming rewards, intail'd upon anglers, in their solitary recreations? Instruct me, dear Arnoldus, in this liberal art, and ingenuously tell me how you took these trouts?

*Arn.* With nothing, upon reputation, but a natural fly, which I suddenly snatch'd from that slender twig. For, if you remember my turning to that bush, I mean that hawthorn that flourishes behind you, there it was I discovered some insects, which, properly to consult, are as truculent as death, more especially in the ides of April and May. It was only with dracks

that I kill'd these trouts; nor is there any bait that excels it at the tail of a bush, or the brow of a bank, provided always you appear least in sight; dibble but lightly on the surface of the calms, you infallibly raise him; and the better to secure him, stand but close, and you certainly kill him.

*Theoph.* This plain discovery speaks both theory and practice. Such instructions as these (except to an indigent artist) will indisputably compleat him an angler in an instant.

*Arn.* Come then, if you please, let us lap up our lines, and trace these pleasant fields to the town of Carlisle, where we may refresh ourselves with the country curiosities.

*Theoph.* I think it very good and wholesome advice, to comply with your motion for a *modicum*: For when the water with exercise extimulates our stomachs, I fancy diet will relish better than discourse; and when we have closed up the orifice of our appetites, clean linen, I fancy, will be very acceptable. Then for the morning watch, trust to my diligence, for I'll rise with the sun, or it may be before day, to be in readiness to survey this ancient city, citadel, castle, cathedral, ports, vanports, curtains, counterscarps, bastions, redoubts, &c. of all which I purpose a brief description, and that you may expect before our departure.

*Arn.* You direct good measures ; but let me first advise you to observe access, situation, and strength, the complement and resolution of their armed men ; their arms also, ammunition and artillery ; what stock of provisions is stored in their providors ; and whether nature or art challenges the superiority in her fortifications. This is part of the task you impose upon yourself ; and by noon be in readiness for our departure ; about which time (if I calculate right, the tide will commode us for our northern passage over the trembling tottering sands. In the meantime, let not the night nor our sleep invade us, nor our watchings slide into wanton embracements. For the Watchman of the night will declare against such, and a serpent conceal'd in the secrets of conscience, shall gnaw and devour our habitations with ourselves.

*Theoph.* Vainly and profusely to lavish time, we but flatter ourselves with sordid delusions, that vanish if but touch'd by the cold icy finger of death. How in a trice honours become fugitive before us ; and mortality, in a moment, incorporates with the grave ; tissues and orris hangings become a prey to the moth ; and polish'd pavements of jasper, with those others of marble, how quickly time translates them into tombstones. Nay, those delicacies and viands that surprized the palat, are by this also con-

verted into nauseous excrements. So that upon the whole, this elementary composition in conclusion results in dust and ashes.

*Arn.* It's very true ; for did man but consider the instability of transitory enjoyments, he might read himself more miserable in living than dying ; but there is a state (tho unknown to the ignorant) that is too great and glorious for mortals to purchase ; but Christ hath already done that for inglorious man, whose longest progress of life on the stage of this world, is no more than a dream to the length of eternity.

*Theoph.* Now the fair star Aurora springs upon us, I must be stirring, Arnoldus ; you know I have set myself a task to survey this city and fortress of Carlisle, which I purpose to describe.

*Arn.* That will be time enough about noon.

*Theoph.* And it may be I can do it now as well.

*Arn.* Come then, let us have it ; I see you're in haste.

*Theoph.* Carlisle, I have considered it but a little city, a little observation, therefore, shall serve to describe it. However, it's a fortification (that's true) tho it stands in a nook, or more properly to call it, a corner of England, whose foundations are rocky, and surrounded with a stone wall. At the south entrance, you may observe a small citadel, fronted with stone,

and such are the houses of the same material ; nor are they much elevated into the air, where the battlements are seen above the houses, which argues the wall a serviceable defence. In the midst of the market-place they parade their guards ; and at the north-west end of the city stands their castle, (strong and formidable) upon whose bulky battlements several pieces of cannon are planted, to scatter fury in every quarter. There is also a cathedral situated south from the bastions of the castle, worthy any man's description, were it not so torn to tatters that there's little to describe, which only serves now as a monument to gaze at, because impoverish'd by the strokes of time. But the ports and sally ports of this northern fortress are girt about with rocky stone ; and the wash of Eden bathe some of her sconces ; that river, I mean, where Arnoldus fish'd when he slew the trouts.

*Arn.* It's very true, the river Eden floats near the skirts, and the fortifications of Carlisle. But then you must consider there's another river, commonly known by the name of Annon, (of a more rapid motion, and more resolute streams) which issues from the famous top of Erricsteen, not far from as famous a mountain called Tintaw. This Annon glides along the southern marshes of Scotland, which afterwards espouseth with the ocean westward, and gives

name to a dale; commonly called Annon's Dale. But there's another river the natives call Ask, which juts just upon Annon, on the Scottish promontories, so tumbles into the sea at N. Nor-west, as near as I can guess at the Quaking Sands.

*Theoph.* Pray, give us that relation.

*Arn.* I remember on a time as I travelled these parts, to admiration, I saw two thousand horse, all advance in divisions over those silly shores, which so prest and déprest the tottering surface, that not till then, nor before, I had ever seen sands shap'd into vallies, then again into mountains; nay, such prodigious overgrown mountains as almost amaz'd me; because, when to behold from such palpable levels, mountains, as it were, rais'd up in a moment; and in the twinkling of an eye, all melted into vallies. And the nearer the bodies approached one another, the farther they seemed to be asunder. So that upon the matter, the advance of this brigade was little more than to make new hills, and depress and sink them again into dales. So that looking behind me, when discharging the fords, there was nothing remaining but sea and sand, chequer'd as it were, *parte perpale*. This is the first of our northern wonders, and the rarity is almost beyond belief, were it not so commonly experienced by almost every traveller

that travels these northern remote parts : otherwise it might render me ridiculous to report it, and look too fabulous to gain a reputation. But he that has beheld this admirable prospect will credit my relation, whilst the more ignorant and prejudicate suspend their censures.

*Theoph.* And must we adventure to attempt these tottering sands ?

*Arn.* Yes, indisputably we must.

*Theoph.* In my opinion, then, it's requisite we summons a guide.

*Arn.* That's well considered, for there's no passing without one.

*Theoph.* So, ho ! Jockey !

*Servus.* Wha's there ?

*Theoph.* Here's one or two want a good guide to pilot us over these sinking sands.

*Servus.* Ise come belive.

*Arn.* Prethee come now, and direct us over these quaking sands.

*Servus.* Marry sall I ; Ise be your guide, I tro, to speer oot the bliethest and the bonnyest gate I con. Haud a plack, Ise but fet my spere and cutrements, whelk, in guid fa, I may not won without.

*Arn.* Then take 'em with you.

*Servus.* Marry sall I ; sa that now and then, as I gang by the gat, gif the bourn be clear, and Ise pre a guid blink ; Ise wap a samon ore

the crage I tro, than with a grip ore his luggs we my ene hand : I tro, Ise hold him a bit ; an, for au his struggle, Ise mar his march to sea any mare. Come ben, me joes, and won awaugh. Span yar groond ore this silly bourn ; Ise pre it and prieve it ; it's guid enogh : Come awaw, follo me now. Whelk way won ye, ken ye I tro ? Guid fa, sirs, yar misleard ; won away thick way, mare and mare yet to thick hond ; for an the quick sands get a grip au yor nagg's shakle bene, gude fa, sirs, heel womble down the bourn, an whar are ye then ? But au's weel enof now ; for now ye treed on bonnie Scottish grond.

*Theoph.* I know not what ground it is, nor what to call it ; but this I know, that I'm glad we can welcome our selves on this side danger. What think you, Arnoldus, have not we made an eminent exchange, to truck a southern rose for a northern thistle ? Farewel, Old England ; I shall venerate thy memory, and thy fertile meadows, and never forget thy florid fields that glut the sithe, nor thy fragrant gardens that perfume the air.

*Arn.* And welcome Scotland, I say ; for this night I purpose to lodg in Dumfreez. But who must carry our impliments and our fish ?

*Theoph.* Let us catch 'em first, and then consider their portage.

*Arn.* That's but little difficult to do, where every field is accommodated with rivulets, and every rivulet furnished with trouts, as we travel along this mountainous coast of Galloway. Look but before you, and view those ports; such are the entrances into the decays of Dumfreez, whose situation and buildings bespeak it spacious, and a town that will furnish us with fish and flesh; where we may stay till to morrow, and solace our selves with her flourishing streams; whose lofty banks barrocade the beautiful *Pontus Arnotus*, a pleasant portable river below the situation of the town (unplundered of exercise) that will recreate and recruit us with fish enough, if the season but serve to experiment the art.

*Theoph.* I approve very well of your motion, but a *modicum* first will be very seasonable. Let us summons the cook to know what he's got in the kitchen; and give charge to the chambermaid, (if there be such a thing in Scotland,) to take care that the windows be deck'd and adorn'd with flowers, whilst the boards and floors are strewed with greens; for I'll examine every thread in our beds, to see if they be cleanly wash'd, and thoroughly dried, the better to accommodate us in our northern expedition.

*Arn.* Do so; and I resolve in the morning to examine your breviare of the various particulars of this night's entertainment, how you approv'd

of your lodging; with the memorable apprehensions of England in Scotland. The sauce, also, you must tell how that savoured; and the rest of your delicates, how they digested; together with your linen, how richly perfumed.

*Theoph.* Were not complaint a ridiculous orator, I would tell you, the mutton was small, but good; but cookery, I perswade myself, never worse contriv'd: And the linen was sweet, and clean enough, of a modest complexion, but not lavender-proof. Then for their pewter, (the like was never seen) it was tarnish'd with nothing but a face of lead. The beds, I confess, were soft enough, and, if I don't mistake myself, short enough; yet every angler may, without difficulty, resolve how sweetly rest relishes after recreation, and how grateful solace seems after good success. Shall we spread the water this morning with our angling artillery, and examine the fords before we feast ourselves? Resolve this morning's exercise, my benevolence; only stand by, and furnish me with directions.

*Arn.* Your motion inclines me to promote the adventure, and the rather because to introduce you into the anglers society. Hold forth your hand, and grasp this rod; take also this box, and this dubbing bag of flies, and select a choice. The complexion of the water must also be considered; and depths and shallows are

necessary observations. But, above all, mind carefully the cliffs of those craggy rocks, from whence you must expect the head of your game, if you angle for trout. And be circumspect and cautious when and how you strike, lest peradventure passion provoke your discretion, so in danger the loss of what you labour for.

*Theoph.* These are sovereign admonitions.

*Arn.* Mind, therefore, your directions, and fish like an artist; for here, if your line but reach the water, you raise a trout, or, it may be, a salmon. Where, note, if you be indigent of this generous art, and unskilful to manage so eminent an encounter, perchance you'll sacrifice your labours to loss, so in conclusion lose your reputation.

*Theoph.* I shall be mindful of that.

*Arn.* Then direct your eye to those bubbling streams, at whose murmuring descents are most profound deeps. But then, again, there's cataracts and falls of water; from whose fair invitations neither doubt nor despair of incomparable entertainments. That's the Sirene's seat of trophies, where trouts tumble up and down for diversion. Don't you see them pick, and cast themselves on the surface of the streams amongst those knotty stumpy rocks, almost drown'd in water? Lay but your line in at the tail of that stream, where it's sheltred with craggy rocky

stones, and manage your game with art and discretion, I'll uphold you sport enough; but be circumspect (be sure) and look well to your line, lest peradventure your tackle be torn to pieces.

*Theoph.* Doubt not of my care and circumspection.

*Arn.* Then take your lot, and cast in your line; and flourish your fly, for it's dub'd with bear's hair; and the point of your hook, it's so snug and so sharp, that, as it ought, it must always hang downward. Moreover, it's proportioned of an excellent compass, wing'd also with the dapple feather of a teal; a dangerous novel to invite a desperate fish; and sutable to the day and season, in regard it's bright.

*Theoph.* Why thus to capitulate? let us in amongst them.

*Arn.* Two words to a bargain; be better advised.

*Theoph.* It's past that now, and I'm past my senses, to feel such trepidations on a sudden invade me. What's the matter with me that I'm thus out of order?

*Arn.* I perceive you disordred, but not much delicated.

*Theoph.* If I were, it's folly to complain, when past all hope to expect redress.

*Arn.* How know you that?

*Theoph.* I know you won't tell me what it is that tugs thus.

*Arn.* It may be a trout ; or it may be a salmon.

*Theoph.* Or it may be both, for ought I know ; for it's almost impossible that one single fish should raise the water to such eruptions.

*Arn.* And impossible for you (I perceive) to reclaim him.

*Theoph.* Do but resolve me what it is, and then I'll resolve myself what to do.

*Arn.* Make your own choice, what would you have it ?

*Theoph.* I would have it a fish.

*Arn.* So it is ; and it may be a fish of the largest size ; therefore, look well about you.

*Theoph.* I may look which way I will, and despair at last ; what makes the water swell with ebullitions ?

*Arn.* Nothing I suppose but a change of elements, the fish has no mind to come a shore.

*Theoph.* And I have as little inclination to go to fetch him.

*Arn.* Then were your hazards equal ; and hitherto, as I apprehend, you have much the odds.

*Theoph.* Odd or even, I know not how to manage him.

*Arn.* Would you put a force upon Neptune, to compel his subjects a shore ?

*Theoph.* Had I skill enough, I would certainly do it.

*Arn.* So I perceive ; but you'r now almost at a stand. Pull.

*Theoph.* On the other hand, he strives to pull all in pieces ; which he will certainly do, if I do not reclaim him. But where is he now ?

*Arn.* Gone to the bottom, it may be.

*Theoph.* And it may be, I begin to smell the plot ; he courts the deep for self-security.

*Arn.* Then you fancy the streams won't protect him ; because there's no plot in them.

*Theoph.* Plots for the most part, you know, lie deepest ; so he sinks to the bottom for self-preservation, and creeps to death as if of old acquaintance.

*Arn.* Rash results reap repentance ; mistake not your self by dooming his death ; he's but slipt to the bottom to recruit himself, and indenture with stones to oblige their protection.

*Theoph.* What, must we have now another vagary ? Is my scaly companion surrounded and compounded of nothing but frolicks ? which, for ought I know, may cost him his life, if he is not mindful to look to his hitts.

*Arn.* And you must be advised to look well to yours ; for he'l not come ashore to beg his life. Stand fast, therefore, and call to mind your former rudiments ; for trust me, I shall give you

no other supply than some friendly admonishments to reconcile you together.

*Theoph.* What, no directions ; nor any farther instructions ?

*Arn.* If two to one be odds at football, and against the rules and law of fair play, the very thought on't would make me blush, and appear shamefac'd, if but to think two anglers should at once consult together to encounter one fish.

*Theoph.* Then I'll fight him myself, and run my own destiny. See where he comes, tumbling and tossing, and volting himself in the stiffest streams. Can no element contain his active violence ? Will he twist his tail to cut my line for an experiment ? But this kind of cunning may perchance defeat him ; he may prick his chaps and yet miss my bait.

*Arn.* And you may miss him, that won't stand upon a trifle.

*Theoph.* A trifle did you say ? I'll trifle him no longer. Ha, boys ! he's gone again.

*Arn.* I suppose he's gone where you can't come at him ; and that's to the bottom for another insurrection.

*Theoph.* So it appears, for he's invisible in a moment. This is a kind of *hocus pocus* : Surely I fancy he has outliv'd his time.

*Arn.* Flatter not yourself with that fly-blown opinion ; for I'm apt to perswade myself he'll live

beyond the art of your exercise ; this I know and perceive by his working, that if you work not wisely, he'll work a reprieve.

*Theoph.* Then I'll work with him, and trifle him a shore, to examine the point, and exchange of elements. I see he's convulst by fluttering his fins ; and I'm sure he's half dead by rigling his tail ; nay, more than that, he lies still without motion : And are not all these mortal signs of submission ?

*Arn.* And if he submits, he dies without redemption ; and death, you know, is a total submission.

*Theoph.* I'll kill this fish, or forfeit my reputation.

*Arn.* Take your chance, for I know you are resolute.

*Theoph.* I'll take my chance, and return victorious.

*Arn.* But there's no triumph, you know, till possess of the trophies.

*Theoph.* And I am pretty near them, was it not that one or two stratagems strangely amuse me ; the one of them is the casting himself on the surface, as if designing thereby to cut my line ; and the other, his fastning himself in the bottom, thinking, as I apprehend, to tear all in pieces ; which, if he do, I lose my reputation :

besides I grow weary, and would fain horse him out.

*Arn.* You may do what you please, you are lord of your own exercise; the law is in your hand, manage with discretion.

*Theoph.* I'll manage it with all the industry I have.

*Arn.* Do so, and you will see the event.

*Theoph.* Then have at all.

*Arn.* And what have you got?

*Theoph.* I have got nothing but the foot-steps of folly.

*Arn.* And nothing out of nothing is folly in the abstract; was not I prophetick?

*Theoph.* An oracle too true to confirm my loss; for what have I left? nothing but folly, to lament and condole this fatal conclusion: to be rob'd by a fish that I reckoned my reward: is not this felony, to steal my tackle, and ruin an angler? but he's mark'd for my own, and let whose will take him, I'll challenge an interest.

*Arn.* That's very pleasant; when another has catch'd him, you'll put in your claim.

*Theoph.* So I will, where-e're I find him; for his marks I am sure will certainly betray him.

*Arn.* As if he wore your livery to no other purpose than to describe his servitude.

*Theoph.* So he does; for my hook I am sure

hangs still in his chaps, and part of my line is entailed to it.

*Arn.* I thought all along what it would come to, for I knew well enough there was nothing wanting but the exercise of patience to kill this fish.

*Theoph.* What would you have done had it been your case?

*Arn.* I would not have handled my play-fellow so rudely.

*Theoph.* What! you rather laugh at me, than pity my loss.

*Arn.* I pity the fish to feed upon such sharp commons.

*Theoph.* Peradventure the hook may go near to choak him.

*Arn.* That it will never do, nor hardly check him upon a fresh entertainment.

*Theoph.* Why so; will the hook remain in his chaps without detriment to the fish?

*Arn.* Some small season it may remain; but time and action soon discharges it. For if when to consider his frequent motion, his continual gliding and glancing against stones, it loosens the part without detriment to the fish, so that the hook of it self leisurely drops off.

*Theoph.* How comes this to pass? it's incredibly strange.

*Arn.* Yet not so strange as true that you have

lost a line, as compleat a line as art could proportion ; it's well you kept your rod, for I'll assure you it's exactly taper'd, and as streight and plient as ever flourish'd a fly to facilitate death by dexterity. But this artificial novel you lost but now, gives no more satisfaction to a voracious appetite, than a witch's banquet ; or the unlimited desires of a wretched usurer, who never desists the pursuit of riches, till tantaliz'd, like your game, to death with a trifle.

And now, Theophilus, I must reprove your precipitancy, because a great error in young anglers. Patience must be moderated to promote the art, and time procrastinated to proclaim the angler an artist. These precepts I have laid down oftner than once, always provided your swim be clear, your line long, and strong enough ; then shall you see the fruits of your labour, and the fish himself act the part of a felon, that puts a knife to his own throat, wherewith he secretly murders himself ; and that this desperado had certainly done, upon exchange of elements, so become his own executioner ; who, beyond dispute, had struggled to strangle himself, which, without difficulty, is easily and the more expeditiously done, by frequently but cautiously exposing him to air ; for that suffocates his vitals, whereby he necessarily falls under very fatal consequents. And how

little a thing blots out the character of life, every one knows, that knows air is as opium to force a sleepy pulse ; that deprives of motion, and makes passage for death.

Be mindful, therefore, to observe directions in handling and managing your rod and line, and cautiously keeping your self out of sight ; all which precautions are requisite accomplishments, which of necessity ought to be understood by every ingenious angler. And so is that secret art of striking, which ought never at any time to be used with violence ; because, with a moderate touch, and a slender proportion of strength, the artist for the most part has best success.

Another caution you must take along with you ; and that is, when you observe your game begins to make an out ; that is, when he bolts, or when he launcheth himself forth to the utmost extent of your rod and line, which a well-fed fish at all times frequently attempts, upon the least advantage he gains on the angler ; be mindful, therefore, to throw him line enough, if provided you purpose to see his destruction ; yet with this caution, that you be not too liberal. On the other hand, too streight a line brings equal hazard ; so that to poize your fish, and your fore-sight together, is, by keeping one eye at the point of your rod, and the other be sure

you direct on your game; which comes nearest the mediums of art, and the rules and rudiments of your precedent directions.

But this great wound is easily solv'd; for if, when to discover your fish fag his fins, you may rationally conclude he then struggles with death; and then is your time to trifle him a shore on some smooth shelf of sand, where you may boldly land him, before his scales encounter the soil, which he no sooner apprehends by the prospect of death approaching; as a dying man that grasps every twig, because thinking thereby to save himself; so will your game extinguish his strength, and blaze out the flames of his life with a struggle.

Another expedient is the landing-net, or the landing-rod, which I rather approve of; let the swim be deep, or let it be shallow, we direct this artifice to amuse the fish, and facilitate his destruction, when he struggles with difficulties: Notwithstanding all this, some hazards must be encountered, by the more ingenious that flies high at his game. Incomparable sport the salmon makes, and so did this, for he made me laugh.

*Theoph.* Why so severe to run at my misfortune? take the rod if you please, and display your skill, I'll defy all your art to discover such a fish; though unfortunate, I must confess, to

hazard my reputation, with such ill success; whereby to lose such an eminent encounter: but I am come to that point of resolution now, that fish that comes next but to smell my hook, shall prize the scent on't so long as he lives; where an inch of my line shall cost him an ell of his life, though he attempts to saw my line in sunder, with the ragged and jagged teeth of his tail.

*Arn.* And is this the earnest you intend to handsel us with? Such a small stock of experience will neither admit of general nor particular directions to instruct and initiate proficients in the art, to try their skill with a resolute fish. Reach hither your rod, and that bag of flies. Now should fortune contribute equal success, we need not despair of a hungry breakfast; however, I'll adventure, and have in amongst 'em; did you see him show?

*Theoph.* Yes, yes, I see something make a show; and it may be fish.

*Arn.* What, a fish with an *it*, and a *may be* too? Stand close, I advise you, for he'll rise again, provided as hitherto he has made no discovery.

*Theoph.* What then, will you discipline and teach him the art of invasion?

*Arn.* I'll teach him to know that if one element won't contain him, another must; so, so,

I have him fast enough to distinguish the difference. And now for the landing-rod to measure his dimensions. See where he lies, and tell me how you like him ; can you think him as large as that you encountred ?

*Theoph.* It's no matter what I think ; it may be he's inferiour, or it may be superiour.

*Arn.* That's modestly ingenious, to lessen your loss by advancing my reputation.

*Theoph.* And you more than fortunate to succeed so well ; shall we lap up our lines, and return to Dumfreez ?

*Arn.* With all my heart, for the clock strikes ten ; and the sun is in his elevation towards the meridian. This is no time for farther examination, till about four after noon, except in an obscure and cloudy day ; for the crisis and critical time for diversion, is late in the evening, or early in the morning.

*Theoph.* It's enough I perceive ; your generous motion moves me to wave the present recreation. On the other hand, your experience, I must confess, promulges the art, and your self an artist. All this I grant, and more than this, since to confirm this evidence quickens my appetite.

*Arn.* Ay, but what think you of the wing of an ox ? would not such a modicum melt sweetly in your mouth ?

*Theoph.* If luxurious dreams and witches banquets are equally alike impoverish'd vanity; then to contemplate England in the bowels of Scotland, will represent to us but fictitious delusions. Rather would I have you tell me how you like the commons, and tell me then how you approve the cookery.

*Arn.* I like it so well, that I could heartily wish it had been better ordered for your entertainment; but the difficulty is such in this northern latitude, that good cooks and good fish seldom dwell together.

*Theoph.* Then let them dwell asunder; however, it's well it is as it is, better ill-cooked than none at all. However, in the mean while reflect on your self, and give us a description of the town of Dumfreez.

*Arn.* I fancy e're long you will change your note, when you traverse these pleasant northern tracts. In the mean time I'll gratify you with a breviat of Dumfreez, where a provost, as superintendent, supplies the place of a mayor, a magistrate almost as venerable as an English constable.

*Theoph.* That's wittily applied; what comes next?

*Arn.* Nay, hold a little, I have not done yet with the eminencies and the remarks of the town of Dumfreez; for you are to consider it

was anciently a town girt about with a strong stone wall ; but the late irruptions, or perhaps some state-disagreement, has in a manner defaced that regular ornament, otherwise the cankerous teeth of time have gnawn out the impressions, as evidently appears by those ruinous heaps. Nor is the Arnotus in all parts portable, notwithstanding her shores are so delightful.

*Theoph.* What, is there more yet ? pray, go on.

*Arn.* In the midst of the town is their market-place, and in the centre of that stands their tolbooth, round about which the rabble sit, that nauseate the very air with their tainted breath, so perfum'd with onions, that to an Englishman it is almost infectious.

But the kirk is comely, and situated southward, furnished once a week with moveable spectrums, (you know what that means,) yet the outside than the inside is more eminently imbellished, if sepulchres and tombstones can be said to be ornaments ; and where death and time stand to guard the steeple, whose rings of bells seldom or rarely exceed the critical number of three.

Here also you may observe a large and spacious bridg, that directly leads into the country of Galloway, where thrice in a week you shall rarely fail to see their maid-maukins dance co-

rantos in tubs. So on every Sunday some as seldom miss to make their appearance on the stool of repentance.

*Theoph.* Then it seems by your relation they keep time with their Comers, that hazard their reputation for a country-custom (or the love of liquor) rather than omit a four-hours drinking.

*Arn.* That's true enough ; and it's an antient practice among the female sex, to covee together (about that time) as naturally as geese flock'd to the Capitol. Now the very name of *Comer* they mightily honour ; but that of *Gossip* they utterly abominate, as they hate the plague, or some mortal contagion. So that whether to conclude it a vulgar error, and an abomination among the Scots to lick up an English proverb, it matters not ; or, whether to fancy a more laudable emphasis in the word *Comer*, then there is in *Go-sip*. I leave you to judg of that, and those other abominable customs, that drink till they sigh to do penance for their sins. Will this expiate the crime, and extenuate the fact ?

*Theoph.* Yes, when oil quenches fire ; or fire forgets its natural force to burn. So let us leave Dumfreez, and accommodate our selves with the country-curiosities ; and to make our design yet more sweet and pleasant, let us rally what descriptions of places we can, not, only to gratify our selves but others. In the mean time, favour

me with your bad fortune of the dish of sewins, and the duck Moggy drest, when she flung it into the fire, to singe off the feathers.

*Arn.* Why thus to reflect on the country-absurdities? Had you been then in place, distress'd as we were, I doubt not but that duck had gone daintily down, notwithstanding you think it so sluttishly cook'd. Hunger at no time solicits sauce to incite; and necessity as little as any thing disputes dainties. The landskip of want invades natural strength, and reads lectures legibly in any man's features. But the manner of their cookery, or rather Scottish sluttery, I'll tell you the story, and how it was.

*Theoph.* I shall be very attentive.

*Arn.* Near the English promontories stands the town of Jedard, whose skirts are wash'd by the famous Tweed. But westward from thence (and inclining yet more norward) are the remarkable antiquities and ruins of Bog-hall; and not far from thence is the admirable Tintaw, a prodigious mountain over-looking the Marshes. From whence, or from Erricsteen (that's not far from it) there issue forth three eminent and considerable rivers; as that of the Tweed, Loyd, and the river Annon: But of these three rivers we shall discourse more at large, as opportunity presents in its proper place.

And now let's advance to our country cottage,

since compelled by the extremity of rain, and encreasing waters. To which place when we arrived, like men in amaze, we stood gazing at one another, because to see the sheep grazing on the tops of those houses, where there was hardly grass enough to graze a goose in. By this you may conclude their buildings but low, and I'm sure their doors and entrances were so strait, that they exercised our strength beyond our art. Archimedes' engines signified but little, till the souldiers set their shoulders to support the eves, by which means the horse got an entrance in ; and that horseman that was not thoroughly wet, was doom'd that night to go supperless to bed.

Thus in a storm we stormed the town, and 'twould make a man storm to be treated only with oatmeal, of which we made cakes ; for every souldier became a baker ; and the flesh-meat they procured us was drest without slaughter ; for none we had except my duck, (you formerly discours'd) so that most of us roosted with an empty appetite ; and every man that went that night to bed, was sufficiently alarum'd before it was day. Oat-straw was our sheets, and port-mantles our pillows. It's true, some had cloaks, and 'twas well they had them, otherwise they had been constrained to use plads ; and he that used one but to cover his carcass, mustred (I uphold him) more gray coats than black coats,

that claw'd him more perniciously than a Middlesex bailiff.

The next day we recruited with some country ale, but so thick and roapy it was, that you might eat it with spoons. Besides, some small quantity of mutton was brought us, enough to discover the cookery of the country : and the linen they supplied us with, were it not to boast of, was little or nothing different from those female complexions that never washed their faces, to retain their christendom. But among the rest I had almost forgot to remind you that the soldiers and people were jointly agreed to part without the loss of one tear in the morning.

*Theoph.* I hope not to see, nor would I willingly dream of such bad commons, a hungry belly, and nothing to bite on ; nay, worse than that, more sluts than cooks ; and in every house fowl women, fowl linen, and fowl pewter ; yet in their rivulets such silver streams. What, not a bed, nor a thread (but linsey lowsy) to keep a man dry ! who could project or contrive worse entertainment for the worst of his enemies ?

*Arn.* Why, how now, Theophilus, is it that time of day ? he's an early angler that angles by moonshine.

*Theoph.* Mistake not your self, I'm only groping for baits ; it may be I propose to angle early.

*Arn.* Who questions it, when you catch 'em

so fast before sun-rise, what will you do when it's break of day?

*Theoph.* O, Arnoldus, I'm almost worried to death with lice, my skin is all motled and dapled like an April trout. Can you blame me to relinquish this lowsy lodging, when my batter'd sides are pinck'd full of ilet-holes? One brigade pursues another, and flight I find the best expedient; for my enemies, I perceive, are so desperately resolv'd, that they'll rather die than quit the field. Dangers foreseen are the sooner prevented, and I design to sleep in a whole skin as long as I can. Zanker, farewell, I am glad to see thee behind me, and no need of a chirurgion.

*Arn.* Did you think of Boghall, when the vermin last night were so busy about you? the story of my duck was pleasant to you, and so is this to me. Those characters and impressions seal'd on your sides (by these Scottish interlopers) will oblige you to remember Zanker these seven days. You have not been used to such coarse entertainment, nor treated as I have been, with such Scots commons. Is this the fruits of private practice to compleat your self a graduate, tho you steal your preferment from a nitty corporation? at the best you can be but batchelor of Backbiter's-hall. But now jesting is done, and you're half undone I perceive; what will

you do now in reference to Zanker? can you give a relation of that corporation?

*Theoph.* Yes, that I can, and will do, notwithstanding the difficulties I have encountred. Zanker stands situate on a flat or level, surrounded, as you see, with excellent corn-fields: but more remote it's besieged with mountains that are rich in lead-mines. The planets I fancy them very benevolent to influence this swampy rocky earth, and shine metallick blessings into them, to commode the indigent and almost uncultivated native. Heaven, it's true, is always propitious, because never to impose the law of sterility, when to supply the whole world with the bounty of increase. And tho the people hereabouts are destitute of ingenuity, and their fields for the most part impoverish'd for want of cultivation; yet are their rivers and rivulets replenished with trout, because undisturb'd with the noosy net, which augments the angler's; if not the artizan's entertainment.

*Arn.* Here's no character of Zanker all this while.

*Theoph.* I am just coming to tell you, that Zanker is a town and a corporation too; tho not bulky in buildings, yet there is a bailiff, master sometimes of a brew-house, whose entertainments (in my opinion) may easily be guest at, provided you reflect on our late accommodation.

There is also a market-place, such an one as it is, and a kind of a thing they call a tolbooth, which at first sight might be suspected a prison, because it's so like one; whose decays, by the law of antiquity, are such, that every prisoner is threatned with death before his trial; and every casement, because bound about with iron bars, discovers the entertainments destined only to felons. Now the market-place is less worthy of a description than the tolbooth; for no man would know it to be such, were he not told so.

There is also a kirk, or something like it; but I might as reverently call it a barn; because so little to distinguish betwixt them, and the whole town reads daily lectures of decays; so do her ports, her avenues, and entrances. Where note, I call her the child of antiquity, by reason of her ruins and irreparable decays. It's true, I was not murdered, nor was I kill'd outright, yet I narrowly escaped as eminent a danger, when almost worried to death with lice.

*Arn.* However, I am glad you escaped without scars; and advise for the future, that you examine your lodging before you make your formal entrance. In the mean time, let me restitute some part of amendment, by an easy, tho solitary journey over this mountanous country, to sweeten your entertainment. And, in regard

of your unexperience in these northern tracts, I shall direct our course through the coast of Galloway, a compendium of the Highlands immerg'd in the arms of the Low-lands; and I'll appeal to your self, when you have seen her fertility, if you do not envy her blest inhabitants, because enrich'd with the plenty of rivers and rivulets, woods and groves; besides benevolent fields, and profitable pastures. Yet sometimes we must ramble o're some rotten bogs, as now we do; and permit our feet (as at other times) to climb those knotty craggy mountains, that, like a gnomes, direct to the town of Kilmarnock, a kind of a corporation, where we may expect the comfortable issues of good entertainment; for worse than the last is madness to contemplate.

*Theoph.* Is that the town that presents at a distance?

*Arn.* Yes, that is Kilmarnock, an antient corporation, heap'd up and crowded with men and mechanicks; through the midst of whose crazy tottering ports, there runs a river replenished with trout, where we may treat our appetites, as already our apprehensions, with the entertainments of Dumbarton, whose rapid streams, when we come to examine them, are enough, one would think, to surfeit the angler. To which place it is now but one day's journey, nor need

we hackney it at more than an ordinary rate, before we discover those beautiful ascents, and the hostile habitation of our friend Aquilla, that dwells in those western florid fields, who will bid us welcome, and rejoice to see us. Nor will Glasgow be any impediment in our way, whilst we only survey her beautiful palaces, so direct to the lofty turrets of Dumbarton.

*Theoph.* Let the sun, or his star the beautiful Aurora, arrest me, if otherwise I arise not before break of day, and be in readiness for a march to the famous Glasgow, where you purpose to refresh, and briefly examine the city curiosities; as also the customs of their magnificent situations; whose academick breasts are a nursery for education, as the city for hospitality. And let this be your task as we travel to Dumbarton, to give us a narrative of the antiquities of Cloyd, as also of the town of Kilmarnock, where we slept this night, that so bravely refresh'd us.

*Arn.* That I can do as we ride along.

*Theoph.* Do so, it will be very acceptable.

*Arn.* Then to expostulate the antiquities of Kilmarnock; as it would puzzle the pen of an ingenious historiographer, so I, for that end, was thinking to evade it, and refer it to some other of more mature judgment; since you yourself, and consequently others that read my relation, will probably reduce me to the probate of a cen-

sure. On the other hand, the native who lives under an expectation, would equally condemn me for my taciturnity, should I silently pass by and imprint no remarks on their silty sands, and silver streams. To this dilemma I am driven by the censures of some, nor can I escape the clamours of others ; so that I sail betwixt Sylla and Charibdis. However, I shall use my best endeavours to gratify both as near as I can, and consult the mean and mediums of veracity, so far as experience and discovery can inform me : So that I shall say but little more than to tell the world that Kilmarnock is an antient corporation, crowded with mechanicks and brew-houses.

*Theoph.* But that's not all.

*Arn.* If not enough, then you must have more, it seems ; and not only for yourself, but for those that are more inquisitous. And what will they say ? Why you and they both will tell me, it's only rifling into ruins. Nor, indeed, is it other, when in our progress we proceed to prove little more, save only a discovery of ruins and decays.

*Theoph.* Be it what it will, however, let us have it.

*Arn.* Well, then, if to go one step further, surely it won't cripple me ; let me tell you, then, it's an antient manufactory.

*Theoph.* And what of all that ? Is this more than what we formerly knew ?

*Arn.* It's more than I knew, that you knew so much. But this discourse, Theophilus, better becomes an antiquary, than one that queries ; for, should I but step into her dirty streets, that are seldom clean but on a sun-shiny day, or at other times, when great rains melt all the muck, and forcibly drive it down their cadaverous channels into the river Marr, whose streams are so sullied then, that the river loses its natural brightness, till the stains are wash'd out, so become invisible. All which to examine, is enough to convince you, that the influence of planets are their best scavenger : for the natives in this northern latitude, are naturally so addicted to idleness and nastiness, that should not the heavens contribute the blessings of rain, they would inevitably surfeit with their own uncleanness.

*Theoph.* All this we will grant you ; the footsteps are evident.

*Arn.* Where, note, these inhabitants dwell in such ugly houses, as, in my opinion, are but little better than huts ; and generally of a size, all built so low, that their eves hang dangling to touch the earth ; nor are they uniform, nor hold they correspondency one with another ; and that which is worse than all the rest, is

their unproportionate ill contrivance ; because, when to consider a dwarf of a house so covered over with a gigantick roof. By which, you may imagine, our former projectors had but little project for curious contrivances ; and, to speak plain English, as little costly.

The next thing in course that falls under our consideration, will be their artificers. But the Moors (more than all the rest) have gain'd the reputation for the temper of dirks, razors, and knives, whose temper is so exact, that it super-exceeds all the mechanicks in Scotland. Where, note, you may observe there are artists amongst them, though not one good structure to be found in Kilmarnock ; nor do I remember any wall it has, but a river there is, as I formerly told you of, that runs through the town ; over which there stood a bridg so wretchedly ancient, that it's unworthy our commendations any otherwise, than as travellers commend the bridg they go over.

Another part of their manufacture is knitting of bonnets, and spinning of Scotch cloth ; which turns to very good account. Then, for their temper of metals, they are without compeer ; Scotland has not better. And, as they are artizans in dirks, so are they artists in fudling, as if there were some rule in drinking. So that, to me, it represents as if art and ale were inse-

parable companions. Moreover, their wives are sociable comers too ; yet, not to compare with those of Dumblain, who pawn their petticoates to pay their reckoning.

*Theoph.* Here's a jolly crew of alemen (but very few anglers) crowded together in the small compass of a little corporation, curiously compacted. For the houses, you may observe, besiege the river ; and that river, to divide the ruinous ports, left only as reliques that remain discoverable ; however, it's my opinion, that a stone wall has incircled the town, since hitherto, as to observation, there's rarely a town of any eminency in Scotland, but is, or has been, beleagured with a strong stone wall ; but as to that I'll silence my self.

*Arn.* Well, then, I'll proceed to pilot you down these solitary descents that direct to the eminent ports of Air, near whose difficult entrances stands a strong citadel, formidable and spacious, in the base of a pentagon, erected on purpose to reduce insurrectors.

*Theoph.* Must we dismount these hills to traverse those valleys ?

*Arn.* Yes, surely, we must, if designing to trace the fertil fields and beautiful plains of the now famous and flourishing Glasgow, where we may accommodate ourselves with various curiosities ; for the days are long enough, and our

journey no more than a breathing to Dumbarton. Now, the first curiosity that invites us to gaze at, is a large and spacious bridg of stone, that directs to the fair imbellishments of Glasgow. But our next entertainment is the pleasant medows, and the portable streams of the river Cloyd, eminent in three capacities. The first is, because of her numberless numbers of trout. The second is, because of her multiplicity of salmon. But the third and last is, from her native original, and gradual descents ; because so calmly to mingle her streams with the ocean. Not that we now consider her florid medows, nor shall we recount her nativity from Tintaw, because so strongly opposed and presum'd from Erricsteen, distant from thence some few odd miles.

*Theoph.* If you please, let that argument drop till farther opportunity.

*Arn.* I am thinking to do so, and proceed to discourse this eminent Glasgow. Which is a city girded about with a strong stone wall, within whose flourishing arms the industrious inhabitant cultivates art to the utmost. There is also a cathedral (but it's very ancient) that stands in the east angle, supervising the bulk of the city, and her ornamental ports. Moreover, there are two parish churches ; but no more, to the best of my observation. Then, there is a col-

lege, which they call an university ; but I'm at a stand what to call it, where one single college compleats a university.

Now, let us descend to describe the splendor and gaity of this city of Glasgow, which surpasseth most, if not all the corporations in Scotland. Here it is you may observe four large fair streets, modell'd, as it were, into a spacious quadrant ; in the centre whereof their market-place is fix'd ; near unto which stands a stately tolbooth, a very sumptuous, regulated, uniform fabrick, large and lofty, most industriously and artificially carved from the very foundation to the superstructure, to the great admiration of strangers and travellers. But this state-house, or tolbooth, is their western prodigy, infinitely excelling the model and usual built of town-halls ; and is, without exception, the paragon of beauty in the west ; whose compeer is no where to be found in the north, should you rally the rarities of all the corporations in Scotland.

Here the reader (it's possible) may think I hyperbolize ; but let him not mistake himself, for I write no ambiguities : Truth stands naked in plain simplicity ; and partiality I abhor as a base imposture. He that reads my relation, and the morals of this famous Glasgow, will vindicate my description, and place the fault to him that invents the fable ; for it's opposite to my

genius, as also to my principles, either to deface a beautiful fabrick, or contract a guilt by magnifying it beyond its due merit. I have, and therefore shall, as near as I can, in an equal poize ballance things aright. Permit me, therefore, as a licentiat, to read you but a short, yet pertinent lecture, and I'll tell you what entertainments we met with in Glasgow, as also what hopes we have to meet with the like in the circuit of our intended northern progress. But this I offer to the dubious only ; if, peradventure, there be any such as scruple, I'll refer them to the natives to evidence for me, which I am satisfied they will with ten thousand manifesto's.

In the next place, we are to consider the merchants and traders in this eminent Glasgow, whose store-houses and ware-houses are stuff with merchandize, as their shops swell big with foreign commodities, and returns from France, and other remote parts, where they have agents and factors to correspond, and enrich their maritime ports, whose charter exceeds all the charters in Scotland ; which is a considerable advantage to the city-inhabitants, because blest with privileges as large, nay, larger than any other corporation. Moreover, they dwell in the face of France, and a free trade, as I formerly told you. Nor is this all, for the staple of their country consists of linens, friezes, furs, tartans, pelts,

hides, tallow, skins, and various other small manufactures and commodities, not comprehended in this breviat. Besides, I should remind you, that they generally exceed in good French wines, as they naturally superabound with fish and fowl; some meat does well with their drink. And so give me leave to finish my discourse of this famous Glasgow, whose ports we relinquish to distinguish those entertainments of Dumbar-ton, always provided we scatter no corn.

*Theoph.* What to think, or what to say of this eminent Glasgow, I know not, except to fancy a smell of my native country. The very prospect of this flourishing city reminds me of the beautiful fabricks and the florid fields in England, so that now I begin to expect a pleasant journey. Pray, tell me, Arnoldus, how many such cities shall we meet with in our travels, where the streets and the channels are so cleanly swept, and the meat in every house so artificially drest? The linen, I also observed, was very neatly lap'd up, and, to their praise be it spoke, was lavender proof; besides, the people were decently drest, and such an exact decorum in every society, represents it, to my apprehension, an emblem of England, though, in some measure, under a deeper die. However, I'll superscribe it the nonsuch of Scotland, where an English florist may pick up a posie;

so that should the residue of their cities, in our northern progress, seem as barren as uncultivated fields, and every field so replenished with thistles that a flower could scarcely flourish amongst them, yet would I celebrate thy praise, O, Glasgow ! because of those pleasant and fragrant flowers that so sweetly refresh'd me, and, to admiration, sweetned our present enterments.

*Arn.* Now the day-star springs, and the flaming steeds of the sun invite our departure. The smiles of the weather prognosticate we shall reach Dumbarton in very good time, where we may redress and refit such tackle as shall serve to accommodate both our art and exercise ; for near to those famous and flourishing ports there glides a rapid and peremptory river, that gulphs forth of the bowels of Loemon, replenished with trout, and, beyond all measure, of incomparable salmon, (if I calculate right) where we may sport to-day, and to-morrow too, provided the season serve to our purpose. So from thence we may pass into the fields of Luss, (by fording the Loemon) where, beyond dispute, we shall gratify ourselves with such solitary entertainments as the angler most delights in ; so from thence, by crossing the Loemon eastward, we arrive in the sterile fields of Bohanan, a situation, by some, thought al-

most inaccessible, by reason of hills and multiplicity of boggs.

*Theoph.* What lofty domineering towers are those that storm the air, and stand a-tiptoe (to my thinking) upon two stately elevated pondrous rocks, that shade the valley with their prodigious growth, even to amazement? Because to display such adequate and exact proportion, with such equality in their montanous pyramides, as if nature had stretch'd them into parallel lines with most accurate poize, to amuze the most curious and critical observer; though with exquisite perspectives he double an observation, yet shall he never trace a disproportion in those uniform piermonts.

*Arn.* These are those natural, and not artificial pyramides, that have stood, for ought I know, since the beginnings of time; nor are they sheltred under any disguise, for nature herself drest up this elaborate precipice, without art or engine, or any other manual, till arriving at this period of beauty and perfection. And because, having laws and limits of her own, destinated by the prerogative royal of Heaven, she heap'd up these massy inaccessible pyramides, to invalidate art, and all its admirers, since so equally to shape a mountain, and to form it into so great and such exact proportions.

*Theoph.* Then it's no fancy, I perceive, when

in the midst of those lofty and elevated towers, a palace presents itself unto us, immured with rocks, and a craggy front, that with a haughty brow contemns the invader. And where below at those knotty descents, Neptune careers on brinish billows, arm'd with Tritons in corslets of green, that threatens to invade this impregnable rock, and shake the foundations, which if he do, he procures an earthquake.

*Arn.* This is the rock, and that which you see elevated in the air, and inoculated to it, is an artificial fabrick, envelop'd as you now observe in the very breast of this prodigious mountain; which briefly, yet well enough, your observation directs to, both as to the form, situation, and strength. Moreover, it's a garrison, and kept by the Albions, where formerly our friend Fœlecus dwelt; who of late, upon preferment, is transplanted into Ireland: however, Aquilla will bid us welcome; and, if I mistake not, he advances to meet us; look wishly forward, and you'll see him trace those delightful fields from the ports of Dumbarton.

*Aquil.* What vain delusions thus possess me! nay what idle dotages and fictitious dreams thus delude me; if these be ghosts, which I fancy men. O Heavens! it's our friend Arnoldus, and, (if I mistake not) Theophilus with him. Welcome to Dumbarton.

*Arn.* Thanks, dear Aquilla, thus friendly to salute us; we are come to see you, and have deserted the beautiful tracts of Albion, to trample the solitary fields in Scotland. Behold these evidences; we have brought our rods, where note you may easily guess our design.

*Aquil.* Above all men you are fortunate; for had you studied an age to time your business for a day's diversion, the heavens could not shine stars more propitious. Do but see how the ground is chap'd and parch'd, and the streams so lean and barren of soil, as well they may, for no moisture has fallen to refresh the earth, nor drive down soil to recruit the rivers and feast the fish, this month or more, till yesterday; and then the clouds began to dapple, the face of the firmament to lowre, the sky to discolour, the air to moisten, and the spouts of heaven seemingly to drop: yet when all came to all, it came to nothing; for the tears of this storm converted into a calm; so exhal'd into meteors, for ought I know: for when we expected a deluge of rain, there fell by chance but some few extravagant drops; which, for greediness, made the fish almost forsake the water; the complexion whereof being but a little changed, you may fancy, if you please, to fish under a colour.

*Arn.* Notwithstanding all this I'm for the fly.

*Theoph.* And I'm for any bait, or any colour, so that I be but doing.

*Aquil.* Then I'm for the ground-bait, and I perswade myself it will turn to best account, and prove most profitable to answer my expectation : For with but three sorts of fish we must trifle our time (viz.) the active eel, the dextrous trout, and the incomparable salmon ; all which will as greedily pursue a worm, as a luxurious appetite pursues his paunch. Bring but a brandlin, or rather a gildtail, and try whether trouts be destitute of an appetite.

*Theoph.* They must have good stomachs sure, if they be always eating.

*Aquil.* You are waggish, Theophilus, but really I am serious ; for now we begin to discover those silent and solitary deeps, those rapid and swift falls of water, besides those stiff and strong streams, that invite us to treat the family of fish. So that I conceive it is almost impossible to direct a line, and miss a reward : And the bottom, if you please, let us examine that with ground-bait, to prove the effects of our art and skill, to summons contribution from so generous an adventure. But if mid-water we consult, then I commend the canker, with the catter-pillar, or the grub ; or, if with a depinged locust, you will not lose your labour ; nor will you starve your cause, if to strip off the legs of a grasshopper. All

these are excellent baits, but the green monklet of the owlder-tree super-excels them all. Then there's the pink (which you call a minew) if display'd with a swivel at mid-water; or you may, if you please, drag him from the bottom of the deeps, so glide him all along through the region of limpid streams, the better to display this amorous charm, so obtain the point by the mediums of art, as already is advisable by consulting the artist.

*Theoph.* Now I perceive we but trifle time, this tedious discourse obstructs recreation. Let us stretch our limbs with the length of the streams; we have day enough, and pleasant weather, why then so vainly to procrastinate time with flattering thoughts of suggested enjoyments, which signify no more than honour in dreams? Come, my friends, let us reform that error by the progress of art. So that if our labours be spent to advantage, and our selves, like artists, sufficiently recompensed by the rod; we may sport the day away, and lengthen our expectation, that to-morrow's recreation, if the season favour us, may glut us with pleasure, and burden us with spoil.

*Arn.* We shall cross the old proverb, I perceive, since no arguments are engines strong enough to convince Theophilus, that haste makes waste; whose unlimited zeal after recreation is

boundless beyond measure ; insomuch that a grompus won't gratify him in point of diversion. Come, then, and trim up your line, and arm your self, and observe those translucid trembling streams that dash themselves against those rocks ; hazard your fortune there for once, and be sure you begin at the head of the stream, and so gradually pursue the extent of your colony, and fish by direction according to prescription, both with worm and minew ; then hope a prosperous issue, as I question not but you do. In the mean time let me caution you, that with circumspection you purdue your self, if intending to surprize and captivate your game ; for by this time, I fancy, you have already beleagured them : Be advised, therefore, to repeat your discipline, and keep your distance. So I leave you to your fortune and a fair day, for I purpose to attempt the head of Loemon ; and about four hours, or it may be five, let us make our rendezvouz in the caves of that rock. As for Aquilla, he needs no direction, whose knowledg and experience is so general in these streams, that an age to examine them would not better improve him. Now let us separate, and each man to his adventure ; but be mindful of the place, and the prefix'd time appointed ; so that after the delicious toil of exercise, we may produce the issues and effects of our labours, when successfully we meet,

as I hope we may. Aquilla, farewell, and farewell, Theophilus ; to whom I contribute my wishes for thy fortunate success, to gain the laureat from the best of anglers that pursue the art.

*Theoph.* What, do you question it, that know so well my abilities ? Here I'll stand to my arms ; and in this solitary place, I'll hazard my rod and line with my reputation and fortune.

*Aquil.* Resolv'd like a vertuoso of the rod and line ; there you may mingle meditations with your recreations, whilst you consult those purling murmuring streams that rally from the top of those craggy mountains : see how they trickling tumble down those solitary rocks, whose descents, like diapasons, shap'd into musical sounds, must of necessity invite the fish to dance ; so that sometimes they elevate themselves so high, that I have seen them throw themselves a foot above water. This we call the *Contemplative Angler's Harmony* ; and it proves his harvest too, when they freely bite. So, farewell, Theophilus ; but remember the rendezvous at the previous descent of that spacious rock, beautified with firs ; not far from thence stands a pleasant grove, through which there glides a glittering rivulet, begirt round about with admirable rocks ; search well those meanders, and you'll find me fishing.

*Theoph.* It's very like I may, and what then ?

In the mean time, here I'm deprived of society, except to fancy fish my solitary companions, the cavities of rocks my sepulchre, and these shady flourishing trees an emblem of death ; for Aquilla, he is gone, and Arnoldus has left me to lament myself, and five hours separation. But why so melancholy among these purling streams, that seemingly interpose betwixt my passion, and their silent murmurings ? (Do not these repeated ecchoes (if I hit the key) lively remonstrate the life-touches of solitudes, and the true imitation of sweet contemplation ? Sympathy in affection, I call that amiable ; and the fair and beautiful prospect of the mind, that represents the real signature of friendship.

But this pace, I perceive, won't carry on my design, nor are complaints proper engines or suitable instruments to surprize fish. How pitifully it looks for the angler to lie puling, whilst fish, like allegators, are pulling all in pieces, let any man judg that's destinated to be undone. Most unfortunate Theophilus, but now too late to lament thy remissness ; and, rather than unpunished, let thy shameful loss be enough to torment thee. What, at once all vanished, nothing left but thy self ! so that were not I left, there was nothing to laugh at ; and I worthily deserve it, because to lose my reputation. What an opportunity have I lost in losing my rod, and

an equal fate to lose my exercise ? but from twig to twig I'll traverse the streams, and examine every bush to repair my misfortune ; so that at leisure I may lie down, and lament my remissness, for, condemn'd by my self, there needs no judg to sentence me. Hold a little ! I discover some thing, either the stock of my rod, or a counterfeit. So, so, I shall patch up my losses by finding my rod, for it lay where I left it, and my bag of flies lies not far from it. And now I have a patent, I resolve to take toll, and examine what contribution these streams will advance me.

However, lest precipitancy spoil my sport, I'll preponder my rudiments ; and they prognosticate here's a fish, or something like it ; a fair handsel for a foolish fisher. But here's the old game again that we had at Dumfreez. This capering, for ought I know, may cost him his life, for I resolve to hold his nose to the grindstone : dance on and die, this is the way to your silent sepulchre ; for upon that silty gravelly shelf of sand, I resolve to land him, or lose all I have. And now I fancy him weary of life, as aged people that are burdened with infirmities ; yet I want courage to encounter him, lest fearing to lose him, which if I do, I impair my reputation. However, I'll examine my stock of confidence, and see how far that will go ; but then I want a landing-hook, and

he is resolute to make an escape ; and I would be as resolute to restrain, and, if possible, to confirm him my prisoner ; so that what progress to hope for in this solitary adventure, I know not, till farther examination. However, here's no body but trees to reprove me, except these rocks ; and they'l tell no tales. Well, then, as he wants no agility to evade me, I'll endeavour with activity to approach him ; so that the difference betwixt us will be only this, he covets acquaintance but with one element, and I would compel him to examine another.

Navigators report, that fish can fly, and so shall this, or I'll forfeit my discretion ; and if it succeeds well that I conquer this fish, matriculation falls, in course, from the vertuosos of the rod. Now he runs to divert me, or himself ; but I must invite him nearer home, for I fancy no such distance. Though his fins fag, his tail riggles, his strength declines, his gills look languid, and his mettle decreaseth ; all which interpret tokens of submission ; yet the best news I bring him, is summons of death. Yet, let not my rashness preingage me to a loss of my game. For, to neglect my rudiments, is to ruin my design, which, in plain terms, is the destruction of this resolute fish ; who seemingly now measures and mingles his proportion with more than one element ; and, doom'd to a trance, he prostrates

himself on the surface of the calmes, dead to apprehension ; save only I want credit to believe him dead, when calling to mind my former fatal precipitancy, that invited me to a loss ; and so may this adventure prove, if I look not well about me, to land and strand him on that shelf of sand, where I resolve, with my rod, to survey his dimensions. Then have at all, or it may be nothing ; however, it succeeds well, for I'm insured of a victory. Welcome a shore, my languishing combitant, if only to entertain our friend Arnoldus.

I am fast again, or have hold of another fish ; but I'll undermine his design by an old stratagem : for now I have got the way of catching them, I only want the knack of cookery to dress them. The exercise of angling obliges me to love the art ; and I see it's good to hearken to counsel ; for, had I neglected that, I had run retrograde to reason, so lost my reward. But this fish I fancy is not so resolute as the former ; this yields himself captive upon slight summons, so dies by the law and force of artillery. My hook I perceive has divested him of power ; and I shall deny him capitulation for life, who must also change elements with his late predecessor, or I'll lose all I have to compass my design. I fancy I have hold of another fish ; if so, I shall want arguments to express the sweets of this

exercise, and the pleasure of solitudes to the contemplative angler. By this you may perceive, it's necessarily requisite at all times, especially upon emergencies, to hearken to counsel ; for indisputably had I pursued irregular measures, and slighted Arnoldus his solid instructions, so followed the dictates of my former resolution of making fish fly, all had flown in pieces : And how fondly then had I betrayed my own folly, by exposing myself and my reputation to a loss ? On the contrary, I can triumph, and say all is well ; and tell what execution my minews have done, that my rod and line and swivel's secure. Where note, I think now to pack up my impliments, and hasten to the place we formerly agreed upon ; approving it necessary in all societies to observe the punctilios of promise among friends. Another thing secretly affects me ; and that is, to think what an artist Arnoldus will extol me.

*Aquil.* This is the place, and the prefix'd time of agreement is at hand ; yet on these glittering sands there's no tract to trace the impress of the feet of Arnoldus or Theophilus. Surely angling's all charms, to break the links of the golden chain of promise. But whither will these rash presumptions hurry me ? what, to suspect friendship, the diadem and darling of human society ? Yonder he advances, to the place ap-

pointed ; I'll step and salute him, and make a present of my fortunate successes. These are the toils and the fruits of my labour, which I freely dedicate to our friend Arnoldus.

*Arn.* Where kill'd you these trouts ? With what artifice did you surprize them ?

*Aquil.* With nothing but a minew, some call it penk.

*Arn.* I understand your meaning ; but where did you fish ?

*Aquil.* In those purling streams, at the foot of that rock.

*Arn.* I should have thought it impossible, did not these evidences convince me, that so small a rivulet should lodg and harbour so large a fish. Here's a salmon, Aquilla, that I but newly tickled to death with a fly ; accept my adventure, I have another for Theophilus when he comes up with us.

*Aquil.* He is yonder, I see him coming, and could heartily wish he had seen but the death of this brace of salmon, to put a zealous spur to his exercise.

*Arn.* Besides these salmon, I have two brace of trouts, that would make a Cockney's teeth stand a water and spring a leek, for no other purpose than to tap his mouth.

*Aquil.* Our fortunes are unequal, the garland is yours, and never may it wither from your

heroick brow. Now we shall see what improvement Theophilus has made in this piscatorian negotiation. Yonder he comes, let us hasten to meet him.

*Arn.* Welcome, Theophilus ! are our fortunes equal ? What phenomena of pleasures spring from solitary rocks ? How fancy you this inoffensive life, to sit in the sun-shine, then remove into shades near the brinks of bubbling murmuring rivulets, that sigh a pleasant silent softness, whilst the birds harmoniously deliciat the air, and fish in frolicks dance corantos to the angler ; whilst man (lord of the creation) is captivated with divine contemplation ; fancying to himself a kind of an Elizium, representing the shady fragrancies of Paradise ?

*Theoph.* O, Arnoldus, I was certainly enamoured to see how the shady trees hung dangling about me ; whilst the murmuring streams through the lungs of Zephyrus, made musick to my fancy, tho not to the pitch of the melodious Philomel, and the chorus of birds that beat the air with their mellifluous quires, which springs fresh thoughts of the non-age of time, when the constitution of the creation was a composition of harmony.

*Arn.* But the luxurious angler admires another concert. He loves no musick but the twang of the line ; nor any sound, save the

ecchoes of the water ; no rest nor pause, but impatient till they bite ; no flats nor sharps, but solitary pools and rapid streams ; no beats nor shakes, but struggling and strangling ; and, in short, no close except that of the panier. So that I may properly call his harmony their haltering.

*Theoph.* Just such success I had ; for art was useless to catch such fish, as careless of their lives, they cast them away. Look here, Arnoldus, I have brought my evidences ; this brace I caught, and this catch'd me.

*Arn.* Here's sutable diversion, our exercise has equaliz'd the ballance of success : Not an artist amongst us barren of sport.

*Aquil.* Nor the water out of temper ; if it hold so to-morrow, we may flatter ourselves the town's our own.

*Arn.* It may be so, if all hits right : What, two Sundays in one week ? Don't you observe it rain already ? However, let us trace these glittering sands, to those solitary fields that direct to Dumbarton : We have spent the time to sufficient advantage, had there been nothing more in it than initiating Theophilus, whom I perswade myself will consult the art, and manifestly in time approve himself eminent.

*Theoph.* Come, gentlemen piscatorians, and vertuosos of the rod, Dumbarton begins to pre-

sent unto us ; where like heros we may triumph, because from these fords to carry off such trophies, as will evidence for us the remarks of spoil ; and where the inhabitants must be indigent of civility, if not civilly to treat us, whilst we commode them with the choicest treasures of Loemon. What think you, gentlemen ? your opinion on the measures I have taken.

*Aquil.* I approve on't very well.

*Arn.* So do I. But first, if you please, let us enter their ports, and examine the distinction betwixt diet and disease. As also we may consult if their beds are burdensome after exercise ; which I desire to experience, and the rather, in regard (as I perceive) by those signals, the sprinkling of rain, we must be forced to depart to-morrow morning.

*Aquil.* A sentence too severe ; we cannot morally separate so soon.

*Arn.* Morally or naturally, it must be so ; for when the coverings of rain shut up the casements of day, and darkness as a pavilion overshades the night, it's madness to contemplate recreation in angling, when the rivers are hourly recruited with rains.

*Aquil.* I approve not of hasty resolves, as prognosticate a parting before we meet ; the law of friendship binds it otherwise.

*Theoph.* A very bad handsel to earnest our separation.

*Aquil.* So it appears: for should every man measure his present occasion by the rule of necessity, my duty compels me to the turrets of Dumbarton: And how disconsolate shall I be to discourse rocks and stones, when deprived the society of my friends and associates?

*Theoph.* One day more, Arnoldus, will break no squares; let time arrest us, I'll put in bail.

*Aquil.* Here's a friendly advocate to furnish us with fresh arguments, that may bring about, for ought I know, new and fresh results after the series of second thoughts: Who so unkind now to frame a parting, or denounce the sentence of a farewell to morrow?

*Arn.* That must I, to wander in the fields of Luss by sun-rise; otherwise we shall not reach Bohannan by sun-set.

*Theoph.* So then, my mouth is stop'd, I perceive; nor have I any thing more to offer by way of argument, only my lamentation for our so sudden separation. Aquilla, farewell; Arnoldus and I must jog on together: but assure your self, if my stars are but so propitious as to favour my return by the way of Dumbarton; no body, I'll assure you, shall be more solicitous than Theophilus, to redouble a trouble upon

our friend Aquilla; and for more than a night:  
And so farewell.

*Aquil.* I cannot part.

*Arn.* Then go along with us.

*Aquil.* That's morally impossible; how can I leave my charge?

*Arn.* Then pray discharge us; for we are upon duty.

*Aquil.* Be prosperous and propitious, I'll pray your welfare; and contemplate your enterprizes in all vertuous actions.

*Arn.* This your kindness obliges me to retaliate, with as much piety as becomes a Christian. So farewell.

*Theoph.* And with as much religion as becomes an angler, accept of my charity: So farewell.

*Arn.* Now, Theophilus, let not sleep circumvent us; the Loemon, I perceive, begins to swell. We must rise with the sun, or sooner, if possible: we must not trifle nor delay the time in crossing the Loemon, if we intend to stretch up the lofty mountains in the island of Luss.

*Theoph.* I see 'tis day, for the blazing torch of the sun begins to paint the universe. Let us mount our horses, to mount this mountanous country of Luss, where the hills represent the lofty Alps.

*Arn.* Look back on those inferiour fabricks in the Low-lands; whilst we ascend these eminent high High-lands, that supervise those shady valleys below them; which we now relinquish, though beautified with rivers and pleasant rivulets.

*Theoph.* What little Mediterraneanian is this?

*Arn.* The large and spacious Loemon, so generally discours'd for the floating island; but it floats not here in these solitary Western Fields, as fictitiously supposed by the ignorant reporters. But our travel will reform that error in time, when we come to trace the mountains beyond Badanoch.

*Theoph.* Is this Lough, as reported, so numerous in islands?

*Arn.* Yes sure; however, I shall give you but a short description. This Loemon, as you see, is immerg'd with the High-lands. On the west it's bounded with the island of Luss; but on the east with the barren fields of Bohanan: norward it's begirt with the pass of Inchcallow; and southward by Dumbarton, and the bounds about it. But the length of this Loemon is twenty-four miles; and twenty-four islands, the natives will tell you, are lodg'd in the arms of this spacious Lough. Her breadth, in the largest place, not to exceed three leagues over; and in the narrowest part, some two or three miles.

This small Mediterrane (as you are pleased to call it) is surrounded with woods, mountains, rocky, boggy, sandy, and miry earth; and is the greatest inland sea in Scotland; nor is it parallel'd with any southward; and all the north inferiour to it; excepting only the Lough called Ness. Now from Loemon under the bray of these lofty hills, we pass to the Kirk of Drummon, that leads to Aberfoil; a more remarkable pass than that of Inchcallow, if designing to make inroads into the bowels of the Highlands.

*Theoph.* What place is this?

*Arn.* Beautiful Bohanan, besieged with bogs, and barrocadoed with birch-trees; the Highlanders landskip, and the Lowlanders prospect; whose boggy swamps incommode the traveller. However, the natives in the winter-season, employ themselves only to recreate swine there, because a people uncultivated in agriculture. Where note, the accommodations of this solitary country is so rarely understood by the natives and inhabitants, that strangers for the most part are left destitute of a report.

*Theoph.* What other fabrick's that, distant about a mile from Bohanan?

*Arn.* That's Kilmarnock, the only relique of the Dukes of Lennox; a very strong stone house, that stands most sweetly situated on the

very brinks of famous Leven ; whose fields are inhabited by the clan of the Stewarts.

*Theoph.* A royal name ; but a loyal poor clan, as I am told.

*Arn.* It's true enough ; so let us relinquish the suburbs of Leven, to trace the flourishing skirts of Calvin, whose smiling streams invite the angler to examine them ; for here one would think the stones were steep'd in the oil of Oesperes, to invite the fish to come ashore : where you may observe every bubbling stream reflect a smile on the amorous banks, covered with green, and enamell'd with flowers. Here also the sylvans upon shady bushes bathe themselves in silver streams ; and where trouts, to sport and divert the angler, will leap on shore, though with the loss of their lives : so that if demonstration be truth, and eye-sight evidence to convince the incredulous, there's not a rivulet in Scotland, upon the angler's examination, superexcels this Calvin, for diversion with small trout ; whose translucid streams, because so rich in themselves, and so numerous in trouts, make them not overcurious of self-preservation ; for with a rod in my hand (but I almost blush to report it, because suspecting the incredulity of some incredulous persons) I have ushered to those pleasant and delightful shores, ten or twelve brace of trouts in an hour.

Distant from Calvin about some two miles eastward, stands dull Dunkeeth, upon the head of a slaty rivulet, that's replenished with eel, and plenty of small trout : but more southward yet is craggy Cragbarnoch : from whence north and by east we discover the ruinous battlements and unpolished turrets of sooty Glorret. It's true, the natives call it a castle, but I fancy the name of a house would have served as well : near to which place glides the glittering Kaldar ; a large and spacious rapid river, accommodated both with trout and salmon : but the access lies too open, more especially amongst her pleasant gliding streams, where the angler, if lord of his exercise, may expect incredible entertainments : whose foundations are laid in gravelly sand, and interchangably mix'd with shining stones that look not unlike to golden granulaes : but were they such, I should fancy Tagus but a toy to it. Because to imprint in the angler's memory those remarkable characters of shining rocks, glittering sands, and falls of water, which 'tis morally impossible he should ever forget.

Not far from this dingy Castle of Glorret, stands delectable Kilsieith ; in whose martial fields Marquess Montross defeated his countrymen. North-west from thence we must top those burdened mountains of Compsy, whose weeping rocks moisten the air, representing the

spouts ; and are a lively emblem of the cataracts of Nile. From whence we descend to the Kirk of Compsy ; near to which kirk runs the memorable Anderwick, a rapid river of strong and stiff streams ; whose fertile banks refresh the borderer, and whose fords, if well examined, are arguments sufficient to convince the angler of trout ; as are her deeps, when consulted, the noble race and treasure of salmon ; or remonstrate his ignorance in the art of angling. Besides this Anderwick, there are many other small rivulets that glide up and down these solitary parts, omitted in this paragraph, because not having time to insert them.

*Theoph.* This travelling state (Arnoldus) reminds me of the old proverb (viz.) *A rolling stone gathers no moss, nor we any money* ; which runs somewhat parallel. But it's all one in time, for time must be untim'd in the cusp of eternity ; then shall we be found in an eternal state : and as eternity is infinite in it self, so is it the ray of the majesty of God, who created the heavens, the elements and orbs ; and gave unto them perpetual motion and rotation, predestinated to the ends of time, unmeasurable by any except himself. Whilst thus contemplating what's sacred and divine, we trace along the gliding streams of Anderwick, guarded with trees, and knotty rocks ; as delightful and pleasant, for

ought I know, as were the myrtle groves, so sonneted by poets.

*Arn.* As I am of your opinion in that, so I suppose you'r of mine in this, that though sin untune the strings of the soul, yet sin cannot unstring the soul; the faculties are left still, though in such disorder, that all the wit of man can no more tune them, than the strings of an untun'd lute can dispose themselves for harmony, without a skilful musician's hand. By this we know God governs the world, who also rules in the heart of man, and makes it a temple for the Holy Ghost. So let us pass on with our travelling design (by the house of Cardrus) to the ports of Sterling; where stands a beautiful and imbellished Castle, elevated on the precipice of an impregnable rock, that commands the vallies, (as well as the town) and all those habitable parts about it: those are the turrets that present before us, let us enter her ports, both strong and spacious; whose incircling arms surround a city, (but not a great one) that's built all with stone; so is her castle; and situated close by the river Firth, as above explain'd, upon lofty, craggy, and mountainous rocks, almost inaccessible. More southward yet the city spreads it self into many sweet situations, that invigorate the inhabitants, and accommodate the Low-land merchant rather than the mariner with

profitable returns from the hills, by the Highlander. The Firth runs here that washeth and melts the foundations of the city, but relieves the country with her plenty of salmon ; where the burgo-masters (as in many other parts of Scotland) are compell'd to reinforce an ancient statute, that commands all masters and others, not to force or compel any servant, or an apprentice, to feed upon salmon more than thrice a week.

*Theoph.* Is there such a law in force now ?

*Arn.* Yes sure, for ought I know it remains to this day : and the reason of it is, as I conceive, from the plenty of salmon in these northern parts, that should the inhabitants daily feed upon them, they would inevitably endanger their health, if not their lives, by surfeiting ; for the abundance of salmon hereabouts in these parts, is hardly to be credited. And the reader I fancy will be of my perswasion, when he comes to consider that the price of a salmon formerly exceeded the value of sixpence sterling, which I suppose no English man will grudge, nor think it unreasonable to give at any time ; so that the danger, in my opinion, lies most in the diet : for as salmon is a fish very apt to surfeit, more especially fresh salmon, when only boiled ; which if too frequently fed on, relaxes the belly, and makes the pas-

sages so slippery, that the retentive faculties become debilitated ; so suffers the body to be hurried into a flux, and sometimes into a fever, as pernicious as death. Which is much better prevented by abstinency, than to stand the test of uncorrected physick.

This famous Firth is the most portable river in Scotland, whose streams, because meandering, make it deep and torpid ; so fit it for navigation ; for below Bridg there are neither streams nor sharps ; but above Bridg there's enough, more especially towards the flourishing fields of Montieth, which I rather prefer, than Alan and Althwery, for the angler's diversion, except Frith and Koak ; the one for pearl, but the other for trout.

*Theoph.* What town is this ?

*Arn.* Dirty Dumblain ; let us pass by it, and not cumber our discourse with so inconsiderable a corporation ; our itch after Mockeny puts a spur to quicken our expectation ; for who knows but the various alteration of weather may in some measure frustrate those expectations we may have of those admirable streams to answer our designs ?

*Theoph.* Do what you please.

*Arn.* Truly I think it but time lost, to survey the reliques of a ruinous heap of stones, that

lean o're the verge of a river, facing the mountains. The houses, it's true, are built with stone, but then to consider them low and little, it plainly demonstrates there's nothing eminent but narrow streets, and dirty houses ; a convincing argument there's no scavengers amongst them. And for their houswifery, let that alone ; for if you touch it, you sully your fingers. There is a market-place, such an one as it is ; but as for merchants, there's no such thing in nature. But a palace there is, and a cathedral too, otherwise Dumblain had nothing to boast of.

But there is one thing remarkable, and that's the house of Domine Caudwel (a formal pedagogue) that absolv'd the thief, and conceal'd the theft, so lost his breeches ; for you must know, the good woman his wife was a notable comer, one of the first magnitude ; who, with two more of her consorts, (as I was told, at a four hour's drinking,) guzled down as much ale and brandy, wine and strong waters, as amounted to the sum of forty pound Scots. But wanting money to pay her reckoning, she liberally pawned her husband's breeches ; and he, like a fop, to redeem his wife's reputation, would never redeem his breeches, lest suspecting they should smell of the tears of the tankerd. And here, as reported, was celebrated that famous union of *Doh* and

*Doris*, stark love and kindness, a custom inviolable. Here also resided jovial Bille Sincleer.

Now, you are to consider, that this pittance peddling corporation of Dumblain, has little or no trade amongst them, except now and then a truck with a brandy-man, a tobacco-merchant, or a brewster-wife; for ale, tobacco, and strong waters, are the staple of the town: And so let us leave them, to pursue our intended design for Minever, and Dromon-Castle, that stands distant about some three miles from the Bridg of Ardoh; where there runs a small rivulet of a rapid motion, paved with a slaty bottom, but the access difficult.

And here we cross the moor to Mockeny, whose limpid streams are pleasant beyond report, and her fords generally furnished with trout, as if nature had there designed to entertain the contemplative angler, in those liberal streams, where the artist in a storm may shelter himself under shady trees, elevated upon lofty mountains, over the melting amorous smiling banks; as if the boughs were barnicles, and ready to drop into the silent glittering streams, that glide softly along a delightful meadow; excepting here and there some small cataracts of water that tumble down a precipice of rocks, that encircle and surrounds great stones in the sandy

foundation of this mystical Mockeny, whose glittering sholes are gently moved by the soft breathings of Zephyrus, that dash the smaller waves ashore, and discover to the angler the intricate angles of Mockeny, so that here we assume a poetick liberty, in some sort, to call Scotland Arcadia.

*Theoph.* This is a pretty romantick notion.

*Arn.* Call it what you will, you will find it so, when you come but a mile below the bridg, over which we must pass from Dromon to Tillebarn; there you'l see a large and spacious rock, that surrounds the water on every side, so makes a dam near the stern of a mill, on the skirts of Mockeny; where swiftly, yet sweetly, the water glides along those knotty craggy torrs and cliffs, till at last ariving at an astonishing precipice, where, dilating it self, yet, as if unwilling to be divided, on a sudden you shall see such trepidations on the surface, as if the streams were sensible to apprehend a fear; and waters not separate without grief at parting.

*Theoph.* Now you begin to be metaphorical.

*Arn.* There's no metaphor in't. Have not you seen burdened clouds embodied with the treasures of rain, ready to distil? if so, then look on the top of that craggy mountain, and there you may see, as if the waters, by a prophetick foresight, had foreknowledg of a disjunction, exprest

by their melting drops : Nay, the rocks themselves are heard to murmur, and the very winds to whisper rebellion. This is the place of those harmonious descants, which I fancy musical, and syrenical charming notes betwixt Neptune and Æolus. So that I'm of opinion waters make musick ; and he that doubts it, let him angle for anchovies.

*Theoph.* Surely you fetch'd this notion a great way from home.

*Arn.* It's no matter where I fetch'd it, it's here now. This natural precipice shall evidence for me, at the sun's declination, when he shades his beams in Thetis lap, and the purple pavilion of night overspreads the creation ; then you may see a chequered rocky pavement emboss'd like the firmament, with spangled stars ; where those elevated waters (emblems of clouds) no sooner approach this natural precipice, but Boreas bustles to curl the softned streams, with such surly salutes as force a separation, so makes obvious discoveries of nature's artifice, so naturally delineated, that the more ingenious observer would conclude it artificial. Over which precipice the waters pass with a swift, but silent motion, to a cristaline fountain guarded with the rocks, and the ornament of trees ; at whose descent runs a rivulet, that divides a meadow worthy a descrip-

tion, could we but describe it, by reason of the variety it naturally affords.

*Theoph.* I am still in the dark. What mean all these metaphors?

*Arn.* You will know the meaning of them by and by. Look up to those solitary mountains, situated south, and you shall see them send a pleasant smile towards the north. Yet, because wanting the beautiful ornament of trees, a sheep in a shower cannot shelter her self. But, on the north side, there stands inaccessible torrs, with cliffs and rocks well burdened with timber, resembling, as to my fancy, a hermit's cell, or a solitary reception for the Rosy-crucian. But nature (and not the native) appropriates them to other uses, where a country seems barren of so great devotion, I had almost said charity, but some will say humanity; however, these holes serve the foxes to earth in, the rivers for fish, and the otter to swim in; the meadows and pastures for sheep to graze in; the trees, reception for innocent birds; and the shrub, protection for the timorous hare.

*Theoph.* There is something yet behind the curtain, I perceive.

*Arn.* Mockeny, O Mockeny! must I leave thee, when  
Thy banks o'reflow with pleasure? Must I then  
Be banish'd from those pleasant draughts that I  
Have often stoln, when as thy streams stole by?

Besides, those pleasant sleeps that I have had  
Upon thy rocks, until thy skies were clad  
Almost with darkness ; when the angler's art  
Express a grief ; nay, double grief to part  
And leave such harmless toils : Tell me, can those  
That never knew the art, the art disclose ?  
How shall they know what patience is, and write  
Of mysteries they never had a sight ?  
None but the anglers can ; and this I'll say,  
None have the gift of patience more than they.

*Theoph.* Now, it is out.

*Arn.* And now you think you have it ; let  
us relinquish the sweet streams of Mockeny, and  
steer our course for Dromon ; and there you  
shall see the majestick brow of a rock, and a  
castle inoculated to it.

*Theoph.* And what of that, if they are undistinguishable one from another ?

*Arn.* There you'll see how the artist form'd  
this formidable structure to imitate nature, but  
the natural strength defaceth the ornaments of  
art. However, let us step one step further into  
the garden, (demolished with age, or rather neglect,) to view the curiosities of those remaining  
reliques.

*Theoph.* What must we expect there ?

*Arn.* A beautiful harbour adorn'd with primp  
hedges, and a sumptuous dial, to tell us the  
hour of the day.

*Theoph.* A wonderful piece of curiosity.

*Arn.* So it is, in this angle of Scotland; for Dromon lies just at the foot of the Highlands, surrounded with woods of fir, ash, and elm; but sycomores grow here to an amazing bigness, whose spreading arms shade the soil about them, and their bole and brisk burden the earth.

*Theoph.* What else is there here remarkable?

*Arn.* The rills, rivers, loughs, and rivulets, that meander not far from Dromon. And Leadnock, as I take it, is the first small rivulet, and Rothwel the next, both of them furnished with delicate small trout. But continuing our course, we advance to Lough Ern, immerg'd with moors and mountains, yet it floats on the skirts of the Highlands; from whence rusheth forth a violent torrent, whose boistrous streams are suddenly converted into a river, which bears the name of the lough; whose streams, if well examined, are never unfurnished with trout, nor are her more solid deeps unaccommodated with the race of salmon, besides pike and perch; and for silver-bellied eels, Scotland has none better; nor, do I believe, any part of the world has. So that the river Ern, for variety and choice of fish, is inferiour to no other river in Scotland.

*Theoph.* Now you say something to purpose; pray, go on.

*Arn.* Here we must cross some of these fords, if we intend to touch at Lough Minever, whose

flourishing deeps charm the angler, and enchant the fish. Nay, I must tell you, that this Lough Minever is plentifully stored with pike, that contributes to the artist, the largest *Lucid* in Scotland ; on the skirts of whose rotten foundations, there remain as yet the reliques of an ancient castle, but so tatter'd and torn, and o're-grown with age, that nothing is left on it now worthy a description ; nay, probably in its flourishing times there was but little to describe.

A little more than a mile from this Lough Minever, and nearer yet to the body of the Highlands, Lough Torret tumbles down her rapid streams that melt into a river, and is called Glen-Torret ; because, as I suppose, having its original from the glen, and the craggy cliffs and tors to which it is espoused, where the angler may accommodate himself with eel and trout ; but for more varieties, he must fish somewhere else. Beneath the descents of Torret, are the swelling banks of Kelthy, in whose rocky bowels the trouts shine yellow.

Distant yet more north, and inclining west, beyond this craggy Kelthy, there runs a rivulet which the natives call Shaggy, the only rivulet in Scotland for the contemplative angler ; not only by reason of the great quantity of trout it contains ; nor is it because it's so narrowly begirt with delightful hills and flourishing trees,

that hang dangling about them ; nor is it because of her rocky mountains, through which the waters continually issue, and tumble down like the cataracts of Nile, though they make not such a noise ; but here it was that I found myself surrounded with fountains, and mellifluous aviaries of sweet singing birds that melted the air. And here it was above the Kirk of Moinee, where methought I only envied the rude inhabitants, because so happily bless'd with such sweet accommodations. But below this Kirk of Moinee stands a tottering bridg, and below the bridg there's a most pleasant level, where the sparkling sands seem gilded with glittering streams : And the river so naturally fretted and beautified with stone, as if nature intended there also to compensate the contemplative angler. Here also the trouts shine with a glittering blackness, and swell with thickness ; yet never arrive to that magnitude of proportion, as to parallel and vie with those in Pitloyl.

More south from Moinee, runs the river Almont, a derivative from the mountains, and not from the rotten and spongy foundations of the moors, through which it glides ; nor has it any claim or title from the Lough Minever, as superstitiously surmiz'd by the unintelligible inhabitant. Now besides this Almont, there's not another river or rivulet hereabouts worth our

mentioning, excepting the Poe, in whose little pools there are perch and pike, and now and then a lusty trout. But I had almost forgot the lough called Balloh, at the foot of Drumon, wherein there is perch, but not a trout; and truly I question if there be a pike.

*Theoph.* O Arnoldus, who could ever have imagined such charming temptations amongst a people so unpolished in art, and a country without cultivation? Here's all miracle of rivers and rivulets, and as miraculously furnished with fish. What shall I say, or what shall I think, if not to contemplate these solitary fields, as pleasant and delightful as fools paradise, by fondlings called Elizium? Who can deny himself such diverting associates, (though in a rude part of a country,) when their rivers and rivulets are so liberally furnished with trout? What pity is it to leave such entertainments behind us, to ramble the remote northern tracts of Scotland, where the eves e're long will hang with icikles?

*Arn.* It may be so, for here we cannot stay to inhabit, nor any longer enjoy these solitary recreations; we must steer our course by the North Pole, and relinquish those flourishing fields of Kintire and Innerary; the pleasant bounds of Marquess Argile, which very few English-men have made discovery of, to inform

us of the glory of the Western Highlands, enrich'd with grain, and the plenty of herbage. But how the Highlander will vindicate Bowhilder and Lohabbar, with Reven in Badanoch, that I know not ; for there they live like lairds, and die like loons, hating to work, and no credit to borrow, they make depredations, so rob their neighbours. But let not Kintire, like an *ignis fatuus*, lead us out of the way, our stars direct to Tippermore.

*Theoph.* Why to Tippermore, is there any thing remarkable there ?

*Arn.* Yes, there's this remark as a monument, (fatal to the Covenanters) for here again it was that Marquess Montross routed his country-men. But our next stage is to the town of St Johnston's (very little different from those imbellishments of Sterling ;) east from the town lie those flourishing meadows they call the Ince, where a citadel was erected and surrounded by the navigable Tay, (that washes those sandy banks and shores) which no sooner mingles her streams with Dundee, but she loseth her name by espousing with the ocean.

*Theoph.* Is this the river Tay, so much discours'd by the Highlanders ?

*Arn.* They have reason to discourse it, for it leads into the hills : Moreover, it supplies them, as all the inhabitants hereabouts, with fresh fish,

to whom she contributes all her accommodations. Now over this Tay, at the north end of the town, there stood a stone bridg that leads to Kennule ; a mountanous place that tantaliz'd the taylor with an invisible stone : it's a pleasant story, but I'm unwilling to tell it, lest fearing to draw the maleson of the natives upon me.

*Theoph.* Never trouble your self with that ; was it my task, I should venture a relation freely, with all the circumstances, whatever came on't.

*Arn.* I think I dread their clamour as little as any body ; therefore I'll proceed, and tell you the story. In this town of St Johnstons liv'd a pragmatICAL taylor, (as taylors, you know, for the most part are) but here they call a taylor *master-fashioner* forsooth, and that you must know makes him one step higher. But to the story. This infatuated taylor, with some other idle coxcombs, in all respects as conceited as himself, went on a certain time to these mountains of Kennule, to search thereabouts for an invisible stone, that accidentally slipt from a stranger's hand, as he carelessly rid along to view the country. This strange accident made a horrible noise all here about ; and all diligence possible was used by the taylor and his nitty companions to find this stone ; yet the stone was invisible.

Now amongst the rest of our admirers, the

Lady of Kennule entertains the novel ; and resolves an adventure for the invisible stone, who with her female attendants several times surrounded the hills, and stooped to take up every shining stone ; so that for the most part they were always in motion, except at other times upon the removal of stones, with responses to one another in the Scottish dialect. I see ye, see ye me, till almost every body see them all. So asham'd at length to prosecute the design any farther, (since stretch'd so far, it was ready to break) despairing of their enterprize, and the recovery of the stone, they left their successes to the indefatigable taylor, and his prickear'd crew ; that day after day so hounded these hills, as hitherto no church-yard has been haunted with goblins.

But on a certain sun-shiny day (in the evening) as some townsmen were returning from the ports of Dundee, and espying the taylor inspecting the stones, one of these townsmen (I'll warrant him a wag) dismounts from his horse, having dealt with his companions to take him to town : who, the better to manage his contriv'd design, and put a trick upon the nitty taylor, kept at a distance behind him ; till at length he calls aloud, as the lady and her women had formerly done. I see ye, see ye me. But the taylor on a sudden, because seemingly

surpriz'd, replies, *In fa, sir, I tro I see ye*. However, the townsman pretends to be serious, (and the rather, because seeing the taylor all alone) till at length the taylor concludes him in earnest. So that now being freed from suspicion on both sides, they jog on together (like Tory and Trimmer) the uneven tracts of these mountainous ascents; till the taylor stooping to take up a stone, and confidently bleating aloud to the townsman, I see ye, sir, see ye me?—In gude fa, sir, no, the townsman replied; where are you won, sir, I can no see ye?—I am here, quo the taylor, and can ye no see me? I would you were any where, the townsman replied, so that I could but tell where to find ye. And smiling to himself looks another way; then repeats it again, But whar shall I find ye?

Now for certain, quo the taylor, I have got the stone, by which means, beyond measure, I'll enrich my self, for I have tryed all ways to do it without a court of conscience. How many people have sought for this treasure, but no man so happy as my self to find it? I may go where I will, for no man can see me; and stand where I please, for no man can find me; and take what I list, (for taylors are thievish), and no man detect me; and if fear affrights me, yet no man can hurt me. To convince the world, therefore, and mankind in general of this rare and admi-

nable invisible stone, I'll strip off my clothes, and go stark naked through the streets of the town; and so mist all the eyes of the people about me, that no body shall see me, nor any body know me.—Know you, says the townsman, no body can see you; then how should they know you?—Say you so, quo the taylor; can no body see me?—No, says the townsman, since you made your self invisible.—Why, then, quo the taylor, I may do what I will, and go where I list, and no man the wiser. So you may, says the townsman, since now you'r invisible. But favour me I beseech you this small request, that before we depart I may once again see you.

With that the proud taylor, transported with joy, discharged both his hands, and laid down the stones. Which his subtile associate no sooner observes, but presently he cries aloud, Now, sir, I see you. And more to strengthen and confirm the miracle, on a sudden the taylor snatch'd up the stones again, lest fearing his companion should by some trick deprive him; and fancying himself, as formerly, invisible, they both advance towards the town of St Johnston's. But the taylor went naked, who no sooner entred the ports of the town, but the mob and the rabble having combined together to pelt the poor taylor into his senses, if possible, who run the gantelop through thick and thin, young and old,

for every boy had a switch at his breech ; and those at a distance that could not reach him, assaulted him with stones ; which so claw'd the poor taylor, as by the marks on his buttocks, convinced him at last to believe himself visible.

*Theoph.* I think the taylor met with his match.

*Arn.* So think I, if he was not overmatch'd. And so let's leave him to lick himself whole, whilst we return to the bridg of the town of St Johnston's, where a coker-boat serves now to transport their merchandize into the county of Angus, and some other parts ; which looks somewhat odly, but it concerns not us, for we can't redress it ; those that are compell'd may suffer by it. So let her sleep the sleep of oblivion, whilst we direct our course towards the river Errit, where we may inform our selves of a practice amongst the natives there, that murder a salmon without a rod, net, or speer ; and cook him almost as soon as they catch him.

*Theoph.* How can that be ? pray unfold the riddle.

*Arn.* It's discours'd by every body, when a stranger comes amongst them, that the inhabitants presently run and fetch a pot, which they circumspectly place upon some part of a rock, and then dextrously convey some live coals under it, (or it may be turf), which is no sooner fan'd by the breath of air, but immediately the

flames fly all about. Now you are to consider that the race of salmon, especially the female in the vernal æquinox, is for the most part picking and casting against the rapid streams. And in this river Errit it's always observable, there are plenty of stumpy knotty rocks, to which the native, without difficulty, can pass and repass from one rock to another; and the rather to facilitate this mortal design, they set the pot on some seeming floating rock, to which (as I am told) their observation directs them; which rock, it may be, is almost drown'd in water. Now this artifice is no sooner perform'd by the rude engineer, but the salmon, because casting after her usual manner, often casts away her life, by leaping into the pot instead of the pool.

*Theoph.* I cannot approve of this murdering artifice.

*Arn.* Nor I neither; but the manner of action is thus performed. For the salmon, you must know, by reason of agility of body, (and considerable strength) so bends and contracts her self, by taking her tail (as suppos'd) in her teeth; then, like a well-tempered spring that suddenly and smartly unbends and flies off; even so doth the salmon, with a strange dexterity, mount the air (out of the water) an incredible height; but because unprecautioned how to distinguish the

elements, and perhaps wanting foresight of this imminent danger, she frequently encounters the boiling water, which no sooner she touches, but her life is snatch'd away by the suffocating fumes, that immediately strangle her ; and thus the poor salmon becomes a prey to the native, when only in the pursuit of nature's dictates, whose laws and rules are circumscrib'd and bounded by the sovereignty of him that made the creation.

*Theoph.* This, I must needs say, is a barbarous practice, but a quick way of cookery.

*Arn.* Such kind of cookery will serve a Scots commoner, as lives on the bray and skirts of the Highlands. But we relinquish these pleasant streams of Errit, to patrol the fields of Cooper in Angus, where Scotland's great general (the Earl of Leven) was born promiscuously of obscure parents. In this little corporation of Cooper in Angus, the chief Magistrate is a bayliff, master sometimes of a brewster-house ; where we may refresh our selves, before we trample the sands of Ilay, imbellished with rocks, and lofty trees, that shade her shining murmuring streams, and shelter her numerous shoals of fish, especially towards her source, where you may observe the shores shine of a golden colour, resembling the glittering sands of Tagus. And the river

Dean so fam'd for pike (though unfortunate for trout) gulphs into Ilay near Mighill bridg.

*Theoph.* What place is this ?

*Arn.* Old Drumkelbo, an ancient superannuated castle, that adjoins to a certain moor called Tipprofin ; which, in my opinion, resembles the Stygean Lake, (rather than the Elizium fields) whose solitary bounds are large and spacious, mossy and boggy, full of pits and horrid blackness ; a resemblance (to my fancy) of the courts of death.

Now this Tipprofin got it's name from an unfortunate priest, that travelling those unfrequented tracts, accidentally fell into a mossy, moorish, boggy pit ; which sudden disaster surpriz'd the priest, and the rather, because, when to see himself plung'd into the arms of death, without any prospect of timely relief, this made the poor priest unlock the doors of his lips, that like double diapazons unlock'd the air sooner than the ears of the obdurate native, that inhabited the verge of this solitary moor. So that by this time finding his complaints unsuccessful, only the repetition of his dolorous cries from reverberating rocks and cavities of earth, it stirr'd up a sorrowful silence in the priest, which at last led him into a profound contemplation ; fancying to himself he liv'd now in his grave, and every object a Caput Mortuum.

*Theoph.* The priest, I perceive, was in a very bad pickle.

*Arn.* And so would you, had you been in his case ; but this meditation no sooner expires, when the bogs and moors ecchoe again with such hideous shouts, and dismal cries from the terrified priest, as if some evistre or apparition had presented before him the horrible and terrible apprehensions of death : but it happened otherwise, (and it's well it did) for some natives and inhabitants of the fields in Angus (were breaking of earth, and digging for turf) who hearing a noise, and an imperfect sound, as they thought, breathing from the bowels of the earth, it dreadfully startled them at first : but after some time deliberating among themselves, and resolving, if possible, to sum up the cause of these horrible cries ; their ears were a second time assaulted, by a fresh supply of miserable lamentations that sprung from the repeated complaints of the poor pensive priest, who was almost come to a period, and winding up the bottoms of his dolorous howlings.

*Theoph.* But the priest, I hope, got relief at last, who it may be till then had forgot how to pray.

*Arn.* You cannot forbear jerking the priest, who by this time seem'd destitute of all moral comforts, and as little hopes of relief, notwith-

standing his breathings forth of a formal penance, lamenting his unfortunate, unlucky mischance, that threatned his exit, if no more priests in Scotland. So in a fainting fit, he faintly cries out with an articulate voice, because his breath began now to expire, which certainly had in a very short time extinguished, had not the inhabitants pursued the ecchoes to that dismal pit where the priest lay bogg'd; imploring the Deity, with eyes and hands held up towards heaven, using these and the like expressions, *Ex profunditatibus te inclamavi, Jehova*. And though the people understood not his Latin, yet their lenity and common charity, with other requisite endeavours, brought him relief, and hal'd him forth out of his formidable confinement. Since which remarkable time, to this very day, the natives and inhabitants that inhabit thereabouts, do call this moor by the name of Tipprofin.

*Theoph.* Why then it seems he christned the moor.

*Arn.* And you seem here to christen the priest, for the priest gave name to the moor of Tipprofin; and the witches (if there be such) gave name to Pitloil; as if priestcraft and witchcraft were inseparable companions.

*Theoph.* What's amiss now at the Lough of Pitloil?

*Arn.* You shall have it when I can come at

it, and that won't be long first. South and by east from these mountainous elevations, we discover two large and spacious loughs; the one of them is called by the name of Loundy, but the other lough is called Pitloil, divided from each other by an isthmus of land, or the interposition of a small mountain. I frequented them both to fish for perch, because to my experience the largest in Scotland, if twenty inches and better can be thought a large perch: and having to my curiosity examined them apart, more especially Pitloil, I declare it as my opinion from several examinations (and approved experiments) that both of them super-abound with plenty of perch; which infinitely augments the angler's entertainments: Nor do the waters mingle one with another, when each of them find a different passage, to discharge themselves into the streams of Tay. But in this narrative I thought requisite to inform you, that Lundy exceeds by much in plenty, though Pitloil to a miracle exceeds in largeness.

But Van Helmont tells you, in fol. 684. That in the Lake of Lemane, a trout doth oftentimes ascend unto an hundred pound weight. And the natives that inhabit this solitary part of Angus, will tell you of trouts of such vast dimensions, that I dare not report without being suspected; so render my self and relation ridiculous.

A trout also was taken in the river at Ware, and presented to Charles the First, then King of England, which trout was of such a vast proportion, as would seem incredible for me to report ; which for any man's satisfaction the figure of it as yet remains (for ought I know) at the George-Inn in Ware, to convince the incredulous, if any be suspicious.

A pike also Van Helmont tells of, that a sign hung on him is noted to have lived three hundred years, and to have grown to an amazing bigness ; nor then to have died, but by a violent death. Great pikes I have also observ'd to be taken out of the Lough of Minever, that have measured more than a yard and a half ; and such were surprized with a hook and a line. So in the rivers of Lire (nigh the village Rumst) an eel was taken, which was sent to Bruxels, unto the Emperor Charles the First ; which was observed to have been seventeen foot in length.

Another notable relation I have from a gentleman, born in Nottingham-shire ; his name is Armstrong, whose grandfather very much affected the rod : and trolling in some river thereabouts, but whether in Trent or the river Soar, he remembers not ; however, he encountred a lusty pike that disarm'd him, both of his hook and his hopes at once ; so melancholy he left off his recreation for that time, but the ensuing day

presented an occasion for our angler to travel ; and, as his custom was, after dispatch of business, he mingled some solitary recreation with his employment. So steering his course to the water-side, and viewing the fords, he observes a shole of fish fly to the shallows for sanctuary ; by which he imagined the fry was assaulted ; so that presently, near the deeps, he lets his bait drop, which, unexpectedly, was suddenly encountered ; and he, like an artist, gave his examinant the law of fair play, so destroyed his assailant ; and having by this time landed his adventure, he presently goes about to discharge his arming, but reaching forth his hand to disgorge his captive, he becomes suddenly surpriz'd, because then to find in the late conquered fish, not only one hook, but another also ; which he certainly knew to be his own, that but the day before was forced away from him ; which, after examination, he found it was. Now this fish was observed to have travelled fifteen miles in twenty four hours. For that end I offer this discourse, that the travelling fish never arrives to that maturity of growth, as does the fish that is idle and slothful ; for by how much his motion is in the river, by so much the better and more nutritious is the fish.

Now that witches inhabit near this Lough of Pitloil, I am of opinion, provided there be any.

But whether there be or be not such mortal demons, I suspend my judgment, and proceed to the adventure.

*Theoph.* I long to hear it, and you are loth to come at it.

*Arn.* Have patience but a little, and you shall have it. Early one morning (before the sun had adorned the day with his beautiful beam of light to gild the azure firmament) I set forward, as at other times, to this fatal Lough of Pitloil; and riding along, observ'd a large and lusty hare (but they call her Maukin) sitting upon a large and gritty stone, washing and furbishing her face with her feet; and on the bought of her near buttock (as to my observation) was branded a remarkable patch of an obscure blackish colour, altogether different from the rest of her fur; which appeared to the bigness of a five shilling piece of new minted silver; but dismounting my horse, she discovered me approach her with my greyhound-bitch, which I suddenly slipt, and she as suddenly forsook her station, but trusted so little to the nimbleness of her heels, as if her life was but of little value. On the other hand, my bitch was so slow in her motion, as if they had mutually combined not to hurt one another. So leaving that pursuit to pursue my first intention, I left the mountains to trace vallies to this unfortunate Lough of Pitloil; for what happen-

ed afterwards will commission me, I question not, so to intitle it; where I found my greyhound-bitch, but no fur in her mouth.

*Theoph.* What of all this? Pray be brief.

*Arn.* I'll be as concise as I can. That very time, I remember, a peer of the realm went (with me) in company, to this Lough of Pitloil, to which place, when we arrived, and dismounting our horses, to imprint our feet on the silver sands; (it's a liberty I assume to call them so, in regard of their glittering whiteness) and searching for the boat, we found it was removed into a more remote and solitary part of the Lough; so we sent some attendants to seek for the man that rowed the boat; nor were they long in their inquiries before they found him, as they unluckily passed by the doors of some ill contriv'd huts, or obscure caves, that resembled dungeons rather than habitable houses; where sometimes he usually reposed himself, there, or thereabouts, because in expectation that some or other would come that day to visit the Lough; which happened accordingly to his apprehension.

Now by that time our attendants were come up with those female infernals that inhabited those hutts, and enquiring for the skipper to pilot the boat, he makes himself known, that he was the man that paddled in the pool with a bad and crazy weather-beaten boat. So they desired

him to hasten away, with such tools and instruments as he had to assist their design. To all which he readily seemed to comply with, in hopes of a gratuity which he afterwards obtained. But before they departed from those ugly earth-holes, an ill-contrived urchin, or a cur out of shape, and deform'd, (as they described him) but we call him a *tarrier*, and they by the name of a *whitwretch*, (bastard-brood of the fox) as the servants apprehended; so might any man as well as they rationally conclude, as by the circumstances given us by their description.

A beautiful spaniel I had at that time (propined me by the lady of an eminent peer) followed after the horsemen; which the elph in pursuit of, had fastned on him, but was suddenly rescued by my greyhound-bitch (formerly discoursed) and peradventure with some small detriment to this ugly elph: Which when the hag had enviously observed, she hastned in the elph, and suddenly after was heard to express unsavory words, very diabolical, with charms and threats; besides various antick gestures and postures, both with her head and body; that at present occasioned abundance of laughter among them; as it did after their departure from those sordid infernal huts or habitations.

*Theoph.* We shall have something on't by and by, I perceive.

*Arn.* Doubt it not ; for no sooner the boat touched the sands, but as soon I committed my person to the Lough, as calm and as smooth as a sea of glass ; and so it continued, till the sun's advance to climb the meridian ; but afterwards, my fortunate success became unsuccessful, for after his declination the scene was changed ; and then my labours prov'd all abortive, for the beautiful prospect of my morning's diversion was changed and clouded with tragical conclusions. It's true, I went ashore to refresh my self, in regard a cold capon, and some other good provision was provided for me, and this noble man's refreshment ; who sat down with me under the shades of rocks, not far from the brink of this Lough of Pitloil ; where we both eat and drank together, till finding our selves sufficiently refresh'd ; and then I arose, and took leave of this honourable peer ; so returned to the boat again, to steer my former course, as also to observe what interest the Lough would now afford me for those hooks and lines I left behind me.

But no sooner I had committed my self to the boat, and rowed to the place where I left my tackle, but on a sudden, and unexpectedly, I was interrupted by the loud acclamations of some on shore, that shouted and made signals, by beck of hand, (because by this time I was almost out of distance) advising my return ; which I no

sooner interpreted, but hastned to the shore as fast as I could ; for by their seeming disorder, as I then apprehended, some unexpected accident had hapned amongst them. So that I forcibly forced my passage through the thickest waves ; and being by this time arrived on shore, I was entertained with the unwelcome news of my land-spaniel's indisposition ; but too late, I found, to rescue him from death. So reflecting on my self, that beginnings have conclusions, I directed my steps back again to the boat, to recover my armed tackle left behind, on purpose to surprize such fish as were shame-fac'd to bite before me.

Now this was the third time I entred the boat, in order to pursue my angling enterprize : when a fresh summons alarms me from the ecchoing shores, to come back and testify another strange accident, not inferiour to the former ; because to stand by as an evidence, and see my greyhound-bitch lie a-dying, whom I presently found as stiff as a stake, (or a stump) whilst as yet her body was as warm as wool ; nor could I say she was totally dead, yet I'm sure she was altogether depriv'd of motion. So I hastned from the morts, and returned to the Lough, to draw up my lines which I left behind me ; and though having met with two such fatal discouraging accidents (with

solicitations from this honourable person) I pursued my first intention ; so brought off my lines, and left the Lough in a foming rage ; and now you shall hear what hapned on shore. Not far from this Lough stood a small mountain, whereon some inhabitants had built a kiln ; to which place we directed a servant for fire, that presently brought it ; but we hardly knew the use on't before the kiln was all in flames, and burnt so vehemently, that in a short space the whole fabrick was consum'd and burnt down to the ground : So I left my recreation, and took my leave of the unfortunate Pitloil.

And now give me leave to return to Drumkelbo-castle, and tho' but ill contrived, and as ill situated, in regard it stands near to the moor of Tipprofin ; yet not far from thence are the flourishing fields of Mighill, beautified and adorned with stately sycomores ; as are her meadows surrounded with rivers and rivulets. In the midst of whose plains stands a parochial church, wherein lies interr'd the royal corps of King Arthur's consort ; with the reliques of some other weather-beaten monuments that age has almost blotted out ; but the queen's tomb, I observed, was surrounded with martialists, that when living so, in death paid homage at her princely sepulchre.

These are those cultivated fields of Mighill, where King Arthur's stone stands to this very day. It's true, because traditional among the antiquaries, and why not as true because a superstition amongst the inhabitants, who will tell you with as much confidence as they mumble their *pater noster*, or with as much impudence as you can credit with ignorance, that that very stone was King Arthur's table, when his royal campaign encamp'd in those fields; which he left behind him as a relique to posterity?

*Theoph.* Or rather because he could not take it with him.

*Arn.* You will have your joke, I perceive; however I'll proceed to the pleasant banks of Ilay, where the angler, without difficulty, may take a view of a large and spacious river of translucid streams; where a storm seldom invades the shores, nor any immoderate winds much to incommode them, in regard the water runs most on a level, and the banks very blough; more especially when attempting the head of Reven, where the angler may observe most rapid falls and stiff streams, which are seldom or never unaccommodated with trout, besides the generous race of salmon, the nature of whose sex and species (this opportunity presenting) invites me to discover a most admirable secret.

For as I was angling one time on a sun-shiny

day, in these limpid and transparent streams of Ilay, I was constrained, in regard of the excessive heat, to relinquish her inflam'd sandy shores, to seek umbrage (where I could get it) from some shady trees ; but none I found there to harbour and relieve me. However, by this time I recovered a meadow, which generously commoded me with a hauthorn-bush that nature had planted by the river side (which served me for sanctuary) whose dilating boughs, spreading as an umbrella, they defended me from the scorching strokes of the sun, where also I lay closely conceal'd, the better to inspect nature's curiosities.

For whilst reposing my self under this tiffany shade of diversified leaves and flourishing twigs, that hovered over the brinks of this amorous Ilay ; on a sudden I discovered a very large salmon, leisurely swimming towards the leeward-shore ; and having considered the sun at his meridian, I thought it needless to provoke her with fly, or any thing else, more especially at such a time when I knew her indisposed to divert her self either with food or frolick. Where, note, the more circumspectly I traced her with my eyes to pursue her, the more and greater still was my admiration, because to mark her from place to place, till at last I saw her arrive on a bed of sand, which scarcely, to my apprehension, co-

vered her with water ; for I am confident it exceeded not the depth of one foot ; where, with her tail she rigled to and fro, so long and oft, till I visibly discovered a flat slaty blewish stone, over which she oft-times contracted her body ; nature provoking her to eject her belly, which at last she accomplish'd, to my surprizing amazement.

But this was not all ; for as soon as that project was performed by the female, with most accurate swiftness, she lunched herself forth into the more solid depths ; which was no sooner performed, when as suddenly I recovered the view of another, as afterwards will appear by the following circumstances : For out of that solitary and profound depth of water, wherein the female had concealed herself, there sprung up a male (or something like him) that swam directly as if hal'd with a cord, to that very place where the former fish had ejected her belly, (but some call it spawn) and there performed such an admirable office, as you will hardly believe, though I tell you the truth.

*Theoph.* However, this is remarkable ; pray, let us have it.

*Arn.* The female, I have told you, has shot her belly upon a large and blewish slaty stone ; and the male, as by instinct, to discharge his office, dilates his fins, and futters about, till at last

he directs himself over the ejected matter, where with his nose, as I then apprehended (though I will not warrant fish to have a scent) rooted as a swine, or something like it, yet were the waters at that time undisturbed ; when on a sudden, and with a violent motion of body, he throws himself about, invading the calms with such a strong ebullition, as if some pondrous stone had struck the surface ; but it was not long e're I see him again, though for the present he seem'd to me invisible.

And then my observation led me curiously to observe him direct his head to the former place, and contract himself after the same manner which the former fish had formerly done. This I visibly and plainly saw ; which, together with his active and exerting motion, a spermatick whiteness of a milky substance issued from him, not much unlike to jellied cream : All which remarks I signally notified, and by all the circumstances my judgment could direct to, I concluded him the milter, because there to shed and scatter his milt upon the ejected forementioned belly ; which with my eyes I then beheld, and visibly saw ; and therefore take the boldness confidently so to report it. Believe it that will, refute it that can ; I know no better evidence than eye-sight. But lest any man, through obstinacy, or a vain incredulity, arraign the truth

of this my observation, I'll direct him a precedent, and go no farther than the brood of perch, because both are barrel-bellied fish, and answerable in some measure to the race of salmon; which if he do, he may rationally conclude that nature's laws are alike to both.

Now the milter, because having discharged himself with some little labour, and as little trouble, suddenly recovers again the depth of the water, with most accurate swiftness; nor have I rarely seen a more violent motion: whose absence in a trice invites the female fish, and she no sooner returns to the place, dictated beyond dispute by the mediums of nature (which I think no wise intelligent man will deny) works a trough like a cistern in sand or gravel, and, as near as I could guess, of about her own proportion; into which trough, with nothing save the spring of her tail, she jumbles and tumbles in the *prima materia*, according to Aristotle; but *proxima materia*, if you credit Sandivogius, who allows, a visibility of the second matter, but not of the first: So gently she cover'd it over with sand, and then left it to the great luminaries for vivification, and the seminals, because having a prolifick virtue, and life-quality innated in them. Life inevitably shines forth after certain days, accidents omitted; because the lustre of life is a thing so sacred, that

the lubeck of conspiracy strikes to blot it out. Thus much, therefore, as relates to the progeny of salmon, I being an eye witness, do boldly testify; and as boldly divulge; if seeing be a good basis for any man's belief. And this I believe, and confidently assert, and therefore report it to the world for a truth.

*Theoph.* O, how rare and admirable are the secrets of nature; who useth no engine nor artificial prescriptions! Your former relations seem prodigies in nature; but this, as if beyond her, surpasseth admiration.

*Arn.* Nature made naked is nothing but wonder, and Scotland is a kingdom and country of prodigies. Look forward and behold that tottering bridg, we must pass over it to the town of Eliot, a small country-village, one would think it dropt out of the skirts of the Highlands. And this is the town where famous Leven (Scotland's great general) was surpriz'd in his quarters by the English cavalry. Not far from this bridg of Reven, the streams being translucent, you may see under water irregular rocks, and knotty broken stumps of trees, that stand in the streams of famous Ilay. Where the swiftness of the current undermines the sand, and delves great pits that secure the salmon from the sentence of death, except such as are destined to die by the decrees of age, or their own

extravagant prodigality, in pursuit sometimes after fictitious novelties; as when they relinquish the rocks in a bravado, to challenge death by a different fortune. For then is the time the prejudicate native consults his opportunity to put in execution that barbarous practice of murdering fish by moonshine, as at other times to martyr them with the blaze of a wisp and a barbed spear.

*Theoph.* What, are these canabals, or murdering moss-troopers, to surprize fish by the engine of fire-light? Such dark conspirators sprung from the mines in Florida, Fawks, or Cataline; or some infernal *incubus*.

*Arn.* These are those amorous banks of Ilay, so famously extoll'd for diversion; for in those solitary streams you see before you, by industry of art, and dexterity of the rod, I have had trouts come ashore, and leap in my hand.

*Theoph.* That's by reason they could leap no where else; but how far have we now to the bridg of Dean, discours'd every where for the plenty of trouts? and if fame be a true oracle, they tumble up and down there, till the artist pleases to exchange their element, and court them ashore by force of arms.

*Arn.* That's the place, near those glittering sands, and rocky foundations; where you may observe the trembling streams swiftly, yet sweet-

ly glide along; but not as cataracts to terrify the fish, by reason their fall is so gently moderated, amongst those knotty stumpy rocks. I call it a river enrich'd with inhabitants; where rocks are landlords, and trouts tenants. For here's not a stream but it's furnished with trouts; I have angled them over from stem to stern, and drag'd them forth, brace after brace, with nothing but a hackle, or an artificial fly, adapted to the season, and proportioned to the life. Humor but the fish, and you have his life; and that's as much as you can promise your self. O, the diversion I have had in these solitary streams! believe me, Theophilus, it surpasseth report. I remember on a time, when the clouds let fall some extravagant drops, which in a manner discoloured the surface of the water, then it was that amongst those stony cisterns, where you see the tops of the rocks make a visible discovery, a little above that trembling stream, if you mind it; there stands a stumpy craggy rock, peeping perceptibly out of the water. From thence, and above those slaty foundations, I have struck, and killed many a brace of brave trouts; a reward beyond my labour and expence.

*Theoph.* I question it not; but what's here, the arcanum of angling?

*Arn.* Yes sure, and the treasure lies in those trembling streams that come tumbling down to

wash the cheeks of those pallid rocks; from whence they gently glide along with generous dews, to moisten the florid marly banks; and tinged as you may see with a rubido, they strike a vivid tincture into the flourishing streams: and thus the complexion of the water was changed, (once upon a time), when I fished those streams, where the trouts, to divert me, and augment my entertainment, came ashore to court me; and courteous beyond curiosity, laid their lives in my hand.

*Theoph.* Then they gave you handsel, I perceive: but this is some ænigma, pray explain it.

*Arn.* It's no more an ænigma than a trout is a trout; for you must suppose him an active fish, who no sooner finds himself intangled, but he plunges, and breaks the surface of the streams, thinking thereby to disentangle himself, and relieve himself from the danger of death, that already has laid an arrest upon him. Thus by picking and casting, he casts his life away; so swims ashore to hear the angler's doom, in whose breast lies the sentence of life and death. On a certain solitary and gloomy day, the face of the firmament was sullied with clouds, that roll'd to and fro, but did not melt. I remember I armed with a glittering fly, the body composed of red twisted silk, intermingled with silver, and an eye of gold, the water in temper, (as you now

observe it), but the wing of my fly was the dapple feather of a teal; the day, as prenoted, promiscuous and gloomy; and the clouds, as I told you, stained with blackness; but no noise of thunder disturb'd the air, nor was there any symptom or appearance of rain, save only some sprinkling scattering drops, that trickled down the marly banks, and moistned the cheeks of the craggy rocks; so amalgamizing the molli-fied earth with water, (to my observation), invited the fish from their habitations; insomuch, that the streams were not charms strong enough to contain them, for in frolicks, as I apprehended, they made haste to meet me; and that was as much as to complement death: but the landing, I confess, was difficult enough, by reason of distance, and the hazardous passages I frequently encountred, because of rocks; which with difficulty I evaded. But that I need not recount, when only designing to recite the executive part of angling, in order to which my ensuing discourse will instruct you in the art, and in the mystical intrigues of the angler also.

*Theoph.* Ingenious instructions will signalize the art easy, and impregnate the artist. Let the luxurious surfeit with the sins of the age, I'll trace the angler's footsteps, and pursue this in-offensive life, and silver streams, to propagate and cultivate the art; so compleat my self an

artist in this mystical artillery : for I can raise my ambition no higher than the device, fashion, and form of flies ; with advice also for their management, together with seasonable time and use.

*Arn.* That was my intention, had you never mentioned it ; but were it to another, I should rather refer him to our modern assertors. For indeed the frequent exercise of fly-fishing, though painful, yet it's delightful, more especially when managed by the methods of art, and the practical rules and mediums of artists. But the ground-bait was of old the general practice, and beyond dispute brought considerable profit ; which hapned in those days, when the curiosity of fly-fishing was intricate and unpracticable. However, Isaac Walton (late author of the Compleat Angler) has imposed upon the world this monthly novelty, which he understood not himself ; but stuffs his book with morals from Du-bravius and others, not giving us one precedent of his own practical experiments, except otherwise where he prefers the trencher before the troling-rod ; who lays the stress of his arguments upon other men's observations, wherewith he stuffs his indigested octavo ; so brings himself under the angler's censure, and the common calamity of a plagiarist, to be pitied (poor man) for his loss of time, in scribbling and transcribing

other men's notions. These are the drones that rob the hive, yet flatter the bees they bring them honey.

*Theoph.* I remember the book, but you inculcate his *erratas* ; however, it may pass muster among common mudlers.

*Arn.* No, I think not ; for I remember in Stafford, I urged his own argument upon him, that pickerel weed of it self breeds pickerel. Which question was no sooner stated, but he transmits himself to his authority, viz. Gesner, Dubravius, and Androvanus. Which I readily opposed, and offered my reasons to prove the contrary ; asserting, that pickerels have been fished out of pools and ponds where that weed (for ought I knew) never grew since the non-age of time, nor pickerel ever known to have shed their spawn there. This I propounded from a rational conjecture of the heronshaw, who to commode her self with the fry of fish, because in a great measure part of her maintenance, probably might lap some spawn about her legs, in regard adhering to the segs and bull-rushes, near the shallows, where the fish shed their spawn, as my self and others without curiosity have observed. And this slimy substance adhering to her legs, &c. and she mounting the air for another station, in probability mounts with her. Where note, the next pond

she happily arrives at, possibly she may leave the spawn behind her, which my Compleat Angler no sooner deliberated, but drop'd his argument, and leaves Gesner to defend it; so huff'd away: which rendred him rather a formal opinionist, than a reform'd and practical artist, because to celebrate such antiquated records, whereby to maintain such an improbable assertion.

*Theoph.* This was to the point, I confess; pray, go on.

*Arn.* In his book, intituled the Compleat Angler, you may read there of various and diversified colours, as also the forms and proportions of flies. Where, poor man, he perplexes himself to rally and scrape together such a parcel of fragments, which he fancies arguments convincing enough to instruct the adult and minority of youth, into the slender margin of his uncultivated art, never made practicable by himself I'm convinc'd. Where note, the true character of an industrious angler, more deservedly falls upon Merril and Faulkner, or rather upon Isaac Owldham, a man that fish'd salmon but with three hairs at hook, whose collections and experiments were lost with himself.

*Theoph.* That was pity.

*Arn.* So it was, but to thee, Theophilus, so well improved, if salmon or trout be your re-

creation, remember always to carry your dubbing-bag about you ; wherein there ought to be silks of all sorts, threads, thrums, moccado-ends, and cruels of all sizes, and variety of colours ; diversified and stained wool, with dogs and bears hair ; besides twisted fine threads of gold and silver : with feathers from the capon, partridge, peacock, pheasant, mallard, smith, teal, snite, parrot, heronshaw, paraketta, bittern, hobby, phlimingo, or Indian-flush ; but the mockaw, without exception, gives flames of life to the hackle. Thus arm'd at all points, with rods rush-grown, hooks well temper'd, and lines well tapered, you may practise where you please in any river in Scotland, provided always the season be sutable. And forget not be sure to pursue your distance, always taking the head of a stream, and leisurely fish downwards, lest your game discover you, and flie before you.

Another observation, is the various change and complexion of the water, occasioned sometimes by immoderate gluts, intemperate and violent gluts of rain, issues of land-floods, soil, and silt, from off the shores. These and the like observations ought to be the consideration of every ingenious and practical angler. And this is the proper season to exercise with the ground-bait ; for should any man, under the pretence of an artist, remain destitute of these

prenoted qualifications, proclaim him a block-head ; let him angle for oysters.

*Theoph.* But what must we do when the fords are discoloured ?

*Arn.* I have already told you, that the ground-bait then is most profitable for diversion. But imagine it like this adapted for fly. Observe those insects, and slender emits that accost the streams and bubbling fords ; not doubting, but with diligence, you may easily surprize them ; which, if it succeed not to your intention, traverse with your eye those landships of rocks, that at a distance lie buried almost under water, or from those knotty brows of broken banks, that stand within distance ; otherwise clap close down on some flat or level, which equals the surface of the gliding streams : where it behoves you to condescend and stoop sometimes to your knee, or it may be closer order, if need so require ; always observing the hovering fly that flutters aloft to allure the fish, how wantonly he sports himself with death, when to court a familiarity with that that destroys him.

*Theoph.* But what if this design prove abortive ?

*Arn.* You must then clap down beneath some rock, or you may shelter your self in the cavities of earth : so with curious inspection, and diligent observation, the brightness or the gloomi-

ness of the day considered, fashion your device according to art ; considering the general cure for proportion, as also the season, by the rule of contraries. For the brighter the day is, the obscurer your fly ; but the more promiscuous the season is, by so much the more ought your fly to be bright and shining. I also advise you to prepare the ground and body of your fly with bear's-hair, as at other times from the obscurities of wool ; but then let the head be obscure and dark, since generally most flies their heads are blackish. The wing also you may strip from the pinion of a teal, which above measure allures the trout to destruction. But if novelties affect, as frequently they do, you must then consult your flies to excel one another, if provided you design to advance your recreation. But presupposing the day be gloomy, as frequently it happens from melancholy clouds——

*Theoph.* What's then to be done ?

*Arn.* You must then consult a brighter fly, which is better understood upon serious practice ; for I extol no man a proficient in the art, that is undisciplined in the academy of experience.

*Theoph.* But some men I observe are more ingenious than othersome.

*Arn.* Otherwise I should allot them an accidental fate : for convinc'd by observation, I am

easily perswaded that some artists gain experience with little difficulty ; when as othersome acquire it not without great industry : for where natural endowments accommodate the highest form in arts, their theory and practicks seldom juggle for precendency. Thus the day and the season always considered, the artist, I fancy, may sport at leisure, provided he design angling his recreation.

*Theoph.* Are there no mediums set down as a standard in the art ?

*Arn.* Yes, surely there are, but considering your capacity, it will add but little to those instructions. However, I'll discover another notable secret, though less practicable, yet probably more advantageous than adventuring a fly according to fashion.

*Theoph.* Pray, unriddle the mystery ; it's some ænigma, I fancy.

*Arn.* The paradox explained ; first take a trout, rip up his belly, and examine his maw to see what remains unconcocted ; and if it be in fly-time, you will find some there ; for he loves to insinuate himself among insects, (for flies are insects,) and are upon the main the matter he preys on. Procrastinate no time, for the digestions are swift ; be quick, therefore, and you will find some there ; and as near to the natural form as your ingenuity admits of, contrive such

another in figure and proportion, which without delay, make an experiment by spreading the streams with your artillery : and if it answer not what in reason you expect, take the freedom to proclaim me no projector. But be cautious and circumspect in all your approaches, and be dextrous and diligent when and how you strike. Fish by direction, but put no force upon your exercise ; so that when you observe your game advance, and raise himself to encounter his prey, fix diligently one eye to attend his motion, and keep the other on the point of your rod ; avoiding all silly and foolish circumstances ; only remember to answer a foot exactly with that hand that reacheth forward, beginning always at the head of a stream, and so patrol to pursue your game downwards, otherwise you may confidently assure your self, the fish becomes fugitive, so flies before you.

*Theoph.* I shall mind your directions, and pursue your instructions.

*Arn.* Well then, I'll proceed. A calm air, you know, prognosticks a cessation of winds ; and a breez being wanting to furl the deeps, by what art will you contrive to raise a trout in a deep, torpid, and solitary river ? Mind what is said ; be sure you stand close, and prudently conceal your self behind some rock, or some shady bush : then, with the hazard of nothing but a drack,

which if not attainable, then search out some other natural fly, and dabble be sure lightly on the surface of the deeps, you raise him beyond dispute, and as certainly kill him ; for this natural novel has no compeer, and the artificial is but the representation. Where note, the green drack pleads the precedence, then the gray ; the former from the issue or product of a codworm ; but the latter as to observation proceeds from the straw-bait.

*Theoph.* A very significant and proper distinction.

*Arn.* Now, besides close order, great curiosity is requisite in tackle ; for the more accurate the artist is, by so much the more will the art be express'd. For that end, let your rod be shap'd like a rush, the line exactly tapered ; your hooks well tempered, and as well compassed ; not too stiff, nor yet too pliant ; their points well drawn out, and as sharp as needles, but their birbs as stiff and as strunt as bristles ; the wing of your fly also well flourished, and well pinion'd ; and so snug as to carry the point always downward. These are necessary observations in trout-fishing, more especially to the contemplative and ingenious artist, rather than to those paper-scul'd buffoons, devoid of reason, and as indigent of patience, as the man that hang'd himself, because the hangman was not ready ; that

confront the art, because fish won't meet them half-way ashore, and leap into their laps before they come near the water-side; where you may see them stand like so many star-gazers, gazing on the fish, and the surface of the streams; whose aspect, if possible, would terrify a grampus, that seldom or never satisfies their appetite, till their avaricious desires have victualled the pannier.

*Theoph.* These mudlers shall never merit the title of anglers, nor their arguments a better reputation than affronts; mercenary slaves, that murder all they meet with, and hunt like otters to accommodate the paunch.

*Arn.* Thus our discourse of the river Dean has diverted us to the fields on the north of Reven, which indeed was a considerable part of my design; because I might not only be said to convince you, but use you as an argument to convince others, that the trouts in these solitary streams, are for largeness, beauty, size, and proportion, nothing inferior to any in Scotland; and such have I hal'd out of these purling pits, with nothing save only a natural fly.

*Theoph.* But the day declining, what becomes of us now?

*Arn.* Why now we must relinquish these rolling streams, and those pleasant flourishing fields of Reven that direct to Ingleston, and the antiquities of Castleton, formerly inhabited by the

English martialists : But Castleton, you must consider, was only a fort, and Ingleston (as I am told) their assigned locality. Distant some two miles from these weather-beaten reliques, stands the house of Glames, and the fair Feneven, situated amongst rivulets. More norward yet we advance upon Forfar, where we may expect as good entertainment as the country is capable of ; and that is good enough, since eating and drinking is not the main of our design : but there stands the town of Forfar, tell me what you think on't ?

*Theoph.* I think it's a town ; what would you make on't ?

*Arn.* Not only a town, but a corporation too, howe're you approve on't.

*Theoph.* I approve on't well enough, where lies the objection ? here's nothing that I see presents uncomely : But how goes the story of the good man's cow ? and what became of the old wife's liquor ?

*Arn.* I matter not much if I give you the relation, as neatly drest up as the circumstances will bear ; for there was, I'll assure you, a very hardy adventure, hapned betwixt the brewster wife, and Puggy the cow of Billie Pringle.

*Theoph.* Pray, let us have it, I grow impatient to hear it ; I'll remark the beginning, and diligently attend the conclusion.

*Arn.* Then I'll begin. Once upon a time (for so I was told) within the walls of this little corporation of Forfar, there lived an ancient brewster wife, more eminent in her art for brewing of good ale, than all the brewsters that lived about her; who, upon occasion of some solemnity, had boiled up a cauldron of stinging stuff, to hum the noses of some jolly good fellows, that by country-custom and rules of their own, had made an appointment to meet there to morrow; which they punctually performed, but were all disappointed, because not to meet with what they came there for.

Now you are to consider the custom of the country, which in short was this. No sooner the alewife brews her ale, but presently she exposeth it to the open air, in certain vessels which the people call *coolers*, (always provided it do not rain,) though not so much to moderate the heat of the liquor, as to ripen and prepare it for a present draught; which they fancy it does, and fancy, you must know, surpasseth beauty.

*Theoph.* Very good, pray, go on; I fancy we shall have a pleasant story.

*Arn.* But so it hapned, that Moggy her maid, was the person appointed to attend this liquor; whilst the guid awd wife was cumbring her self to deft her house, and put it into order. Now the careless lass steps casually aside, (whose ab-

sence was not long,) when by accident and most unfortunately a deep-wem'd cow of jolly Billy Pringles came stragling that way ; who assail'd the liquor, nor could she well help it ; because when so provoked by the alluring steem, that sent a summons to her voracious appetite : and the poor cow, as if invaded by some feverish indisposition, and because knowing no law of limitation, seem'd wholly incapable to satisfy herself, so long as any ale was left in the cooler ; for she drank, and puff'd, and then took wind, and too't it again, so long, and so oft, till at last she surveyed the dimensions of the tub, where the liquor in a short time was almost consumed ; which any man of sense might rationally conclude so, because the cow could not see her face in the bottom.

*Theoph.* But here lies the question, whether or no the cow's natural draught was so large an allowance ? or what unnatural spark of heat had then occasioned such immoderate exceedings ?

*Arn.* I confess I neglected to examine that circumstance ; but this I remember, and every one can tell you, because so remarkable, it can never be forgot, that the cow when examining the smoothness of the ale, and finding it, as I conceive, moderated to her temper, without a coag she drank all off : which no sooner happened, but presently in a rage comes out the awd

wife that brewed the ale, and troubled beyond measure at the loss of her liquor ; besides, it touch'd, as she thought, her reputation, because to disappoint the jovial crew that had celebrated that day to solemniate Bacchus, and observing how the cow stood puffing and blowing, and her ale as concluded past all discovery, grows immediately horn-mad ; so lets fly at the cow, by thundring on the ribs and the sides of the beast, with a formidable bastinado, or a good oak sapling, like John at the Giant, who became extream angry, because that the Giant would not run away from him.

At length comes Billy Pringle that owned the cow ; and he forsooth, like an advocate, useth arguments to pacify and moderate the awd wife, against such violent and immoderate proceeds ; which nothing availed, for she gave him the hearing, and that was all. But standing a while to recover fresh breath, she presently lets fly at the cow again, by redoubling her blows on the sides of the beast, till at last the awd wife became as weary with cudgeling, as the insensible poor cow was at that time with fudling ; whose sides were already so stuff'd with strong ale, that made her proof against the awd wife's artillery, which so incapacitated the cow for flight, nay, I might as well have said, not almost, but altogether incapable of motion.

All this while Billy Pringle he labours in vain ; and though no provost, nor laird of a manour, yet was he forsooth a venerable commander, who endeavours what he may to pacify the awd wife ; but she was so inconsiderate, nothing ballances her passion ; his arguments, she interprets them all affronts ; and his pacifications but inducements to aggravate her revenge. Whereupon he resolves no more pleadings, but to use silence as the best interpreter. Which she observing, stood still a while ; and though out of wind, and not answering a word, yet the storm was not over ; for no sooner she recruits, and recovers fresh breath, but lets fly at him like George at the Dragon.

This rais'd such an uproar all the town over, and a general confusion among the spectators, that now my Lord Provost displays his authority ; who to pacify, if possible, the bulk of the rabble, that were at that time all in an uproar, came puffing and blowing, almost out of breath, commanding the peace ; asking them, if they longed to be hanged for a riot ? Get ye home, quo the provost, every man to his house ; and that quickly too, or I'll send ye packing. But observing the tumult make no haste to disperse, he commands the peace in their Majesties name, whilst he lays about him with a sturdy oak-saplin he had in his hand ; telling them all the

while, that if they would not be quiet, he would make them quiet, and keep the peace too, and their houses to boot. And for your part, guid wife, (quo the provost,) seek your remedy at law, it's a friend's advice, and the best course you can take. And for Billy Pringle, he may do the like. The words drop'd savourly from his worship's mouth, so took effect.

And now the guid wife arrests Billy Pringle, because that his cow drank off her ale. And he like a man to purge himself by law, traverses the action at the Court at Edinburgh, where the case was opened, and pleadings on both sides. But the woman's counsel pleads hard for satisfaction ; when an advocate for Billy Pringle solicites the Judg, that an award be allowed to his client Pringle : For, my lord, quo he, they produce no precedent ; nor was it ever known in the kingdom of Scotland that a cow paid a plack for a standing-drink : nay, more than that, she never call'd for't, and *Doh* and *Doris* is the custom of our country ; where note, a standing-drink was never yet paid for. With these and the like circumstances he made the Court merry, because utterly to exceed and confound their practice ; so that now every lawyér became a mute, and every auditor a silent admirer.

During this silence there rush'd into the Court a crew of sawcy surly fellows, that proffered to

swear for the guid awd wife, that the cow drank the ale brewed for them to drink: and it's thought they would have sworn through a double deal-board, they seem'd so enraged for the loss of their ale. This you must conceive warm'd the woman's counsel, so that they moved the Court for satisfaction, and prayed a more strict examination of the matter. Upon which the records of the Court were called for, but no precedent was found to punish a cow for drinking of ale, sitting or standing. Besides, it was adjudged beyond the practice of the Court to determine any thing wherein the laws were silent. Yet notwithstanding all this, and a great deal more; the woman's counsel moves again for satisfaction, which proposal was quash'd by sentence of the Court, almost as soon as it was propounded, because to refer it to the provost of Forfar.

*Theoph.* Why so?

*Arn.* Can you think him a man of that capacity, to decide a controversy so foreign and intricate, that all the law in Scotland could not then determine?

*Theoph.* Why so; was the nature of the thing so rare and difficult?

*Arn.* Was it not, think you, to take all the proofs, to swear all the witnesses; and as near as possible to ultimate the difference, with this proviso to both parties satisfaction?

*Theoph.* I confess it was intricate ; but how did he behave himself ?

*Arn.* Very well, I fancy, and the manner on't was thus. First, he calls a hall ; but admits no man to speak a word save himself ; and as his gravity directs him, puts a question to the woman ; which in short was this. He demands to know of her how the cow took the liquor, whether she took it sitting, or if she took it standing ? To which the brewster-wife, after a little pause, answered, by making this reply ; In guid fa, sir, quo the wife, the cow took it standing. Then, quo the provost, your e'en words condemn ye, to seek satisfaction for a standing-drink. This annihilates the custom of *doh* and *doris*. For truly sike another ill precedent as this, were enough to obliterate so famous a custom, as stark love and kindness for everinare. Where note, guid wife, ye have wronged Billy Pringle, for prosecuting the guid man contrary to law ; and have done mickle damage to Puggy his cow, because to chastise her but for a standing-drink.

*Theoph.* Is it a romance, or a real story ?

*Arn.* Do you doubt the truth on't ?

*Theoph.* Peradventure I do, but it serves us to laugh at.

*Arn.* And will not our beds serve as well to lie on ?

*Theoph.* Who doubts it, when summoned by the sweet influence of sleep?

*Arn.* Can men in dreams whisper security, when their eyes are guarded with troops of shades, and separated from the glorious beam of light?

*Theoph.* Death's a separation, the night but a short privation. It's true, we grant sleep an emblem of death; but death the solution of complicated elements.

*Arn.* How beautifully glorious do the constellations appear!

*Theoph.* So does Aurora, that ushers in day, and adapts it for man and negotiation.

*Arn.* O the sweets of contemplation! have you ruminated to morrow's journey?

*Theoph.* Do rusticks calculate an early seed-time, and not prognostick a forward harvest, if not unseasonably prevented by malevolent accidents?

*Arn.* From whence we may rationally conclude refreshment after recreation, as requisite and necessary to propagate health, as a salubrious *arcanum* is to retrieve the body, when invaded or obstructed by preternatural indisposition.

*Theoph.* You paraphrase physically under metaphorical tropes.

*Arn.* And you philosophically, to tell us that the sun no sooner shades his beams in Thetis'

lap, but Aurora suddenly begins to blush, and make visible discoveries of the oblique lines of Sol impending.

*Theoph.* So it appears ; for this short night's progress, though defeating our senses, yet has it in some measure sweetly refresh'd us.

*Arn.* Why then do we loiter, and procrastinate time ?

*Theoph.* It's only till we mantle for a march, and discharge for our entertainment.

*Arn.* That's but reasonable and requisite, otherwise we deviate from the morals of honesty.

*Theoph.* Must this day's invention be to morrow's expedition ; so arm with our artillery to practise at Brechen ?

*Arn.* No, by no means ; though Brechen be a town of very good accommodation ; yet we must melt these hills into valleys.

*Theoph.* Here's another town presents ; what must we call it ?

*Arn.* This is Fetter-Carn ; but that before us is Carlisle-Mount, elevated in the air, where the people, to my fancy, dwell in the clouds, and inhabit, as it were, another region, representing *Terra Nova*.

*Theoph.* Yet methinks here's sweet streams glide up and down this mountanous country.

*Arn.* And don't you think the trouts in these

streams naturally high-minded, to climb such lofty hills for preferment? But what think you of these barren fields, burdened with sterility, where the inhabitants, to my apprehension, feed upon famine, or a morsel of moss. It represents to me the suburbs of poverty, if when to consider their scarcity of accommodation.

*Theoph.* Come, then, let us break the heart of these hills, and bless our eyes with a landskip of the Lowlands, that serve as a sanctuary to shelter us against storms, and protection against impetuous rains. But what *Eutopia's* this that dwells below us?

*Arn.* It's neither Sir Thomas Moor's, nor Bacon's *Atlantas*; here we have already made a fair discovery, but when you come to trace the fertility of Dean, whose flourishing streams enrich the shores, then you will tell me of the angler's entertainment.

*Theoph.* What place is that, that directs northward to the Pole?

*Arn.* That's Kinkarn Oneal; beyond which, the foundations of Pitriffny and Bovená scout, as you may see, beneath the skirts of the Highlands; obvious to any man that tramples her moors, that direct to the source and beginnings of Trespey, whose boistrous streams glide along through Murryland; a pleasant and plentiful part of a country, that's beautified and adorned

with spacious buildings, rivited into rocks, and cemented with stone.

*Theoph.* Must we pass through Murryland, or take it in our way when returning from Ross ?

*Arn.* We shall only pass by it now, to describe the country of Reven in Badanoah, that's totally beleaguer'd and besieged with bogs, whose ruinous decays are unworthy our discourse ; nor are her fields so fertil as those in Feneven, yet are her valleys surrounded with rivulets, and every rivulet replenished with trout ; beautified and adorned with stately fir woods, that shade the earth from the scorching sun, and shelters man and horse in impetuous rains and storms ; where nature, but not the native, is generous and prodigal in all her entertainments.

*Theoph.* What new inviting object have we now discovered ?

*Arn.* The famous Lough-Ness, so much discours'd for the supposed floating island ; for here it is, if any where in Scotland. Nor is it any other than a natural plantation of segs and bull-rushes, matted and knit so close together by natural industry, and navigated by winds that blow every way, floats from one part of the Lough to another, upon the surface of the solid deeps of this small Meditterane : and here it is, in these slippery streams, that an English ship, by curious invention, was haled over the moun-

tains to this solitary Lough ; brought hither on purpose to reclaim the Highlander.

*Theoph.* Do you romance, or not, to tell me that an island swims in the midst of the ocean, and a ship fluctuates in the midst of the Highlands ; where every rock represents a Charibdis, and every wave threatens an inundation ; where there's no harbour without hazard of life, nor sea enough to promise security to the mariner, when the winds mingle themselves with the waves, that wash the pallid cheeks of the polish'd rocks ? Now tell me that can, where the mariner must have birth (and the passinger supplies) in this fluctuating ocean, when a storm arises to ecclipse his eye from a land discovery ?

*Arn.* If eye-sight be good evidence, there's enough to convince you ; behold the ship.

*Theoph.* How came she here ? Was she not built in some creek hereabouts ?

*Arn.* No.

*Theoph.* By what means then was she moved into this small Mediterrane ? I solícite advice, and you can solve the doubt.

*Arn.* Art was both engin and engineer to invite this ship into this solitary Lough.

*Theoph.* If so, it's strange that a vessel of her force should leap out of the ocean, and over the hills, to float in a gutter surrounded with rocks.

*Arn.* Not so strange as true, for here she is.

*Theoph.* Was there a possibility of her sailing from the citadel, to this eminent Lough Ness, when a boat of ten tun can't force her passage half way up the river? This looks romantick beyond the ingenuity of art, or possibility of invention.

*Arn.* Let it look as it will look, I am sure it was so.

*Theoph.* You are sure it was so; then, pray, resolve the point.

*Arn.* Why thus it was: In the time of war betwixt the King and Parliament, this navigate invention was consulted by Maj. General Dean; who to compleat a conquest over the Highlanders, (in regard hitherto the law of a foreign power had never bridled them) he accomplished this new navigation of sailing by land: who contrived the transportation of this fair ship (that you now see) into these torpid and slippery streams.

*Theoph.* What, without sails?

*Arn.* Yes, without sail, pilot, card or compass; by dividing only the ambient air, as formerly she plowed the pondrous ocean. Nor was she compell'd to encounter sea or land in all her passage; which, by some, may be thought a ridiculous report. On the other hand, for a ship of this burden to transport her self, or suffer her self to be transported without ordinary, nay,

extraordinary means, looks like an impossibility ; however, here you find her, nor is it to be denied that she had a passage to this solitary Lough.

*Theoph.* But how ?

*Arn.* First, you must conclude no vessel, without a miracle, could remove her self so far from sea ; and I'll assure you in this here's nothing miraculous. Then you are to consider that so eminent a ship could never shove her self to reach this limit, as extends from the Orchean seas to this obscure Lough Ness, without probable endeavours, and very considerable assistance. Lastly, to admit of a violent motion, were a kind of madness ; because to impose a contradiction upon the design.

*Theoph.* Pray explicate the ænigma.

*Arn.* A motion must be had (that you'll grant) and means considerable to move by, (this you must allow), which to accomplish, the sailers and the souldiers equally contributed. For a regiment (or it may be two) about that time quartered in Inverness ; who, by artifice, had fastned thick cables to her fore-castle, and then they got levers and rollers of timber, which they spread at a distance, one before another ; whilst some are of opinion these robust engineers framed a more artificial and politick contrivance : but thus it was, and no otherwise,

I'll assure you; save only they fastned some cheeks and planks to the solid sides and ribs of the ship, the better to secure her from crushing upon transportation.

*Theoph.* And did she pass in this manner as you tell me, to this famous Ness?

*Arn.* Yes, she relinquished the brinish ocean, to float in the slippery arms of Ness. But to keep her steddly in her passage, and preserve her from rocking and rolling by the way; they consulted no other project than what I tell you: save only some additional supplies from Inverness, that with ropes and tackle haled her along to this very place where you now observe her. For you are to consider, she no sooner got motion, but by industry and art she was steer'd without a compass, to this remarkable Ness; where now she floats obvious enough to every curious observer.

For let me tell you, that strength, artifice, and resolution, are indisputable arguments to reach the possibility of any thing possible; a threefold cord is not easily broken. Motion therefore was no sooner begot, but the whole mystery was almost accomplished; the plover, you observe, never breaks the shell, before the lapwing is ready to run; nor will the sailer spread the sails, until he observe a wind presents. Nor got our ship the mediums of mo-

tion, but by argument of force (not of artillery) which forced her by graduate means, till arriving in this Ness, obvious to all men.

And this is that famous and renowned Lough Ness (Loemon excepted) inferiour to none in the kingdom of Scotland; whose streams are strewn with eel and trout, whilst her deeps are saluted with the race of salmon; whose fertile banks and shining sands are hourly moistened by this small Mediterrane: which I fancy is besieged with rocks and mountains; whilst her polite shores are frozen in the winter, by the frigid lungs of blustering Boreas, that perplexes her banks, and masquerades her rocks with a crystalline hue of polished ice. Where the Tritons and Sea-nymphs sport themselves on the slippery waves, sounding an invasion to her moveable inmate; supposed by some, the floating island.

*Theoph.* Do these fair mountains that interdict the dales, survey the forcible streams of Inverness?

*Arn.* Yes surely, these torrents, which you now discover, frequently wash the walls of Inverness, (a derivative from Lough Ness), at the west end whereof stands a diminutive castle, about a mile distant from that magnificent citadel, that subjects those precarious Northern Highlanders. This Inverness, or model of antiquity, (which we now discourse,) stands com-

modiously situated for a Highland trade; defended with a weather-beaten tottering wall, that's defaced with age and the corruptions of time, where yet there remains two parish-churches: But I remember a third, that was a kind of a cathedral or collegiat-church, that now, like old Troy, sleeps in dust and ashes, as part of the walls do, charging time and neglect with their tottering decays.

North and by east, near the forcible streams of the Ness, stands the fortress, or pentagon, drawn out by regular lines, built all with stone, and girt about with a graff, that commodates it with a convenient harbour. The houses in this fair fortress are built very low, but uniform; and the streets broad and spacious, with avenues and intervalles for drilling of foot, or drawing up horse. I must confess, such and so many are the advantages and conveniencies that belong to this citadel, it would be thought fabulous, if but to numerate them: for that end I refer my self to those that have inspected her magazines, providores, harbours, vaults, graffs, bridges, sally-ports, cellars, bastions, horn-works, redoubts, counterscarps, &c. Ocular evidence is the best judg, and gives the plainest demonstration; which, without dispute, will interpret this formidable fortress a strength impregnable; and the situation, as much as any, promises security,

by reason it's surrounded with boggy morasses; standing in swamps, on an isthmus of land, that divides the Ness from the Orchean Seas.

Yet here is one thing more among our northern novelties very remarkable; for here you shall meet with a wooden bridg to convoy you over the rapid Ness; but certainly the weakest, in my opinion, that ever straddled over so strong a stream. However, it serves to accommodate the native, to those pleasant and fragrant meadows, north and north-west, that direct to the demolishments of the Castle of Lovet, near to which stand the antiquities of Brawn, planted upon the brow of a considerable bank, that hangs, one would think, o're a spacious river, above all in Scotland, replenished with salmon: whose numbers are numberless, if not improper to say so; and careless of their lives, they cast them away.

I must confess, the strength of such strange reports, oftentimes meets with a foreign faith, that raises more scruples than arguments can answer. And so it hapned to me at first, till convinced by some persons of considerable reputation, that when the fisher-men with their sanes have drawn these streams, they have counted many times five hundred at a draught; the truth of which relation, should any man doubt of, they are ready to assert and vindicate the

truth on't by pregnant demonstration. However it shook my credulity at first, though possibly it may remove the jealousy of another, if when provided with patience he can suspend his suspicion till better inform'd, or confirm himself of the plenty of salmon in these remote northern parts. For I grant, others with myself of a like perswasion may question this report, till convinc'd by the truth of ocular demonstration; that these northern rivers are the riches of the country.

Here the salmon relinquish the salts, because by the porpoisses pursued up the freshes; just so the shad is chased by the sturgeon, and so are the smaller fry by the ravenous pike: Nature directs self-security, and nothing stands in competition with life. Where note, the salmon are compell'd to desert the deeps, and seek sanctuary from the sandy sholes; as I my self and others have often observed the porpoisses pursue them in the frothy foming waves of the Ness, for it may be some two or three miles together; till their strength imparing, which oft-times compels them to court the shores, though with hazard of life. And sometimes they meet with a precipice of rocks (as these at Brawn) which with an impossibility they perpetually attempt, though to no purpose as to self-security.

This oracle explicated, who so incredulous to

doubt or dispute the truth of my relation ? for no man certainly was more averse than my self, to affix a credit upon a single report ; but when opposed by such eminent evidence, it forced my obstinacy to yield a compliance : more especially when approaching those frothy streams ; no other argument then need to convince me but eye-sight. Truly I stood amaz'd to see such companies of salmon in these northern parts ; which demonstration made such impressions in my hesitating breast, that now I'm convinc'd ; I am ready to publish my conviction to others, upon manifest experience. For what can I do less than certify a truth so often opposed, and doubted by myself. In this *Pontus Cambrosia* (in the famous Ness) you shall observe three tides meet every twelve hours : and when they meet, by reason of their interchangeable streams mingling together, make such convulsions and violent eruptions, as dam up the shores, and make the passage exceeding hazardous ; especially for small boats that cross the Ness, if there do but the least impetuosity of winds hover in the air.

*Theoph.* This is very remarkable, for the porpoises to pursue the salmon ashore.

*Arn.* But so it is : besides in the midst of *Cambrosia* is a white spumation, or a frothy foaming sparkling splay, that resembles *via lactea* ;

occasioned, as you see, from luxuriant tides, and aggravating winds, that violently contract the surff of the sea, and so amalgamizes them together, that neither the one nor the other can divide, nor expatiate it self, till inevitably suck'd up into the bowels of the ocean.

*Theoph.* I fancy this Hellespont of *Pontus Cambrosia*, a representation of the chalky mount in Barbardoes ; because of its polished glittering whiteness.

*Arn.* I remember as we pass'd this hazardous Charibdis, the vessel that conveyed us was in danger to overset, by reason the porpoisses vented so vehemently at the stem of our boat, inso-much that one of them had almost invented his passage amongst us ; which if he had, there was no way but one ; and that way was unequal to exchange of elements. But at last we concluded if the boat should miscarry, to lanch forth into the deeps, and *Hero* it over.

*Theoph.* Some then, I fancy, would have made brave ducks and drakes.

*Arn.* It's no matter for that, the use of bladders had been out of fashion. Now, no sooner we arrived at the desired shore, but with friendly congratulations we saluted one another ; discoursing our hazardous passage, and this pleasant country (or isthmus of land) besieged with

sea ; because having *Portus Salutis* on the north and by east ; *Cambrosia* on the south ; and the western parts all guarded with inaccessible rocks and mountains facing the fields of Stranaver.

*Theoph.* Here's another Hellespont ; must we cross this also ?

*Arn.* Yes surely, we must cross this rugged ferry, especially if intending the bounds of Innerbrachy, in the cultivated fields in the country of Ross ; where the rocks are undermin'd by the sea quellem, that serves for a filtre to riddle the ocean, and separate her saline brinish taste, from those more sweet and luscious fountains ; where the inhabitants will flatter you with an absurd opinion (an old tradition received from their ancestors) that the earth in Ross hath an antipathy against rats, as the Irish oak has against the spider : And this curiosity, if you please to examine, you may, for the natives do ; but had they asserted there were no mice in Ross, every tongue had contradicted them. Now, mice and rats are cousin-german, every body knows that knows any thing, and for the most part keep house together : But what difference has hapned amongst them here, as to make such a feud in this country of Ross, that the rats in Ross should relinquish their country, and give possession wholly to the mice ; this is a mystery that I understand not.

Besides this fond opinion of the natives hereabouts, some others more remote (as ignorant as themselves) transport the earth of Ross into most parts of Scotland ; perswading themselves, that if they do but sprinkle it in the fields, fens, moors, mountains, morish or boggy grounds, (all is one as to that) for it alters not the property, nor does it diminish the quality, nor impair the virtue, but that still it retains a certain antipathy against that enormous vermin the rat, nay, the very scent on't shall force him to become an exile. This odd kind of creed they had when I was resident amongst them ; yet to the best of my observation, I never saw a rat ; nor do I remember of any one that was with me ever did ; but for mice, I declare, so great is their plenty, that were they a commodity, Scotland might boast on't. And that they have owls with horns, some favour the report ; yet are they not horns, but as like horns as any thing that are not horns ; nor is it any other than a sort of feathers, that's clung and twisted so naturally together, that represents the idiom or form of a horn, if when to observe them at a reasonable distance, which seemingly beautifies the ivy-bush, as horns adorn the head of a buffulo.

The next curiosity to entertain you with, is the country of Southerland ; which we enter by crossing a small arm of the ocean from Tain to

Dornoch. So from thence we travel into Cathness, and the country of Stranavar; where a rude sort of inhabitants dwell, (almost as barbarous as Canibals) who when they kill a beast, boil him in his hide, make a caldron of his skin, browis of his bowels, drink of his blood, and bread and meat of his carcass. Since few or none amongst them hitherto have as yet understood any better rules or methods of eating. More north in an angle of Cathness, lives John a Groat, upon an isthmus of land that faceth the pleasant Isles of Orkney; where the inhabitants are blessed with the plenty of grass and grain; besides fish, flesh, and fowl in abundance. Now that barnicles (which are a certain sort of wooden geese) breed hereabouts, it's past dispute; and that they fall off from the limbs and members of the fir-tree, is questionless; and those so fortunate to espouse the ocean (or any other river, or humitactive soil) by virtue of solar heat are destinated to live; but to all others so unfortunate to fall upon dry land, are denied their nativity.

*Theoph.* Can you credit your own report; or do you impose these hyperboles ironically upon the world, designedly to make Scotland appear a kingdom of prodigies?

*Arn.* No certainly! and that there is such a fowl I suppose none doubts it; but if any do, let him resort to Cambden, Speed, or Gerhard's

herbal, and there he shall find that in Lancashire, thousands were gathered up, adhering to the broken ribs of a ship wreck'd upon that coast ; but these are not like the barnicle geese that I speak of: the like accident hapned in Kent some-time past, and in many other parts of England, &c. So that few ingenious and intelligible travellers doubt a truth in this matter ; and the rather, because if sedulously examined, it discovers a want of faith to doubt what's confirmed by such credible authority. But if eye-sight be evidence against contradiction, and the sense of feeling argument good enough to refute fiction, then let me bring these two convincing arguments to maintain my assertion ; for I have held a barnicle in my own hand, when as yet unfledg'd, and hanging by the beak, which as I then supposed of the fir-tree ; for it grew from thence, as an excrescence grows on the members of an animal : and as all things have periods, and in time drop off, so does the barnicle by a natural progress separate it self from the member it's conjoin'd to.

But further, to explicate the method and manner of this wooden goose more plainly : The first appearing parts are her rump and legs ; next to them, her callous and unploom'd body ; and last of all her beak, by which she hangs immature, and altogether insensible ; because not as

yet having any spark of life hitherto discovered to shine about her. Then, like the leaves in October that leisurely drop off (since predestinated to fall) even so the barnicle drops off from the twig of the tree to which Nature had fastened her, and gave her a growth, and an inanimate being. Where note, to so many as providentially fall into water, protection is immediately sent them to live ; but to all others as accidentally encounter dry land, such I presume are doom'd to die without redemption. And though some of them are commissioned to live, yet how difficult is it to preserve life, when hourly sought after by the luxurious devourer ?

*Theoph.* However, let not our discourse of geese discover us ungrateful to the inhabitants. For it were madness more than good manners, not to acknowledg civilities from a people that so civilly treated us.

*Arn.* Civility wanting, we are wanting to our selves ; when too much of self bars the fruits of society. Now we tread on the borders of South-erland, that of right belongs to the Earl of South-erland ; whose eldest son is born Lord of Stranavar. On the top of that little hill, stands little Dun Robin ; it's a castle, though but a small one, where the Earl himself inhabits. But that other great house, or rather some piece of decays, they call it Skibbo ; but there is yet another

ruinous castle that stands on the brow of a lofty hill, and that they call Skelbo. These are all the castles, and most eminent fabricks in South-erland, to the best of my observation.

The next thing we meet with is the Lough Broroh, that spouts forth a river into the bowels of the ocean. This Lough is deep, but not so large as the Ness, (elevated in 59 degrees north latitude) but very full of salmon; and though the river seems to have rapid streams, yet the tides influence them every twelve hours. I mention this Broroh, for no other purpose, than to reflect on her plenty of salmon, where they barrel up for France, and other parts annually, (as reported) so much salmon as amounts to three hundred pound sterling a year; and the price of a salmon (among themselves) seldom exceeds one single denare. Where note the profits of this contemptible Broroh, are farm'd by the inhabitants inhabiting hereabouts, but the propriety belongs to the Earl of Southerland. But Dornoch is all the corporations in Southerland, of which *justicium* I have but little to say.

*Theoph.* And where are we now?

*Arn.* On *terra firma*, where should we be? and this is the town of Tayn in Ross, that equalizeth Dornoch for beautiful buildings; and as exemplary as any place for justice, that never use gibbet nor halter to hang a man, but sacks all

their malefactors, so swims them to their graves. Now the most spacious and eminent fabricks in Ross, are Tarbot, situate near the sea ; Mees, bordering upon Lough Loon ; Balnagoon, a strong fabrick on the brinks of Clowd ; Fowlds, a great house not far from Brawn ; Innerbrachy, a manor near *Portus Salutis* ; Milton, a castle opposite to Cromerty. These fabricks are the strength and ornament of Ross. Besides here are eagles, signets, falcons, swans, geese, gossander, duck and malard, teal, smieth, widgeon, seapyes, sande-levericks, green and gray plover, snite, partridg, curlue, moorgame, and grows ; but I remember no pheasant in this bill of fare.

This is that famous *Portus Salutis*, accommodated with fowl to that degree, as their numerous covies darken the firmament ; and so replenished with fish, as no part of Scotland can boast of. Oysters the best in the north, are dragg'd forth with drags from her owsey bottoms. And for crabs, lobsters, perewinkles, &c. in regard so plentiful and common, are but of little value. But what have I to do to discourse a country, where eggs are sold for twenty four a penny, and all other accommodations proportionable ? This I presume is no dear entertainment ; nor ever expect to have it cheaper when we leave these plentiful borders of Ross, to traverse the more

southern parts of Scotland, as our gnomon directs to the fertil shores of Cromerty.

*Theoph.* And why the fertil shores of Cromerty?

*Arn.* Because their shores are incapable of freezing, for no snow lies here, though bordering almost on the frigid zone ; nor does ice incrustate the earth near the shores : for the very sands are so contempered from a natural innate quality of warmth, occasioned it's possible from the salinity of the ocean, which suddenly dissolves the snow that falls, preanticipating the formation of frost, or any such like coagulum. And this is the reason her shores are enrich'd with fertility, were but the people polish'd with art and agriculture ; for were it so, I should then conclude them blest with a delightful prospect, that flows from the fluctuating generosity of *Portus Salutis*.

*Theoph.* Is this the castle, and the coast of Cromerty ? How do the people do to free themselves from the depredations of the Highlanders ?

*Arn.* Well enough ; it's morally impossible it should be otherwise, except nature run retrograde : I know no other distinction, than below and above stairs ; but I should have told you (since a received opinion) that the greatest plenty of fish and fowl that belongs to Scotland, falls

in or near this *Portus Salutis* ; where lobsters are sometimes sold for bodles a piece ; but for crabs, perewinkles, and various other shell-fish, as cockles, and mussels, &c. the natives are not nice to share such entertainments amongst strangers ; meaning such as cruise all along their coast, till the season of the year compels them off.

*Theoph.* It's a pleasant part of a country, I confess, though methinks it stands almost out of the world.

*Arn.* Let it stand as it will stand, it stands well enough, by reason it borders so near the Highlands.

*Theoph.* Why then it will look further off from home. For these Highlands, to my thinking, but represent a part of the creation left undrest : As some great and magnificent fabrick is erected, you know abundance of rubbish is left to remove ; so I fancy those Highlands appear to me, because wanting ornament, and destitute of cultivation.

*Arn.* You shall have it on your own terms, as void of form as the natives are indigent of morals and good manners. However, from these eminent rocks we descry the ocean, and the ships sometimes as they cruise upon the coast. But now the air that was serene, is thickned, I fancy, and struck with impressions of cold ; for the wrack of clouds begin to roll about, variously in-

termingled with a rapid motion ; and the lower region swells and looks big, but the nights direct to an equal proportion with the days : so that observing the summer in a declining posture, what think you of fixing our inclinations southward ? And in our countermarch, take a breviaite of all the rivers, rivulets, cities, citadels, castles and corporations, that lie in our way, till we face their magnificent metropolis of Edinburgh.

*Theoph.* I approve of the motion well enough, it comports with my inclination.

*Arn.* Let us then proceed methodically, and commence with the Castle of Cromerty, where the Laird Urquart lived in his life-time ; who had twice twenty children standing at once before him ; but thirty were sons, and ten of them daughters ; and all at the state of men and women, yet not one natural child amongst them (as I was told.) Now this venerable Laird of Urquart lived to the utmost limit and period of life ; whose declining age invites him to contemplate mortality, and cruciate himself, by fancying his cradle his sepulchre, wherein he was lodg'd night after night, and hal'd up by pullies to the roof of his house ; approaching as near as the roof would let him, to the beautiful battlements and suburbs of heaven.

*Theoph.* Was not this that Urquart, whose

eldest son writ a treatise in honour of his pedigree ; wherein he describes his genealogy from Adam ?

*Arn.* It's the very same, for he traced his descent from the Garden of Eden.

*Theoph.* Why then was his book doom'd to be stuff'd with nothing but fantastical fabulous fictions ?

*Arn.* Because his country-men thought it too ambiguous for any man to trace his pedigree from paradise.

*Theoph.* Was that all ? had they no antiquaries amongst them ? But hold a little, what place is this ?

*Theoph.* Old Chanery, hung about with charms that enchanted a grampus to come ashore, whose bulk (some fancied) burdned the sands ; but he became a prey to the English infantry. Now we trace the flourishing fields of Murry-land ; and this is Old Ern where Marquess Montross engaged his country-men, and totally routed them. This next town is Forres, famous for nothing except that infamous vermin the rat ; because so numerous in these northern parts, that a cat can scarcely get a living amongst them.

*Theoph.* Why don't they send and fetch of the earth from Ross ?

*Arn.* That I know not ; but this I know, that

they snatch'd the meat off our trenchers, and churm'd the stockings and apparel of the soldiers ; who projected lines to hang their clothes on, upon which these vermin would dance and totter, as if invited by the dull sound of a northern-country bagpipe, their natural musick, and most congruous to their kind.

*Theoph.* I have been told, that these vermin politicians storm the town once or twice a year, to the terrifying amazement of all the inhabitants ; and that cats durst not be seen to scout abroad, lest hazarding their lives whenever they encounter.

*Arn.* That's matter of fact ; who doubts the truth on't ?

*Theoph.* That should I, were I not convinc'd to the contrary. But what remarkable monuments are these like pyramids in the ambient air ?

*Arn.* I know not, except some signals of victory ; it may be some field has been fought hereabouts : otherwise I should fancy them unintelligible mutes, left only on purpose for strangers to admire them.

*Theoph.* What town call ye that, that presents unto us ?

*Arn.* The famous Elgin, situated on a level, and besieged round about with flourishing corn-

fields ; whose spacious ports surround a cathedral, blotted and blurr'd by the dates of time.

*Theoph.* However it appears that some eminent characters are left yet to evidence the footsteps of superannuated curiosity, and inform us the antiquity of her original lustre.

And that is all ; but not lustre enough left to vie with the gaity of those famous imbelishments of Westminster-Chappel : that oracle strikes all structures dumb, and is the nonsuch of Europe, nay, all the world ; models of it have been transported into foreign parts, and equally admired, with Oliver's medals.

*Theoph.* Elgin was once a beauty, nor is it now an artificial deformity ; yet such is the unconstancy of men and times, that this fabrick is defaced, and prelacy thrown down : methinks I could almost lament her ruins ; these marginal notes on the frontispiece of Elgin intitle her cathedral a northern beauty.

*Arn.* But not to parallel that unparallel'd curiosity, the illustrious Chappel-Royal of King's-Colledg in Cambridg.

*Theoph.* Yet is there a beauty in Elgin's antiquities ; therefore it's a vanity beyond ignorance, and a presumption beyond pardon, should any pretend to outvie it in Scotland.

*Arn.* I must confess that imbelish'd fabricks are more my admiration than perplexed contro-

versies. What profit is there in unprofitable disputations? That genius to me seems disingenuous and turbulent, that is always angling in tempestuous streams. Our occasion invites us to recreation, not riot. To a description of the country; not to register her faults, and obliterate her favours. What have we to do with secular affairs? the management of kingdoms and national concerns is nothing our business; nor need our curiosity inspect the artificers of the law that fleece the country, whilst *Presbyter John* writes his funeral-epitaph with *Jure Divino*.

*Theoph.* Our discourse, I perceive, if we be not mindful, will bring us about; however, the best on't is, here are no hedges to turn us.

*Arn.* No, here's an open passage to the glittering streams of Trespey, that generously accommodates the angler, whilst the natives frequently consult the net, for the treasures of pearl, studiously concealed in the gravelly deeps. Why should nature's ornaments want admiration, or the industrious angler the fruition of contemplation?

*Theoph.* What fair fabrick is that which stands before us?

*Arn.* Bogagieth, the Marquess of Huntly's palace, all built with stone, facing the ocean; whose fair front (set prejudice aside) worthily deserves an English man's applause for her lofty

and majestick towers and turrets, that storm the air; and seemingly make dints in the very clouds. At first sight, I must confess, it struck me with admiration, to gaze on so gawdy and regular a frontispiece; more especially when to consider it in the nook of a nation. Nor do I know any reason, but that every English man should advance a due proportion of Scotland's fame, as freely and candidly as of his own native country; provided the kingdom of Scotland deserve it. I have told you that the name of this house is Bogagieth, alluding, as I fancy, to the nature of the place, by reason the ground appears so boggy; whose battlements on a fair day display themselves to the portals of Elgin. But more southerly yet are the fortifications of Straboggy, bordering on the tracts to Aberdeen; which also belongs to the Marquess Huntly, the chief of the clan of the Gordons; as is Earl Seaforth, chief of the Mackenzies. Now this bulky Straboggy has an invincible tower, so large and stupendous that it burdens the earth, and is without precedent the largest in Scotland; situated on a flat, begirt with bogs, amalgamiz'd with loomish marly clay, and cemented into rocks, makes prospect by a short interview to the skirts of the Highlands, whilst the elevated tarrasses of beautiful Bogagieth overlook the ocean, and is

as eminently discours'd for a stately palace, as Elgin is admired for a sumptuous cathedral.

*Theoph.* Are these those savannas so enrich'd with rivulets, and every rivulet stock'd with trout? Do these purling streams proclaim a plenty, and does not every shore shine with silver sands, whilst the craggy cliffs stand burden'd with trees?

*Arn.* It answers your description; as the tower of Straboggy seems impregnable, yet Marquess Argile once earth'd so deep in't, that all the clan of the Gordons could not undermine him, notwithstanding their popularity, and residence about it.

*Theoph.* What caused the difference, could not the law reconcile them?

*Arn.* No, nor the gospel neither; if when to consider their difference in opinion, for the Gordons, you must know, are profest Roman-catholics; and Scotland, nay all the world, knows that the Campbels are Presbyterians. Now the first won't live without a universal bishop, and the last can't live without a parochial priest; what think you now, are they like to agree?

*Theoph.* No, I think not, if they hold to the point.

*Arn.* Let the point be what it will, these are the stately turrets of Straboggy, where I fancy

the bogs would baffle our horses, did not a counter-march towards our native country sweeten the toil. So our delicious fragrances, were they stuck in these northern fields, would certainly perfume them.

*Theoph.* You have eminent thoughts of home; but how will it happen to us here, coming so unexpectedly upon our landlord?

*Arn.* Trouble not yourself with that affair, for he is never unprovided of good entertainment.

*Theoph.* Nor I of an appetite, for my stomach stands sentinel.

*Arn.* So does mine, to encounter good commons.

*Theoph.* How vainly do we flatter our selves, that in these solitary fields, immur'd with mountains and besieg'd with bogs, where heath and haddir are the height of our horses, there to expect moor-fowl and manchets inseparable companions? No no, let a dish of sewins serve us for supper, rather than dream of a delicious regalia; and instead of an olio, a broil'd haddock; or it may be a Scots collop, if we can get it. But I'll welcome any thing that comes seasonably to thaw the icicles that flatten the edge of my appetite; so that now if only to find the people courteous, tho not over-curious, and their pantries provided with meat, tho themselves be destitute

of manners, it matters not. We are capable enough to distinguish academies from ale-houses, and change houses from a royal-exchange. What matters it then for cooks, where every man may dress his own commons? and let the provision of this day's exercise (if trout and plover be food fit for travellers) be my care; and I'll supervise the roast, whilst you rest your self, and send you summons upon the first savory scent.

*Arn.* You have very well contriv'd to salute our mouths with a modicum, lest our appetites alienate; for if fasting too long brings equal danger with a riot of feasting, a surfeit of either may impare the mediocrity of health: for as the one ushers in fevers that terminate in flames, so the other, in regard of its moist frigidity, melts all the members into a deluge, by extinguishing the irradiating vital heat; which insensibly draws on a deprav'd ferment, preternatural to the archæus or rector of the ventricle. Thus we range the world, by rifling Scotland, to refresh our selves; and blot out those limpid streams of Trespey, that glide so smoothly near to the famous foundations of Bogagieth; which beyond dispute discovers the glory of Scotland epitomiz'd in this short day's expedition.

*Theoph.* Now should the flaming steeds of the sun touch the cusp of the horizon before we rise, would not all mankind conclude us affected with

ease and idleness ? and if so, then mark the conclusion, the sluggard he is ravished with ease and long nights ; and the epicure in raptures at a luxurious table. Now see what follows ; but as disease is the child of intemperance, and idleness the parent of penury and want ; disease therefore is the reward of repletion, and death the final captivator of mortals.

*Arn.* This discourse I perceive has brought something to bear ; for now I see the world's great luminary gild the rocks, and polish the surface of the smoother streams. The heavens shine their blessings most propitiously upon us ; but the earth beyond dispute will prove rugged and knotty, (since reflecting on my self) that from Straboggy to Aberdeen, there's not a more irregular path in Scotland.

*Theoph.* We must take it as it falls, and be thankful for it ; however we are in our way for England.

*Arn.* There's the magnet that attracts the Chalybs, the root of the matter I perceive lies there ; England is the end, and Scotland the mean. However, we must pass by the flourishing streams of Dee, so much discours'd by every angler, where the generosity of every ford furnishes him with trout ; as do her solid and more torpid deeps accommodate him with salmon, had

we leisure to experience them ; but time, like us and our occasion, rides post.

*Theoph.* If opportunity and importunity strike difficulties dead, then why do we ramble these rolling streams, and produce nothing ?

*Arn.* Yes, but we do, if only to tell the world that the Marquess Montross, a peer of the kingdom, and a general of incomparable conduct and courage, in these solitary fields (though with but a small brigade of souldiers) fought with his country-men, and totally routed them. And to make the miracle yet more miraculous, this famous martialist obtained another signal victory ; though when under those ill circumstances, as not to reinforce himself ; yet with that bravery he redoubled his resolution, and fought them under the very walls of this flourishing Aberdeen, from whence he brought off the trophies. And this is that famous Aberdeen, whose western suburbs are guarded by the hills ; as are those levels more easternly saluted by the ocean.

*Theoph.* Is this that Aberdeen so generally discours'd by the Scots for civility ?

*Arn.* Yes, and humanity too ; for it's the paragon of Scotland.

*Theoph.* Why do not you call it by the name of a city ?

*Arn.* It matters not much for that, since the

general vogue of a town serves as well : however it's a corporation, and that's enough ; and I'm convinc'd it stands in a cultivated country, that never knew the force of sterility ; whose banks are bathed with the glittering streams of Dee, and her walls shaded with fertil corn fields, promulgates plenty ; for heaven, by the law of generosity, certainly has bless'd her : for here the sun so moderates the cold in winter, that it seldom or rarely freezes her sands ; whose increase is multiplied from the generous breasts of the ocean. And from whence both mariner and merchant accumulate treasure, because to drag it forth from the solid deeps of the sea ; when at other times they import their goods into the Highlands, as they export commodities into remote countries.

*Theoph.* But the harbour, I fancy, that's somewhat too strait ; and the entrance, as I conceive, much too narrow ; however it's examined secure enough.

*Arn.* Peradventure it is ; yet these rocks at the entrance terrify the pilot, as her harbour, when entred, exhilarates the passenger. Now the buildings of this city are framed with stone and timber ; facing the sun, and fronting this pleasant harbour : the streets also are large and spacious, and the walls strengthened with towers and buttresses of stone. So that nothing in my

opinion, remains defective to complete them happy ; for if not to waste by an overpluss, they can never pine away by a want.

*Theoph.* I fancy this place situate in a pleasant part of a country ; and so was that relique of antiquity we but newly past by, when approaching the suburbs of this flourishing city.

*Arn.* You do well to remind me, for I had almost forgot it ; that was Old Aberdeen : things that grow ancient, grow out of fashion ; however, it's the mother city of New Aberdeen, and a university to boot, wherein stands an old weather-beaten cathedral, that looks like the times, somewhat irregular : but of that I have little to say, since others before me thought requisite to erect such public places for private devotion, when this present generation conform themselves, by contracting their congregations to lesser now.

*Theoph.* Is this Old Aberdeen an old university ? why then a sophister may pick up as much ethicks and politicks as will serve him to stuff out a pair of lawn sleeves. Cathedrals in some countries influence the inhabitants, as planets, you know, have government over the vital parts.

*Arn.* You must have a slash at the gown, I perceive ; but what think you of the church in New Aberdeen, (that's no cathedral) where the magistrates sit under the sovereignty of the mace,

and every merchant in his peculiar pew ; where every society of mechanicks have their particular seats, distinguished by escutcheons, sutable to their profession ; so that confusion seldom or rarely happens amongst them, in quarrelling for places ; where strangers are unsuspected for informers and intruders, and the civillity of the people such, that no man is left destitute of a seat to sit on, but every one entertained answerable to his quality ?

*Theoph.* This is something like ; for it far exceeds the custom of England, where a man may stand in some churches till his feet are surbeat, yet nobody proffer him a remove, or a stool to sit on.

*Arn.* But this is not all neither ; for here you shall have such method in their musick, and such order and decorum of song-devotion in the church, as you will admire to hear, though not regulated by a cantor or quirister, but only by an insipid parochial clerk, that never attempts further in the mathematicks of musick, than to compleat the parishioners to sing a psalm in tune.

*Theoph.* You have concisely characterized Aberdeen, with her inhabitants ; but what have we here ? Cawses uncartable, and pavements unpracticable, pointed with rocky stumpy stones, and dawb'd all over with dingy dirt, that makes it unpassible ; and the fields, as I conceive, are

ten times worse, because o'erspread with miry clay, and incumbred with bogs that will bury a horse.

*Arn.* For better for worse, we must through it, if intending to climb the southern elevations. Now at the foot of this pavement there's a small little harbour which they call Steenhive, but I take the liberty to call it *stinking hive*, because it's so unsavory ; which serves only for pirates and pickeroons ; but it bravely accommodates the Highlander for depredations.

*Theoph.* What fabrick is this that peeps out of the ocean ?

*Arn.* Donnotter-Castle, surrounded with sea, and waves for recreation dance about it : it's a house so inoculated and cemented into rocks, that a man would fancy it to swim in the ocean ; and the natural strength so impregnable, supposeth the artificial but inconsiderable, whose rocky foundations, like Atlas's pillars, support the bulk of this gaudy fortress. For art and artist are but nature's substitutes ; where-ever therefore nature ceaseth to operate, then is the time for artist to begin his progress. But nature has finished what she had to do, and has left nothing for the artist to practise, save only to adorn the natural excellency. After this manner is that artificial imbellishment, for the rock it self is the natural strength, then the castle can be but the

artificial. From when we conclude, that nature and art have form'd such a fabrick for strength and beauty, that amuzes and amazes every beholder.

*Theoph.* I behold and consider this invincible castle, lifted up like a cloud into the ambient air. I have also considered the gait of her galleries, and those ornaments that adorn her gaudy frontiers. I have also considered those opposite mountains, whose formidable aspect are no pleasing prospect to those imbellish'd battlements, that seemingly float in the arms of the ocean.

*Arn.* You have hit the key, and now let me tune up the instrument; those mountains inar all: yet in this fair fortress they conceal the Regalia's of Scotland, from such sacrilegious hands that would steal diadems to adorn their ambitions; so rob their prince to enrich themselves; for here it is, in this solitary rock besieged with sea, that Scotland has conceal'd both ornament and treasure; and what greater ornament to a prince than a crown?

*Theoph.* That I can believe as an article of my creed, yet all is not gold that glisters; for should all reports pass muster for realities, truth it self might be brought into the scandal of suspicion. That the crown has been lodg'd in Donnotter, I

dispute not, yet Dumbarton I should think in all respects as secure, and Edinburgh-Castle as secure as either, to conceal that treasure from degenerate mercenaries, that would violate their trust though they venture to hang for it.

*Arn.* You are in the right on't, but the road I fancy runs not so rough as it did; nor are my apprehensions of England so remote as they were: both the way and the weather favour our designs in this southern expedition: for England's our prospect, now propound you the object: and as we ride along to the town of Montrose, signify your opinion of the flourishing Aberdeen.

*Theoph.* You impose a little too hard upon me; I can scarcely express my opinion of a place, but I must be sentenced too much to commend it. On the other hand, should I lessen or impair their civilities, then you challenge me to reflect on our civil entertainments. This dilemma I am driven to. However you cannot deny, but acknowledg, that Aberdeen is sweetly situated, and under the government of well-regulated magistrates: No complaint of poverty, nor luxurious superfluities; where the houses are fill'd with hospitality, not with prophaneness; their streets and allies cleanly swept and paved, and their church and state-house very curious-

ly kept, after the best methods of the Scottish mode. But how Montrose will represent unto us, that I suspend to determine till farther examination.

*Arn.* Trouble not your self with that affair, for Montrose will murder all your suspicions. Her generous entertainments in every angle, like radiated beams of the sun that invigorate the earth, so naturally do the inhabitants influence their civilities amongst strangers; which remonstrates Montrose a beauty that lies conceal'd, as it were, in the bosom of Scotland; most delicately drest up, and adorn'd with excellent buildings, whose foundations are laid with polish'd stone, and her ports all wash'd with the silver streams that trickle down from the famous Ask. This is Montrose in the county of Angus, antiently known by the name of Cælurcha. Tell me how you like it, whose gaiety and gallantry springs from the nobility and gentry; but the wealth of the city, from her merchants and manufacture: and though you see not her harbours deck'd with delicate shipping, yet she contents herself with a pleasant river, that commodates the inhabitant with the blessings of plenty, and that's enough. So to sum up all in a compendious narrative, we intitle Montrose the Mount of Roses.

*Theoph.* What encomium more elegant, or

what character more eminent for these sweet situations, than the Rosy Mount of our northern latitude? Nay, what expressions could be added more compendiously significant to characterize the beautiful elevations and imbellishments of Montrose, I know not: then let this short derivation answer all objections; whilst we enter her ports, and use arguments of refreshment to our hostile appetites, in regard so famous a river as the famous Ask salutes her banks and flourishing shores with daily supplies, to relieve her inhabitants, and accommodate strangers.

*Arn.* Now our next advance is to the town of Dundee: but give me leave to call it deplorable Dundee, and not to be exprest without a deluge of tears; because storm'd and spoil'd by the rash precipitancy of mercenaries, whose rapinous hands put a fatal period to her stately imbellishments, with the loss of many innocent lives, altogether unconcern'd in that unnatural controversy.

Ah, poor Dundee! torn up by the roots; and thy natives and inhabitants pick'd out at the port-holes. Can honour shine in such bloody sacrifices, to lick up the lives of inhabitants, as if by a studied revenge? Can nothing sweeten the conquerour's sword, but the reeking blood of orphans and innocents? Blush, O heavens, what

an age is this ! There was wealth enough to answer their ambitions, and probably that as soon as any thing betrayed her. Could nothing satisfy the unsatiable sword, but the life of Dundee to atone as a sacrifice ? English men without mercy, are like Christians without Christianity ; no moderation nor pity left, but parceling out the lives of poor penitents in cold blood ? Who must answer for this at the bar of heaven, before the judg of all the world ? But he that doom'd Dundee to die, is dead himself, and doom'd e're this ; and Dundee yet living to survive his cruelty.

*Theoph.* Is this Dundee ! Disconsolate Dundee, where the merciless conquerour stuck down his standard in streams of blood ?

*Arn.* Yes, this is that unfortunate and deplorable Dundee, whose laurels were stript from the brow of her senators, to adorn the conquering tyrant's head. Here it was that every arbour flourished with a fruitful vine ; and here every border was beautified with fragrant flowers. Yet her situation seems to me none of the best ; for if bordering too near the brinks of the ocean proves insalubrious, or stooping too low to salute the earth, incommodes health by unwholsom vapours ; then to stand elevated a pitch too high, suffocates with fumes, that equally of-

fend and infect the air, by blotting out sanity with the sovereignty of life.

*Theoph.* This somewhat answers my former opinion, that neither honour nor riches, nor the ambitions of men, stand in competition with the mediocrity of health ; nor is there any blessing under the sun adequate to the sovereign sanctions of sanity on this side eternity, but the radiés of sanctification from the sun of righteousness. The world's a fool, and none but fools admire it : Yet not that I prophane the beautiful creation ; when only censuring that fictitious and imaginary world in man. Go on with Dundee ; I overflow with pity, and could wish my reluctance penitency enough to weep her into a religious repentance, but not with Rachel never to be comforted. Hark, Arnoldus ! Don't you hear the bells ?

*Arn.* Yes, I hear them, and what of that ? Bells and bonfires are two catholick drumsticks, with which the church beats up for volunteers only to debauch them. For what end were bells hung up, if not to jangle ; and bonfires kindled, if not to blaze like an *ignis fatuus* ? Thus people uncultivated are like land untill'd, and arts unimprov'd print the footsteps of penury. But arts are improv'd by industrious ingenuity ; when through want of ingenious industry they

slide into a non-entity. As no man can be truly religious without good morals, so no man without good morals can be in any measure religious. Not that I assert religion is morality ; but morality is the porch that lets into the temple.

*Theoph.* You paraphrase upon bells ; I wonder how you miss'd bag-pipes, since the one has as much the root of the matter in't as the other. By these mystical metaphors, if I hit the mark, you present England an emblem of Canaan, and Scotland but a piece of English imitation.

*Arn.* You don't hit the key right, but I perceive England lies close siege in your bosom ; however there ought to be some charity for Scotland, that so generously entertained you with all sorts of varieties.

*Theoph.* Scotland 'tis true has variety enough to confuse and confound all the cooks in England.

*Arn.* All this I'll grant.

*Theoph.* Then you must grant their butter but little better than grease we usually grease cart-wheels withal ; which nauseates my palat if but to think on't, or remember the hand that made it up. I know there are men that have maws like muck-hills, that can feed as freely upon tainted flesh, as you and I upon pheasant and partridge.

*Arn.* What then ?

*Theoph.* Why then you argue as if you had lost your English appetite, and I would not for all the varieties in Scotland, that the resentments of England should expire in my palat.

*Arn.* Does hunger make any distinction in dainties? if not, then why should Scottish kale blot out the character of English colliflowers?

*Theoph.* I shan't dispute the point, but the very thoughts of England sweetens my apprehensions, that possibly e're long I may taste of a southern sallad: However, this I'll say in the honour of Scotland, that cold and hunger are inseparable companions, but their linens are fresh; and were not their beds so short, they would serve well enough for weary travellers.

*Arn.* Then I fancy they will serve well enough for us, whilst we trace the fragrant levels of Fife. For now we relinquish the beautiful ports of Dundee, to transport in boats that are steer'd with a compass of straw, by reason of the embodied mists, to which Dundee is as incident as any part, because standing in a bottom that's besieged with mucky miry earth; from whence there insurrect such pernicious vapours, as nauseate the air; whereby it becomes almost infectious.

*Theoph.* Why so?

*Arn.* Because it debilitates both the native and inhabitant, and would certainly incapacitate

them of health and long life, did not custom and a country-habit plead a prescription, both as to physick and diet : Insomuch, that neither gass nor blass, nor any nauseating suffocating fumes, nor hardly death it self can snatch them from Scotland ; where some natives have lived to a prodigious age.

*Theoph.* But to the country of Fife, I fear you'll forget it.

*Arn.* No, no, doubt it not, nor would I have you startle the mariner, who, because destitute of a card to pilot us over by, is compell'd to make use of a compass of straw.

*Theoph.* A very ingenious invention ; pray tell us the manner on't.

*Arn.* Don't push too hard upon me ; and I'll tell you this new way of navigation. When cloudy mists arise that darken the face of the firmament, and threaten danger without any disturbance, you shall then see the seamen stuff the stern with straw, as now they do with little trusses, which they successively expose one at a time ; and so supply it time after time from the stern of the vessel, till at length they arrive at the desired shoar, as now we do ; And thus have I past and repast from Dundee. Nor is there any difficulty nor danger to any man more than hazarding his carcase in timber. Now welcome

ashore to the fields in Fife ; where we must exchange our navigable horses for hackneys.

*Theoph.* What must we call the name of this town ?

*Arn.* Cooper in Fife ; it's a corporation.

*Theoph.* And what other town is that yet more eastward, that seems to lean on the skirts of the ocean ?

*Arn.* That's antient Saint Andrews, their metropolitan university. Upon the same coast lie Creel and Petenweems. More southerly yet lies cockly Carcawdy facing the ocean, and the frontiers of Leith : we shall only take a view of the palace of Faulkland, though her fair imbelishments outlustre Dumfermling.

*Theoph.* What's our next stage ?

*Arn.* Brunt-Island : but I must remind you of the magnificent Palace of Scoon, forgot as we past by the ports of Saint Johnstons, near whose elevated turrets there stands a kirk, that stands upon all the land in Scotland ; which kirk is immur'd with a fair stone wall ; and in that kirk they crown their kings, and perform the formalities of all other royal duties ; which regalia are the sword, spurs, purse, crown, globe, scepter, and Bible. Now he's a dunce that knows not this duty, because it's incumbent on all the kingdom of Scotland.

*Theoph.* But how stands the kirk upon all the kingdom?

*Arn.* There's not a royalty in the kingdom of Scotland, but has sent some part of earth (from every angle) to this place called Scoon; which earth was dispersed by laborious industry; upon which the foundations of the kirk were laid. So that now you are to consider this variety of mould represents but one uniform and compact body of earth: which earth represents the great volume of Scotland in a breviat, or as I may term it, a little compendium.

Thus our discourse of the kirk of Scoon has accompanied us to a view of pleasant Carcawdy, a little pretty maritime town (built all with stone) that stands in the face of the ocean, and the frontiers of Fife. But the time and our occasion constrains us to pass by Carcawdy, where the inhabitants live more upon fish than flesh; from whose slender ports we must hasten to Brunt-Island, otherwise we endanger losing our tide, which will much incommode us; nor can we stay there to examine their curiosities.

*Theoph.* What's this that so naturally represents the ocean? And what are those ships, under sail? or must I fancy them a landskip of moveable mountains?

*Arn.* If you fancy them ships fluctuating to

and fro on those solid deeps to attempt that harbour, you are not much mistaken.

*Theoph.* Is there any town on those rocky foundations ?

*Arn.* Yes surely there is ; for we now discover the pleasant shores of beautiful Brunt-Island, guarded with rocks that front the harbour and the pier of Leith ; over whose rubified sands we must plough the ocean, to those delectable flourishing ports ; provided the vessel be tite and unleaky, as questionless this is, design'd for our passage.

*Theoph.* However, I'll remind you of our hazardous passage from Innerbrachy to the famous Ness, as at another time our personal hazard, when fording over Forres, and the rapid Trespsey ; besides other great rivers and rivulets in our march, of very swift and violent motion ; which we often discharg'd without the artifice of boats : and yet I cannot help that natural antipathy and aversion, that I find against timber fortifications ; nor can I think them such sovereign security, but that sometimes they are accompani'd with difficulties and danger. It's true, I grant, that no man has an infallible protection for life ; nor a pre-knowledg of sickness nor sudden solution.

*Arn.* Well then, if so, transplant those fears

into foreign parts ; for we must certainly, and that suddenly, expose ourselves to the mercy of the sea, by the providence of God. Nor is the danger more than imagination ; for the fear of death to some men is more dreadful and terrible than death it self ; which great sea we must all sail through, before we cast anchor in the port of eternity.

*Theoph.* You have sodred the breach, and salv'd the wound, that now I itch to be floating on the ocean. However, before we embark for Leith, let us give nature a Philip in the arms of Brunt-Island.

*Arn.* All this we may do, and view the situations too, which stands on a flat and flourishing level, back'd by Fife, and the mountains of Mirt, whose foundations are laid in rocky stone, and beautified with the regularities of art, where there's a small but secure harbour, to rescue the retreats of the terrified passenger, when pursued with the furious hostility of Neptune, whose waves storm the shores, insinuating themselves into every creek. But the beauty of Brunt-Island lies most in her market-place, which serves for an exchange, fronting the harbour, and facing the ocean ; where all or most of her merchant's houses stand gazing on the beautiful Pier of Leith.

*Theoph.* Is this the vessel design'd for our

passage? I fancy the waves begin to work, for my belly I'm sure begins to wamble. See how the wrack of clouds thicken the air, and the unlimited winds rend the sky. Who can judge the result of these surly beginnings, or hope a good issue in the conclusion? The very body of the sea divides, and opens like a sepulchre to swallow up the rocks, in whose concealments lie the terrors of death. The deeps to my fancy are broke up; for my nauseating stomach ebbs and flows with as strong irritations as the ebullitions of the ocean.

*Arn.* Those tides, I confess, must run violently swift, that are hurried along by such furious agitations; but for two tides to meet in one sea together, one would think them enough to make an inundation. Yet how soon these lofty winds are suppress'd by a calm, and every mortal preserv'd to a miracle. So that the results of this impetuous storm, proves only a fresh and flourishing gale, occasioned by the conflict of winds and water; which forceth the sea in some measure to be sick, and compels her to vomit, as now she does, those nauseous ejectments, which for ought I know, constrains your stomach to lower and strike sail; so keep time it may be with the trepidating ocean; whose irritations, quickened by the universal motion, measure proportion with the rest of the creation. So that

this kind of physick, if I calculate right, may protract your tampering with physicians in the fall.

*Theoph.* Of what I'm assur'd, there's no need to doubt; you talk like a physician; but not that I think you a plagiary, that robs the dead to adorn the living: nor a medicaster, upon whose good deeds the sun always shines, but the earth covers all his bad ones.

*Arn.* You have nick't it now I think; however there's the Pier of Leith, and the beauty of Scotland in a little epitome; let us enter her ports to refresh our selves.

*Theoph.* Shall our pinnace drop anchor here, and the seamen refresh, whilst we step ashore and accomodate our selves?

*Arn.* Will you close up the orifice of your relaxed stomach with a glass of brisk claret? So mingle some liquor with your maritime labours, and thank generous Neptune to act the part of a physician, to shave off the foreign ferment from your crude and indigestive ventricle.

*Theoph.* I think it not amiss to recal those spirits, whose continued absence would enervate my digestions, which now I perceive begin to feel warmth; and my stagnated unactive blood grows more vigorous and active in circulation. My pulse also, that beats with an equal motion,

and my body begins to summon supplies, to gratify and satisfy a craving appetite.

*Arn.* As these are certain symptoms of health, you put a delay to what you solicit.

*Theoph.* If I do, what then? There's a superannuated custom kept up among the antients; that to gratify the appetite violates the creation. This was of old the Brachmans creed, and is to this day the Banians Alcoran, except of late they have changed their opinion: for they assert, that nature would be unnatural to her self in the destruction of any thing wherein she favourably had breathed a life.

*Arn.* Was this the primitive practice of our former ancestors?

*Theoph.* I don't say it was; I discourse the Brachmans that offer this argument. No man has a commission to create life, no man therefore by any law or custom ought to take life away; which if he do, he makes himself an instrument of unnatural cruelty, and his body a sepulchre to bury dead carcasses in.

*Arn.* But had they consulted our great oracle Moses, and considered the great ends of the great Creator, they would speak I fancy another dialect, and render unto us a different interpretation.

*Theoph.* Why so?

*Arn.* The Jews you may read had a sanction

among themselves, to celebrate sacrifices according to the Law ; and the Christians have a sanction among themselves also, to celebrate the devotions according to their Gospel. But the Banians comply with neither of these sanctions, because placing a sanctity in custom and opinion, not well considering that the world was made for man, and not man for the world ; meats for the belly, and not the belly for meats. This in some measure might reform their error, and undeceive deluded posterity, huddled under the false gloss of custom and opinion. On the other hand, as every man has a natural right and creational privilege as lord of the creation ; so no man has a creational right, nor natural privilege to make his appetite the rule for destruction. Providence allows due supplies to every man ; but no man can warrant or justify his riot.

*Theoph.* Were this argument approv'd of, it would, I suspect, overthrow our design of angling.

*Arn.* Not at all ; for my opinion is, the argument it self manifestly strengthens it. The text calls to Peter, Arise, kill and eat ; and Peter objects against what's common and unclean : But Peter was answered by a voice from heaven, Nothing was unclean that God had cleansed. Sacrifices and oblations were under the seal of the Law, but the last supper and miracle shined

under the sunshine of the Gospel. Adam stood unlimited, the forbidden tree only excepted; Nature was unconfined, and the creation blest with multiplicity of blessings, till Adam's transgression. But as nature operates the will of the Creator, so the nations shall bow to the Son of God.

*Theoph.* So let the argument drop ; only give us a description of the situations of Leith.

*Arn.* Leith stands, as you see, situated on a level surrounded by sea on the north-east ; and guarded on the south with Neal's Craigs, and Arthur's Seat, that hangs over Edinburgh. But the fabricks of Leith are built with stone, hovering over the pier, and fronting the ocean, almost drown'd under water ; and that which is worse, if worse can be, those nauseating scents suckt greedily from the sea, bring arguments of disease, and sometimes summons for death. On the other hand, Scotland cannot present you with a more pleasant port ; for here the houses and structures are large and lofty, and the pier like a gnomon directs to the tolbooth. Here also stands a substantial cawsey that leads to the bridg, that brings you to a citadel that was, but now is not, because hudled in dust, and ruinous heaps ; yet not ruin'd by age, nor torn with the scars and impressions of war ; but policy, and not piety, laid her surface in the sand.

*Theoph.* What merchandize doth she trade in?

*Arn.* For the most part she trades in foreign commodities, except some manufactures of their own, as ticking, bedding, tartan, pladding, Scots-cloth, &c. So that Leith for trade, with her merchandize for treasure, excels most, if not all the maritime ports in Scotland.

*Theoph.* Pray, what other accommodation hath she?

*Arn.* She has fish and flesh in abundance, viz. oysters, cockles, muscles, crabs, craw-fish, lobsters, soles, plaice, turbet, thornback, cod, keeling, haddock, mackrel, herring, &c. Then there's salmon, trout, pike, perch, eel, &c. but their flesh are beeves, veals, porks, veneson, kid, mutton, lamb, &c. And their fowl are eagles, signets, hawks, geese, gossander, duck and mallard, teal, widgeon, cock, pidgeon, heath-game, moorfowl, curlue, partridg, pheasant, plover, grey and green, and many more that I cannot remember. So great is their plenty and variety, that did not the popularity in Edinburgh render things more chargeable than other parts more remote up the country, a man might live almost without expence. And now we relinquish the flourishing ports of Leith, whose foundations are daily saluted by the ocean. O, how sweetly the weather smiles, the horizon looks clear, the sky

is serene, and the birds you may see them beat the ambient air with their tunable notes ! Come, Theophilus, let us mount our horses, and lift up your eyes to behold those lofty imbellishments of Edinburgh.

*Theoph.* They are obvious enough, half an eye may see them.

*Arn.* Welcome to these elevated ports, the princely court of famous Edinburgh. This city stands upon a mighty scopulous mountain, whose foundations are cemented with mortar and stone ; where the bulk of her lofty buildings represent it a rock at a reasonable distance, fronting the approaching sun ; whose elevations are seven or eight stories high, mounted aloft in the ambient air. But the length, as I take it, exceeds not one mile, and the breadth on't measures little more than half a mile ; nor is there more than one fair street, to my best remembrance. But then it's large and long, and very spacious, whose ports are splendid, so are her well-built houses and palaces, corresponding very much to compleat it their metropolis.

*Theoph.* What fabrick is that on the east of Edinburgh ?

*Arn.* Halliroad-House, the regal court of Scotland.

*Theoph.* But there's yet another great fabrick, that presents westward.

*Arn.* That's Edinburgh-Castle, elevated in the air, on an impregnable precipice of rocky earth, perpendicular in some parts, rampir'd and barricadoed with thick walls of stone, and graffs proportionable, to contribute an additional strength. So that you are to consider this inaccessible castle shines from a natural as well as an artificial product, because part of it you see contiguous with the rock ; but the other part, because affixed by cemented stone, which inoculates and incorporates them so firmly together, that the whole mass of building is of such incredible strength, that it's almost fabulous for any man to report it, or sum up the impregnable lustre and beauty of this fair fortress, that defies all attempts, except famine, disease, or treachery be conduct ; so that culverins and cannons signify but little, without bombs and carcasses. On the other hand, the defendants must not be too liberal, lest their water forsake them sooner than their ammunition ; so inevitably draw upon them the foregoing consequence, and incommode them with a thousand inconveniences. True it is, many arguments of art and artillery have been sent to examine this impregnable castle, but none were ever found more successful than hunger and disease, or the golden apples of the Hesperides. Such kind of magnets

muzzle mercenaries, and make them a golden bridg to pass over.

- *Theoph.* Is this fair fabrick the Parliament-House, where the grandees sit on national affairs?

- *Arn.* Yes, this is their palace where the parliament sits to accommodate the kingdom; whose famous ports we now relinquish to take a review of the bars of Musselburg. But that on our right hand is delicate Dalkeith, surrounded with a park; and that on our left hand is Preston-pans, where the natives make salt from the brine of the ocean. That other town before us is the corporation of Haddington; and this is the Brill; but the Bass you may see is a prodigious rock, that makes an island on the skirts of the ocean.

- *Theoph.* Is this the place where the solon geese breed, that are flesh in hand, but fish in the mouth? a mystery I fancy not inferiour to the barnicle.

- *Arn.* You say true, it's a great mystery, if seriously to consider the footsteps of nature; which I shall explain without a paradox. Do but observe that elevated rock that breaks the air, in that seeming solitary floating island; it's upon that rock, and only there, that she hatches, and initiates her young ones into the world, by

exposing her egg to the open air, and the utmost extremity of stormy winds; and those eggs, or the squirts (with other fowls) are so fix'd by contact of a glutinous specimen to the remote points of the rocks, that they seem conglutinated, and so intirely inoculated, as that no extremity of weather can separate them asunder, and where the female never hatches more than one single egg at once: and that egg she plants so evenly in the web of her foot, by placing her body exactly over it; that when she relinquisheth the rock for relief, with admirable circumspection she raises her self, by cautiously dilating her web, as the aspry does to circulate the air, who after the same method as when she leaves her egg, so she falls by circulating the air, and dilating her web in the same order and decorum as above; with such an exact poize and evenness of body to cover her egg, that no art nor industry can imitate or accomplish. So that the egg no sooner sprits, but it tumbles down into the brinish ocean for nature to nourish it. After this manner she hatcheth her young ones; and after this manner I am authorized to publish it.

*Theoph.* So much for geese, this was a rarity indeed; but not so eminently remarkable as the six great patriots of the English nation.

*Arn.* You push too hard upon me, however

I'll name them and no more : there were four great Harries, (viz.) Ireton, Vane, Nevill and Martin, and one marvelous Andrew, or Andrew Marvel.

*Theoph.* Still here is but five, what's become of the sixth?

*Arn.* You will find him at Dunbar swadling the Scots.

*Theoph.* What ! England's great general, the most renowned, valorous, and victorious conqueror, Oliver Cromwel.

*Arn.* Yes, that was he that swing'd off the Scots in those solitary planes, and swelling hills, near the ports of Dunbar : there it was that Cromwel and Lesly disputed by dint of sword, and the formidable terror of gun-shot, in which fatal engagement the Scots were routed, and fled the field ; whilst the conqueror's army sprinkled the earth with bloody sacrifices ; converting the green meadows into purple planes.

*Theoph.* And did not that great general then take in Tamtallon-Castle?

*Arn.* Presently after he did ; and that's the place ; how do you like it ?

*Theoph.* Not at all, I fancy it a place but of little strength.

*Arn.* However it covers the pass of Copperspeth, that we now pass through to ascend these dirty miry moors, which direct to the beautiful

battlements of Berwick, an English town upon Scottish ground, whose banks are bath'd with the sturdy torrents of Tweed, that descend from a mountainous elevation, in or near to Erricksteen; distant about some eight or nine miles from the famous Tintaw, whose eminent ascents face the English frontiers, standing on the Borders or South Marshes of Scotland. So that from Erricksteen, though some alledg from Tintaw, runs the glittering and resolute streams of Tweed.

However Tintaw is a prodigious mountain, whose lofty broaches break the burnded clouds. And such is Errick, if fame be a true oracle, that spouts forth three large and spacious rivers that wash the pleasant banks of Scotland; one of them is Tweed (as above express'd) that runs east directly to the town of Berwick, and espouseth her self with the ocean there; gliding along the English promontories, and is the original of Tweed's Dale. Another river is Annon, that bathes the fertil and florid banks of England, and creates a dale, called Annon's Dale; so glides along towards the Quaking Sands; and not far from Carlisle lancheth forth into the ocean. But the third is Cloyd, and is the last mentioned; yet is it nothing inferior to any of the former. This river directs her course north and by west, towards the lofty and domineering

turrets of Dumbarton; near unto those famous elevations she mingles her streams with the profound depths of the ocean, and is the author of Cloyd's Dale.

Now all these spacious and peremptory rivers, are derived from the springs in the mountain of Errick; but some alledg from Tintaw, on whose top stands a capsula, on the front of the hill directing southward; from whence those smaller streams separate themselves, through craggy passages and cavities in rocks; so trickling down, they sprinkle the moorish meadows, admitting of many other small rills and rivulets to mingle with them, in their more resolute passage.

*Theoph.* What have you there?

*Arn.* An ænigma of the famous Tintaw; which with much difficulty I procured from the collections of a Scots antiquary, that lived sometime in the town of Kilsieith; who to answer my solicitations concerning Tintaw, gave me, as you may read, this following paradox.

On Tintaw top thar dwells a mist;

And e'en that mist thar is a kist.

Spere in that mist, thar stands a cop,

And e'en that cop thar is a drop.

Take up the cop, drink oot the drop;

Than put the kist intul the mist,

On Tintaw top.

*Theoph.* What stuff's here? riddle me riddle me, what's this?

*Arn.* It is a riddle, and stuff'd with varieties; and so let it remain till explicated by such as travel those solitary tracts; or solicit acquaintance with some of our solent society. And now Scotland I bid thee farewell, to advance Great Britain's southern territories, (the magnet) only Berwick upon Tweed we select for this night's accommodation, where we need not doubt of English entertainment. That's the town that discovers it self by those lofty turrets; let us sleep there this night, and bid Scotland farewell to morrow.

*Theoph.* Rest and refreshment seem relatives to travellers.

*Arn.* So discourse and discovery of objects and prospects claim a like privilege, to plant the sweets of diversion in anglers and others.

*Theoph.* Yes surely, otherwise I had lost my expectation; and this day's journey broke the heart of a traveller.

*Arn.* Then to cement it again, what if I proceed to instruct you of all those eminent rivers and rivulets, in our passage southward, till we arrive at the beautiful streams of triumphant Trent; whose florid and fertil banks, with a majestic brow, smile on the amorous fields, and England's Elizium, the forest of Sherwood;

whose shady trees, as a pavilion, shelter and solace the contemplative angler : there it is that Philomel melts the air in delightful groves ; there the hills will shelter us, the rocks surround us, and the shady woods relieve and retrieve us, whilst Nottingham, that nonsuch, doth sweeten our ears with delicious concerts, and our eyes with variety of buildings, that stand in a serene and wholsom air. But their cellarage, beyond compare, is the best in England, and most commodious, and the whole town situated on a pleasant rock ; where the streets are adorned with beautiful houses, the florid fields fill'd with sweet *aroma's* ; and the exuberant meadows enrich'd with fragrant perfumes, that will ravish the angler, if when to trace and examine the gliding silver streams of famous Trent.

*Theoph.* Rome was not built in a day, nor are my resolutions so precipitant to build without materials ; for if rash results reap repentance, it's good and wholesome advice, *to look before we leap* ; an old proverb is a good premonition, and a timely premonishment prevents a premonire. I cannot say where to settle, but am desirous my lot may fall in or near to the forest of Sherwood, that mingles her shades with the florid meadows that adorn the beautiful streams of Trent ; on whose polite sands and murmuring streams, I could freely espouse my vacant hours.

*Arn.* In the mean time as we travel these northern tracks, give me leave to inform you of the names of those flourishing rivers, and gliding rivulets, till our eyes make a discovery of the beautiful and solitary shades of Sherwood, whose amorous bowers nature her self has curiously drest up to adorn the delightful meadows, and translucid streams of the famous Trent. Where we may gratify and satisfy our selves with the rod, and enrich our selves with the sweet progress of peace: for having the forest of Sherwood on the north, the vale of Belvoir on the south, and the transparent glittering streams in the centre, what can we propound to sweeten our recreation more, than to mingle our sober thoughts with the divine prospect of contemplation?

*Theoph.* I approve of your contrivance for a solitary life, which gratifies and compensates both labour and study.

*Arn.* And will it not furnish us with arguments against immoderate excess, and the violent pursuit after recreation? Besides, it will sweeten our lives with the life-touches of virtue, and the property of such things as may best conduce to the present occasion; as also for our future advantage. As for example; when returning from Trent triumphant with spoil, what hinders us to refresh with rhetorick from Apol-

lo? I know that you'll grant piety the best expositor of a holy life; and if so, it gives us the most lively and amiable prospect of eternity, whilst the world, and malicious men, like ravenous vultures, unnaturally tear out one another's bowels.

*Theoph.* It's true, I acknowledg that sin, like a cart-rope, draws down destruction on every generation: And is not that generation ripe enough for destruction, where the streets are storm'd with oaths and impieties; and the houses blackned with blasphemous imprecations; not a sin cruciated, nor a lust mortified? Surely that nation stands a tip-toe that leans upon the rotten props of pride; and will not pride (think you) sink it self, so inevitably fall with its own weight? Look but upon the foundation of national piety; and you'll see how it lies in the arms of national polity. Will this suppress the vice of the times, and work a reformation in religion and good manners, such as cruciat Christ every day, vilifie Christianity, by putting Christ to open shame, and a rape upon conscience to gratify their luxury. So not only endangers themselves, but that nation, and those natives so unhappy to live with them.

*Arn.* Though a spark of fire shine bright, yet every shining spark is not a star; nor does the orderly laying the sacrifice on the altar, merit

the descent of fire from heaven to kindle it : that man that acts by the law of his lust, imprisons his faith, and murders his reason. There is a generation of men that call the Sacred Scriptures a scare-crow of religion, to frighten people from the duties of Christianity ; nay they'll tell you, that Faith, Hope, and Charity are useless instruments and arguments to explain the mind of God : but such men approve themselves proficient of hell, that run besides the text to become disobedient to all the commandments. Man blown up with the blast of ambition, makes it a rule of faith to study revenge ; so puts a sword to his own throat, and yet cries out some other hurts him. Hypocrites of all men are dip'd in the deepest die, and doom'd to a lower hell than either Scribe or Pharisee : whilst the more religious contemplate vision, and seek the seraphick life of angels, which inclines me to an hermetick life, that speaks more piety than pageantry ; more religion than prophaneness ; more services than sacrifices ; more adoration to God, than to temples built with hands. But where are we now ? see here, Theophilus.

*Theoph.* What shall I see ?

*Arn.* Beggarly Belgrade, the first post-stage in England.

*Theoph.* Indeed I took it for a remnant of

Scotland, but am glad to discover my native country in any dress : I fancied I felt English air, before I touch'd English earth.

*Arn.* Here's another object.

*Theoph.* What's that ?

*Arn.* The ruins and remains of an antient castle, whose beautiful impressions are almost blotted out, by the shady strokes and impressions of time, that writes marginal notes on her tottering battlements. And such is the town, crazy and weather-beaten, standing upon stilts ; and because besieg'd with an unwieldy wall, makes it look not unlike a pilgrim ; or rather an infirm penitent, that moves slowly and creeps to his grave ; so do her antient ruins slide into dust : these are her ports, if you please let us enter. Near to this Alnwick runs the River Aln, or rather a rivulet. Distant from hence about some seven miles southward, stands Felton-Bridge, built all with stone, under which there glides most limpid streams that accommodate the angler.

*Theoph.* Shall we touch there ?

*Arn.* Not now, time won't permit us ; but as we descend these mountains, we discover Morpeth, whose banks are bath'd with the river Mor, where as yet remain the reliques and ruins of an antient castle, whose beauty is almost blotted

out with age, or some other irregularities, that prognostick time or war the fatal instruments to deface her battlements.

*Theoph.* What fair object is that before us ?

*Arn.* This eminent object that we now discover, is the town of Newcastle, rich in merchants, and many other gentlemen of valuable estates ; the wealthy walls of this town are wash'd with the profitable streams of Tine ; a river that's not only considerably deep, but proportionably large and spacious, whose banks and shores are sullied with coal ; whose product supplies all the southern parts, and accommodates England, which otherwise would be all ice, were not Newcastle sun enough to thaw it ; and London, I persuade my self would be but a cold constellation, did not this *ignis fatuus* shine in every corner of her beautiful palaces. Nay, most of our maritime towns, and all her Cinque-Ports, would coagulate into a concretion, did not this blazing comet shine in every chimney. But I must relinquish this mundane star, to climb up the south, to those most pleasant and beautiful galleries of Albion.

*Theoph.* What town is this ?

*Arn.* This is Durham (and a palatinate) where you may see an eminent but antient cathedral, begirt with the self-same wall that encircles the

town ; whose foundations are wash'd with the streams of Weer ; and where the palaces are pleasant, and in some parts beautiful, because shadowed with art, and polish'd with industry. Nay, the whole country presents a scene of pleasure, because plentifully stock'd with corn and cattle. Moreover it is very well supplied with coal, but not to ballance with the stock of Newcastle.

*Theoph.* Whereabouts are we now ?

*Arn.* Our course directs us to dirty Darlington, and that's a town that stands in stiff clay, yet centred in a plentiful part of a country. More southward yet, and about some three miles off, glide the glittering streams of the river Tee, whose fords are furnish'd with incomparable trout, as are her deeps with the race of salmon. But our next post-stage is the town of North-Ollerton, (a northern situation) famous for nothing that I know of, except a weather-beaten castle, demolish'd with age, and the ruins of time, which serves as a reception now for bats and buzzards, owls and jack-daws. However, the town stands sweetly situated in a rich soil, and fertil fields ; witness her plenty of corn, and her fair and large-headed cattle. More southward yet, and about some seven miles from hence, stands the town of Topliff ; but at the south end of the town stands a bridg of stone, that strad-

dles over the sullen Swale. There is little remarkable here besides the river, except the soil and solitary meadows.

*Theoph.* Whereabouts are we now ?

*Arn.* Why now we are come to Burrough-Brigs ; at the north end thereof runs the river Yor, into which falls the trembling streams of Neid ; so incorporating together, they gulf into Owse. In these solitary fields, there stand seven great prodigious stones, elevated like pyramids in the ambient air, of such vast magnitude (and regular proportion) that they strike deep impressions into the solid body of earth. I curiously enquired after the meaning of these reliques, but no man was found to answer my inquiries ; from whence I concluded these signal remembrances might remain as trophies or monuments of victory ; and that the natives and inhabitants that dwelt thereabouts but little busied themselves to rifle into records. Further than this, I can give no account.

*Theoph.* Whereabouts stands York ?

*Arn.* The city of York stands distant from these pleasant fields, about some seven or eight northern miles : the foundation of whose flourishing ports are washed with the mild and moderate waves of the navigable Owse ; whose owsy shores, and silent sullied streams mingle themselves with the more resolute torrents of

Trent, and so gulph into the spacious arms of Humber. In this city you shall see a sumptuous cathedral, imbellished with art and polish'd stone: every one that sees it, admires and commends it; and so do I for a rare piece of art, and a beautiful fabrick.

*Theoph.* And what then, is it ever the better for your admiring on't?

*Arn.* It's never the worse, nor is Weatherbee neither, through which runs Warff; where there stands a stately bridg of stone, over those rocky foundations that secure her scaly inhabitants, viz. the trout and salmon. From hence we fadg to Ferry-Brigs; but in our passage, we meet with a knotty stony cawsy that accommodates the traveller, when the banks o'reflow those florid meadows. About three miles southward there runs a rivulet, but I call it a rill, that gives name to the town; where note, the inhabitants call it Went-Bridg.

*Theoph.* Whereabouts are we now?

*Arn.* On the skirts of Doncaster, so called from the river Dun, portable sometimes to the verge of the town; at other times hardly water enough to turn a mill, or float a cock-boat. It's a corporation, and a manufacture; if weaving and knitting stockings, and wastcoats will warrant it. Now you must know that this town stands in the post-road, where a man may be

welcome that brings money ; otherwise he may step by the borders of Bawtry, and consult the melancholy streams of Idle, whose banks are burdned with segs and bulrushes. But these glittering streams over which we now pass, flow from the sharps of merry Merial.

*Theoph.* Why then we touch on the skirts of the Forest.

*Arn.* We have pass'd through the heart on't, for now we discover the weather-beaten walls, and the ruinous battlements of the town of Newark, whose flourishing fields are bath'd with the slippery streams of silver Trent, that glides along through the fragrant fields, to wash the foundation of her florid meadows ; so tumbles down, but with a soft and murmuring noise, from her more remote and westerly fountains. Thus Trent slides along through diversified mixtures, and various soils, (besides polite and glittering sands) amalgamiz'd with marly oakry earths, alabaster rocks, red and discoloured clays, and polish'd pavements of transparent stones. So that from the west, with a strong and swift current, Trent drinks up the torpid surly Sow that floats near the walls of the town of Stafford. And then the timorous Tame falls in, that glides below the town of Tamworth ; the silent Dove also, that melts the smiling banks of Tidbury, mingles her streams with Trent below Monk's

Bridg. And the resolute Darwin that salutes the ports of Derby, falls into Trent below Wil-den-Ferry. So the sullen Soar that leads through Leicester, glides into Trent near to Red Hill. Besides the little Leen, whose limpid streams wash the beautiful rocks and the shores of Nottingham, she also pays tribute at Trent-Bridge, and the smooth faced Snite, that scours the vale of Belvoir, slides into Trent near the sandy foundations of Newark. But nearer the Marshes falls in the Merial ; so does the Idle in the Isle of Axholm. The portable streams of Owse also salute the torrents of Trent, before her espousals with the spacious Humber ; for till then Trent retains her original name, notwithstanding the various and complicated mixture of streams, which are many more that glide into Trent, and would swell my volume if but to name them.

*Theoph.* If they be nameless, let them alone ; and proceed, if you please, with the coporation of Newark.

*Arn.* Newark, you may see her antient ports stoop with age, and her bulwarks lie buried in sandy earth, and amalgamiz'd together with the surface of the soil, whose banks are saluted with the torrents of Trent, and whose sandy foundations, and cultivated fields sweetned with the fragrances of her florid meadows, adorn the north ; but most pleasant and delectable pastures adorn

the east, whilst her southern fields are fill'd with the treasures of corn ; besides the fertility of the flourishing vale of Belvoir supplies her granaries ; as her western fragrant meadows reach up to Nottingham. So that upon the matter this town of Newark (but not Noah's-Ark) is besieged with plenty.

In the center of this town is an exact pavement, quadrangular, regular, uniform and spacious ; and in the center of this center stands a market-house, piazza'd or bolstred up with wooden props, commoded with a roof of lead and tile ; but the general scope of this fair pavement requires a more exact method of pen than mine is, to describe it. For that end I proceed to some other particulars, as their gates ; because when to consider that this town of Newark (to my observation) has but one fair street, which is called by the name of Todman-Street ; but the gates are Miln-gate, Middle-gate, Kirk-gate, Castle-gate, Nor-gate, Appleton-gate, Barnby-gate, Bolderton-gate and Carter-gate. There is also Beamont-cross, Potter-dike, Hell-end, and Cotes-Bridg.

From the south-west end of this maiden garrison, stood the Queen's Sconce, facing the Trent, but the King's Sconce (or sconce royal) was to the eastward. So that the whole town seemed almost invincible, (as it was defensible) because

so well defended with men, arms, ammunition, and artillery, besides such deep graffs, bastions, horns, half-moons, counter-scarps, redoubts, pit-falls, and an impregnable line of sadd and turff, palizadoed and stockaded, and every fort so furnished with great guns and cannon, that this bulky bulwark of Newark represented to the besiegers but one entire sconce ; and the two royal forts, the formidable flankers : nor was there a tree to hinder her prospect.

At the north end of Newark, supervising the Trent, (and her redolent meadows) stands to this day the relicks and ruins of a fair Castle, whose solid foundations were cemented with stone ; and all the walls, buttresses and battlements with the same material ; whose imbellished front overlook'd the fragrant meadows of Trent, and was the last reception for King John ; who, after his return from Swinsted-Abby, (where the monk poisoned him) lodg'd within the portals of this fair palace. There it was that he seal'd the decrees of death that compell'd him to take leave of the world. Another curiosity is their Collegiate Church, beautified and garnished with fair free-stone. The quire or body, and the isles, very large and spacious ; the roof covered all over with lead, but the broach and tower excels in height, because to vie with most parochial churches in England. This maiden garison had

her ports guarded with artillery (as above expressed) and was made equal in success with the most fortunate garisons relating to the royal interest.

Here are four fairs quarterly proclaimed every year by the mayor and aldermen of the town of Newark; besides the weak-day market, and a running trade with the country round about them. From the north come those large and fair fronted cattle, that fill Newark folds; and on Wednesday every week their market is duly observed, where you may see this large pavement as 'twere overspread and crouded with corn, and the shambles, as any market in the county, furnish'd with flesh: besides in the very front of this general exchange, the stalls are as well burden'd with fish. Moreover, fowl, with fruits, and many other entertainments, they have in abundance. But now I think it high time to relinquish the ports of Newark, to scale the famous ascents of Trent, whose generous streams invite us westward.

*Theoph.* This corporation (I perceive) by your relation, has been a fortress almost impregnable.

*Arn.* There was none beyond it northward, and I'm sure southward there was none comparable to it. So that above and beneath this town of Newark, as we ride along, you may observe

mighty blough banks, and incomparable deeps, with pleasant, slaty, and secure fords, polished with gravel, and enamel'd with sand; but in some other parts, you shall observe but little disproportion betwixt the surface of earth, and the level of Trent; when on a sudden again, some knotty coagulum of incrustated earth (sometimes rocky and sometimes marley) steps up to secure the continent, and rebuke her swelling murmuring streams, seemingly discontent to leave the amorous shores in their more rapid and violent precipitation.

*Theoph.* What town call you this, about some two miles from Newark?

*Arn.* This is Farnton, which fares very well from the benevolent breasts and amorous arms of Trent; whose shores are saluted with her silent streams, as her meadows are enrich'd with the sovereign soil of Trent, that makes glad her inhabitants. So that from Farnton about a mile or two stands Stoak in a sweet soil, whose banks and shady bowers are perpetually bathed with the solitary gliding streams of Trent, that smile on her florid fields, whilst the beautiful fragrant meadows are constantly courted with soft salutes and embracements from the mild and moderate streams of our western fountain.

*Theoph.* What a pleasant part of a country is this!

*Arn.* Pleasant do you say ! do but propound what pleasure is, and see if any place in England excels it. This is the place that's call'd Hazelford-clift, from a stately imbellished flourishing wood, that borders south on the side of Trent, that climbs up a rocky and mountainous elevation, facing the north, and the delectable shades of the forest of Sherwood ; whose beautiful banks and delightful shores, are celebrated to the pleasant amours of Trent, defended on the south by the Vale of Belvoir, and guarded from the north by the shady trees of the forest : but her east is refresh'd by fragrant meadows, cultivated fields, and delightful pastures, adorned with most excellent rills, rivulets and fountains. This is our inamouring northern prospect, the angler's Arcadia, the greatest aviary, and the most mellifluous concert in Nottingham-shire. Nay, it's England's Elizium, if Elizium be any where. Of which, if any doubt to trace or find out, it's here to be found, if any where in England ; otherwise he may conclude that Elizium's but a fiction ; for if not understood in these fragrant fields, pardon me to think, nay I dare to assert it's no where else.

*Theoph.* Indeed it's a sweet place, I have never seen the like before ; but what town is that ?

*Arn.* This town we call Knieton ; it stands yet more west, elevated on a rocky precipice of

alabaster, and red marly earth, hovering over the streams of Trent ; and borders on the skirts of the Vale of Belvoir, facing the Forest ; and Bridgeford lies much on the same level, west south-west, guarded with rocks and stately mountains, opposite, as I take it, to the inundations of Trent. But the town of Gunthorp stands directly north, blest with flourishing and florid meadows ; whose fragrancý oftimes perfumes the shores, as Trent's proud waves besprinkle her sands. Shelford, you may see, inclines yet more westward, whose foundations I have considered lie so low and flat, that they level the very surface of Trent ; but Burton and Bulcoat stand north of her ruins, and are shaded by the flourishing trees of the Forest.

*Theoph.* What have we here ?

*Arn.* Gedlin and Carleton, these lie yet more west, and incline, if I mistake not, two points to the northward ; but the palace of Holm-pier-point adorns the south : from whose beautiful elevations we discover the battlements, and some part of the situations of famous Nottingham ; whose odoriferous gardens perfume the air ; and whose florid fields, and fragrant meadows, glut the scickle, and satiate the sithe.

*Theoph.* Grant my allowances, and I'll give you my opinion ; and not stick to tell you, that Trent surpasseth Tagus, notwithstanding the

boast of her golden sands ; whose transparent and translucid streams strike deep impressions, and ravishing refreshing resentments, inviting the contemplative angler to consider the plenty, and the great variety that are daily drag'd forth out of her bountiful and well furnished streams, enough one would think to cause admiration, which formerly I could never believe : but now I'm convinced beyond opposition.

*Arn.* Nay, 'tis true, and I can tell you more ; that Speed and Cambden, both of authentick authority, will also tell you, that the swelling breasts of admired Trent, hourly relieve thirty sorts of fish ; and that her arms embrace as many market-towns, and as many castles are implanted on her cultivated suburbs ; and that thirty rivers also mingle themselves with Trent's more resolute and sturdy streams, and with the loss only of their virgin names : which report if any one question it, you shall find recorded in voluminous history. But had they practically and experimentally consulted Trent, as my self (and some others) have done, they had without dispute met with more variety of fish than they inserted, or modestly included in their publick impressions.

*Theoph.* That's strange ; pray untie the knot.

*Arn.* What great difficulty is it, think you, to prove that, that every angler frequently ex-

periments, if he but take pains to examine her fords, or seriously peruses this catalogue of fish ; where he shall find twenty two sorts of edible fish that daily accost the silver streams of Trent. Now the rest you are to consider, especially some of them, are never to be dealt with by the trembling rod, nor the feeble force of a slender line. Such fish, I must confess, as are more than ordinarily resolute, are doom'd to die by the law of the noosy net.

*Theoph.* You have the catalogue I presume, pray accommodate me with it.

*Arn.* That I'll freely do. Here—

Hold forth your hand, and take this little book,  
And when you fish, on your directions look ;  
Till theory speak you master, then you may  
Compleat your self in practicks day by day.  
So understand the various change and season,  
How to catch fish, and after give your reason.  
There's few that fish these streams know all the fish  
The Trent affords to anglers, and their dish :  
Here's pickrel, barbel, burbolt, rud and roach,  
Graylin, flounder, cheven, perch and loach,  
Bream and tench, carp and gudgeon, dace and ruff,  
Eel, lampre, bleak, minue, some silk, some stuff.  
Twenty in number I have here exprest,  
Some daily taken ; season for the rest.  
There yet remain two nobler sorts behind,  
To make them twenty two ; but then their kind  
Are trout and salmon, those are fish that waste  
In time of travel, besides they lose their taste

And sweet complexion ; chiefly at such time  
When out of season ; what remains in prime  
Summer and winter, spring and autumn flees :  
The blooming leaf drops from the fading trees.  
Nature appropriates each thing to its kind,  
As well in fish as flesh, this truth we find  
By daily observation ; provide we  
Search but the records, and the mysterie  
Of mother art, by nature first instructed,  
From whence all finite beings are produced.

*Theoph.* Now I'm convinc'd.

*Arn.* Then it's your duty to labour to convince others.

*Theoph.* So I will, if the angler's catalogue can do it.

*Arn.* And if that won't do it, let it be undone : However it may serve some *juniors* for diversion.

*Theoph.* Ay, and *seniors* too, had we but your additional supplement of the residue of fish ; which being wanting, will, in my opinion, render the residue of your discoveries imperfect.

*Arn.* That I resolve against, though we drag them forth from their holds and fastnesses by violence. And first, I'll begin with the sturgeon, then the shad, the porpoise, the congar, lampern, fluke, the aromattick smelt, sandeel, craw-fish, bulhead, and that little supernumerary the bant or stittlebag ; which needs no net to drag him out.

*Theoph.* Nor an arithmetician to sum them up, for my calculation compleats them to thirty-three; besides some foreigners, to most unintelligible. Now as we trace the beautiful banks, and the amorous shores of famous Trent, that invites to solitudes and experience, we may mingle rewards among our recreations, and sweeten our labours and industry with divine contemplation; a study the indigent world is ignorant of. What! are these the stupendous fabricks of Nottingham, whose foundations are laid in rocky sand, and so firmly rivited into the bowels of the earth, that neither age nor time can hardly decay them? And was this that impregnable castle, elevated on a rock, and lifted up so high as to storm the air, and supervise the bordering inhabitants that dwell in the florid vale of Belvoir? Was this that great ornament that adorn'd the country, that sleeps now in dust?

*Arn.* These are the relicks of that famous antiquity, where art and industry discovered themselves inseparable companions. Let us approach her beautiful ports, inrich'd with three parish churches; but one of them of late was torn in pieces with martial treats. But to speak the truth, it was by provocation: For the Pulpit, you must know, vied with the Peerage for superiority; and that made the souldiers commit sacrilege, and undress this beautiful relick, that

lies now in silence, and huddled in ashes becomes her own sepulchre. Now the cellerage in these situations of Nottingham, are the most commodious that I know in England; whose descents you may trace twenty or thirty foot from the surface of the soil. But there are other cellars that almost court day, where they make their malt, and lodg commodities either for a domestic or foreign trade. For so great is the plenty she draws from the breasts of the country, that were she wanting in her self, they would want themselves in wanting her. Another rarity it behoves the reader to observe; and that is, upon examination her wells will be found as deep, if not in some places deeper, than their cellars. Yet amongst all her stately imbellishments, we petrole as I remember but two fair streets; the rest are gates, allies, rows, lanes, marshes, &c. But the prospect as we advance, presents to the south, and the generous streams of silver Trent, directing to the Leen-Bridg, facing the hollow stone; or rather, as I may term them, habitable rocks, through which we ascend to consult those splendid inhabitants, that live under a well-polished government, and those other circumstan-tials of civility and ingenuity.

Now this avenue of Fishergate, we leave on our right hand; and that on our left, is the marshes, as we ascend to climb up the hollow

stone, and mount the elevations of a large and spacious street, called the High Pavement : but Stony-Street and Pepper-Street, are all the streets in Nottingham. The rest are either lanes or gates : as Mary-Gate, Pilcher-Gate, Fletcher-Gate, Well-Gate, Boyard-Lane, Swine-Green, Saint-Jones's, and Hockly in the Hole, &c. But the Week-day Shambles we leave on our right hand ; and on our left, those sandy foundations that face the south : whose skirts are moistned with the generous Leen, and there live the tanners, tawyers, fell-mongers, parchment and vellum-dressers, besides the glutiners, that dwell in houses contiguous with the rocks ; but the buildings are not under-ground, though stooping so low as to level some part of the very surface, refresh'd with fragrant aromas, sent from the florid meadows of Trent. But this Terra Nova, or Terra Incognita, they generally call it the Narrow-Marsh.

*Theoph.* Whereabouts are we now ?

*Arn.* Now we descend to the lower Pavement, by dividing the Town-Hall from the Leaden Well, near unto which the Week-day Cross is frequently crowded with country curiosities : but advancing forward in a direct line, we encounter the fronteers of Castle-gate, and leave the broad marsh, and Grayfrier-gate on our left hand, Towards the upper end of which

and not far from Hungate, stood the imbellishments of Nicholas Church, associating with some inconsiderable lanes, allies, and caves; but inclining yet more westward, and nearer the Castle, remains the Bogholes, and the Brew-house-yard. But I forgot to tell you, that in the very centre, or division of the Pavement, there stands a Bow (or a fair Port) opposite to Bridle-smith-Gate; adjoining to which, is Girdle-smith-Gate; and next unto that, is Peter-Gate, a derivative from the church that fronts the west angle, and directs into Hungate. But presupposing your station at the north end of Bridle-smith-Gate; immediately then you face Hen-Cross, which in a direct line leads on to Cow-lane-Bar; but if otherwise you incline to the left, then you leave the Saturday Shambles, the Fruiterers and the Cage on your right hand, and Peck-lane that directs to Peter's Church, on your left; but if pointing your passage towards the western angle, you then enter the Sands, and also the Sheep-Market, which is commonly kept upon Timber-hill.

Now advancing more westward, you enter the Friars, but on the left hand of your entrance, is Wheeler-gate; and on your right, is the Beast-market that fronts the Long-Row, into which, and from the skirts of the Forest, there presents a small avenue, some call it Sheep-Lane; oppo-

site to which is Saint John's-Lane, but that descends in a direct line, either from the Castle, or Boston-Bridg; so that the ornament, gait, and beauty, is the Long-Row. Beauty did I say? all the town is a beauty, if you consider her stately buildings. Now as you pass through the Long-Row, it directs to Bargate. On the left hand of whose ruinous antiquities, and upon a rising elevation of ground, the standard royal was advanced by Charles the First, near to the reliques and remains of that sumptuous castle, not far from the obscurments of Mortimer's-Hole. I must confess there needs no great noise to trumpet the fame of this nonsuch Nottingham, whose plenty, if I mistake not, fills every neighbouring county; and whose generous breasts recruit not only travellers and foreigners, but send supplies to all the villages that border about her; whose granaries commodate the British continent; and whose liberality extended to adjacent parts, interprets Nottingham to be no town, but rather the inland mart and store-house of Great Britain.

*Theoph.* But how will the reader descant upon all these eminent encomiums?

*Arn.* It matters not a rush how any man represents it, since Nottingham of it self so well deserves it. For if with freedom I may declare my own opinion, I must confess my fancy too

flatulent, my strain too torpid, my pen not elegant, nor my stile polite enough to illustrate the beauty of such stately inbellishments, the admired subject of every man's praise; which more worthily deserves the applause of an ingenious historiographer, rather than the character of so weak a surveyer. However, I have done what I was able to do, and shall now leave the scenes for some other to decipher, that's more intelligible, and capable to perform such a work than my self. Yet give me leave once again to drive the nail a little further; when to evince the dissatisfied that Nottingham (as prenoted) is no town, but rather a beautiful and imbellish'd seraglio, where every street, nay, every port, represents as it were the new face of a court.

*Theoph.* Or a comet.

*Arn.* Then what if I call it our Northern Star, to influence and reflection on the southern elevations, and because being bless'd with the blessings of trade and fertility; but could I say she liv'd without the vanity of prodigality, then would I stile her a vertue as well as a beauty; where art and invention have supplies and encouragement; and where new fabricks are hourly lifted up into the ambient air. So that a man would think her to sprout and vegetate, by the daily progress she makes in her buildings. So

that when you come to see her arbours and aviaries, so naturally dress'd up in the shades of the Forest, and perfum'd with fragrances from the redolent meadows of Trent ; besides the pleasant prospect it has into the cultivated fields in the fruitful vale of Belvoir, then would you say that Nottingham is the magazine for Cheshire and Lancashire ; and the daily supply of those mountainous parts in the Peak of Derby-shire. These are those ports, where the angler (and ingenious) never yet entred without sober accommodation, let us therefore first consult the virtuoso's of the rod ; afterwards sweeten our ears with rhetoric from Apollo.

*Theoph.* As you have given us a fair and large character of Nottingham, so have you been as copious in your practical experiments of Angling, and brought to test the undeniable assertions of truth, not imaginary fragments, nor romantick fictions, stoln or suggested by plundering plagiaries. Now every one knows that ignorance emulates art ; and impiety above all things abominates devotion. Tradition also that truckles under forms, and hypocrisy and flattery, are time's apostates : But science and experience are the confirmation of eye-sight ; and truth the standard of divine speculation. By these we proportion the measures of vertue, which is found by him that treads the tracks of wisdom,

and wades through the profound depths of patience : for as he that devotes himself to a solitary life, lives a life most congruous to devotion ; so he that devotes himself to piety, lives a life analogous to contemplation.

For what signifies the court, but to remonstrate the prince his magnificence ; and the palace, but to heighten his enjoyments ? On the other hand, where humility is celebrated to piety, there content dwells every where in an humble breast ; and humility and penitency, like links concatenate, content themselves with the garb of a cottage. Thus we may read the state of the world : but that which I always approved of as the best state, was to seek the blessings of content in every condition. Then welcome woods, rocks, rivers, groves, rivulets ; nay it's possible the very shades of a forest, in some measure answer to the comforts of life ; and life answers to the ends of the great Creator. Consider therefore that the soul's great diadem is Christ ; and Christ, by wisdom and sanctification every Christian knows, is God. And who but God created this stupendous creation ; and drest up this imbelish'd fabrick of heaven and earth, when he made the majesty of his invisibility visible, and placed man in this sublunar orb, to conduct and manage his fellow-creatures. But man imprudently transgressing, in not answering the

glorious ends of his divine creation, in obedience to the commands of the sovereign decrees of God, the Almighty discharged him the sovereignty of government; so exil'd him from the glorious sun-shine of Paradise. Of whom, if you please, let us have an account. But I wonder at one thing, to me it's a paradox.

*Arn.* What's that?

*Theoph.* You writ your book in 58, and spread the net to 85.

*Arn.* What if I do; I lived in the reign of five kings, and in the time of four great worthies.

*Theoph.* Was O. P. one?

*Arn.* I leave that bone for you to pick. But this I assert, that great English *Hero* was exemplary in piety, eminent in policy, prudent in conduct, magnanimous in courage, indefatigable in vigilancy, industriously laborious in watchings, heroick in enterprize, constant in resolution, successful in war; one that never wanted a presence of mind in the greatest difficulties; all the world owns him for a great general, that influenced all Europe, gave laws to all neighbouring nations, and disciplined France with English arms.

*Theoph.* These are great encomiums. Was the Lord R. one?

*Arn.* That great man of worth and honour,

was truly vertuous ; the patriot of his country, and the glory of the court, beloved of the people, and a lover of piety ; who left legacies of love to the surviving natives, when he sealed his death with noble English blood.

*Theoph.* Was Col. A. S. one ?

*Arn.* That great soul was too great for the world, whose life in a manner was a continued death, signified by those trophies of war he carried about him. He died but to teach his country-men the easy methods of honourable dying, to the astonishment of mankind, and foreign ambassadors.

*Theoph.* Was Alderman C. one ?

*Arn.* That brave and worthy citizen, to his eternal praise, sealed London's Magna Charta with a Christian *exit*, and a voice from heaven. Therefore put no more questions, for the ænigma is explained, but begin where you left off, so let us conclude.

*Theoph.* Then I'll only desire a description of man.

#### ARNOLDUS HIS MEDITATION.

*Arn.* Adam as an angel in the shades of Paradise, typified his Creator : then it was that this mortal state seemed immortal ; and man, because a signature of this admirable creation, was

made to live by that Life that made him ; for it was the will of the Supreamest that made him, to shine a ray of the majesty upon him, and generate in him the glorious beauteous ray of Himself. But this was done when the Divine Majesty made man absolute lord, and commissioned him conduct over all the creatures. So that Adam was now a Divine Substitute, because the Divinity had divinely inspired him, and stamp'd the impress of His royal signet upon him, the lively emblem and character of Himself ; whereby to demonstrate in him a sovereign power over all the families of creatures that God had made, and by wisdom bless'd in this stupendous creation. So that you may read, Adam was made in the likeness of his Maker ; but he begot in his own likeness.

This was once the blessed state of Adam, and a regenerate state (to be born again in spirit) is the same with us now ; for primitive purity can never be blotted out by national impiety. Nor shall age, nor time, nor death it self vacate the lustre and glory of Christianity : for as the donation of purity is the royal act of him that's pure, and lives for ever ; so the piety of Christianity shall out-live all ages, to the utmost limit and period of time. Where note, the primitive times have liv'd till now ; and that that begot time in the bosom of eternity, is *Christ in*

*us the hope of glory.* Why then do Christians violate their faith? Does it become us to enslave it by lust? A proud faith is as great a contradiction, as an humble devil. The glorious hope we have of Paradise, incites and invites believers to the duty of repentance; and repentance leads on to a humble submission, to cruciate our selves and this temporal state, that naturally resigns upon every assault of death; for all complicated elements melt into obscurity.

Shall the clay rebel against the potter that moulds it? Shall man resist his maker that made him? Shall the vice of the times vote against Heaven? and impiety provoke us to mutiny against the Deity? Must we learn no language but oaths and imprecations? and denounce no dialect but the rhetorick of hell? Can no bounds be put to luxurious ambition? nor any limit to the impudent impostor? who has not considered the body sometimes diseased, and how death stands ready to blot out the character of life? so that if ill symptoms but happen to invade us, the grave immediately stands gaping to devour us. Nor can our limbs any sooner be touched with the cold and icie finger of death, but our vital fires begin all to extinguish; and the glorious shining sparks of life look languid and dim; and so by degrees lose their sparkling lus-

tre. Then it is that the natural artifice of men and means suddenly forsake us, and the secret subtilties of our deceitful hearts basely and cowardly renounce and desert us.

And then it is, that our truckling faith prostrates a false heart on the cold and frozen altar of despair, which formerly was the common fac-torage, and receptacle of impure flames, where we used to offer up adulterated sacrifices, with impious adorations, as the Athenians did to unknown gods, prophetically prognosticating our merited destruction. So that now in a clod, or lump of clay, the lustre of life is silently sealed up, and secretly conveyed to the sepulchres of death ; and because translated from the beauteous creation, is made to cease from a natural state, and embrace corruption, and the putrid grave in eternal silence ; where we shall never see light nor day any more, nor with sorrow or reluctancy look back upon the anguish and anxiety of those we formerly persecuted by unjust sentences ; when as judges we sat and perverted judgment, yet would seem to appear as angels of light. But strip'd and stark naked the world now inspects us, and all those graces that naturally adorn'd us, discover themselves but personal deformities. So that disease finds as little difficulty to attempt us, as death to encounter and overcome us. For have not our

sensual guards all declin'd us, and the arguments of sense and reason revolted from us? Every instrument and organ has reclaim'd its natural function, whereby we perceive our selves deserted by the active shining motions of life; and doom'd to death by the law of sin, we subscribe to the fatal decrees of mortality.

O fatal flattering impiety, where's all those specious pretences of purity that link'd and intail'd our suborn'd inclinations to the gaudy temptations of luxurious honour? What if every man had the wealth of a monarch, and as great as Alexander in empire and dominion; and suppose his domesticks as numerous as the world, yet death would arrest him, and send him summons to appear before Heaven's high tribunal, where he must answer for himself, and not another for him; whilst conscience, as a bold and daring accuser, will accuse him for the deeds done here in the body. So that as our work was here upon earth, such also will be our reward in Heaven. But how sad will it be, when to behold the portals of the New Jerusalem firmly bolted and barrocaded against us; when to hear the dreadful and irrevocable sentence of eternal excommunication pass upon us, to be utterly secluded society with the saints, and denied community with the blessed angels, that perpetually triumph with seraphick hallelujahs, as the se-

raphims and cherubims with heavenly ejaculations, whilst we are made to grope in darkness unutterable, and to lament there the impiety of life ; and debar'd repentance after death, because to reject it when proffred unto us : for in the grave there's no contrition ; nor after judgment is there any revocation.

This is a sad and deplorable sentence, beyond the reach of sorrow to contemplate : for if but to consider the janglings in hell, and the murmuring complaints of the damned in torments, that belch out blasphemies to confirm their impieties ; and by spiritual pride prophane the beauty of holiness ; and would, if possible, corrupt the creation, prostituting to idols, and the ides of time ; and as much as in them lies, pervert and poison the sacred oracles of judgment and justice. But what tongue can express the glorious raptures, and beatifical visions the saints enjoy, with the seraphick harmony of the blessed hierarchy ; whilst penitents pass by the gates of hell, to the heavenly triumphant joys of eternity.

O, what love so convincing and stupendously manifest, as a Saviour to die for unregenerate sinners ! to affix himself to the cross of death, to fasten our souls to eternal life ! to load his body with the burden of sin, to purchase for sinners the seal of redemption ! This is that great

and sublime elixir, that transmutes our nature into divinity, time into eternity, and our souls into himself; from which supereminent heavenly state, there's no relaxation, but an intire unity and community with God, for ever and ever to all eternity. For as light is inseparable from it self, nor can darkness co-mingle or incorporate with it; such is the soul that is truly sanctified and sprinkled with the blood of this miracle of mercy, that never for the future can be separated from its Saviour: but as sin hates the light, because the light discovers its darkness; so light, because it's the standard of truth, not only discovers but dissipates the darkness. The Lamb of God is the light of the world, that for ever shines, and for ever frees the penitent soul from the shades of darkness. How great, therefore, must that Light be, that enlightneth the world, and every man that cometh into the world?

Now the true state of felicity is only attainable by faith in Christ; and faith directs to the portals of humility; humility to piety; and piety leads on to the duties of charity, by a religious resignation of our inglorious will, to the glory of his will that bore our burden of sin on the Cross. Here let us sigh down, if possible, the sins of the age, as Christ by the virtue of his pure divinity depress'd those mountains of sin

in the world : then in obedience to this great example, let us cruciate our selves, the better to enable us to triumph over death : for to conquer self, forceth the devil to recoil ; and to render the vanities of this world contemptible, is to lead hell and captivity captive ; which none but Christ can do, and has done : yet ought we to imitate our Leader, as true volunteers of the Cross, if we hope to imbrace the royal sanctions of him that bore his cross in a bloody shower, for the redemption of mankind. This I recommend to the Christian reader that follows the Lamb the Captain of our salvation.

*Theoph.* By this most excellent description of man, he labours, I perceive, under great anxiety, till Christ affix him by his sovereign ray of light, whereby to illuminate and sublime his immortal soul into the everlasting arms of himself, the glorious Being of his all-glorious Father, where time shall be no more : for time is but the child of eternity, as is generation the child of time. Generation, therefore, devolves in time, and time results in the arms of eternity. But eternity is the beam of the majesty of God, whose divine centre is love essential ; and love is an attribute so divinely connected to the infinite wisdom and goodness of him that never had beginning, by whom all things were begot in time, whereby he made his invisibility visible,

which he eminently did when he manifested his glorious inside, by the excellency and beauty of the external outside of this stupendous and most admirable creation.

*Arn.* You have sum'd it up right, and said nothing but truth ; the truth is the *Alpha* and *Omega* ; the beginning of all beings, and the end of all times ; the infinite invisibility made visible ; the immaculate humanity clothed with divinity ; the glory, beauty, and wisdom of the Father ; the beatifical vision ; the light of the world that now is, ever was, and for ever and ever will remain so to be, when death and time shall be no more. And now give me leave to recommend unto you (most worthy your observation) these general rules for fish and fishing, with directions also for baits and seasons.

*Theoph.* Be you my tutor, and I'll be your pupil.

#### THE SALMON.

*Arn.* As the salmon is a monarch and king in the freshes, so he is the ultimate result of the angler's conquest. This royal game (all the summer-time) has his residence in the rapid and forcible streams in rivers ; but the sea is his sanctuary most months in the winter : So that a man may rationally conclude, without a paren-

thesis, that he is always to be found, though not always in season. Besides, the salmon is incident, as other fish are, to various accidents; more especially if we consider the female fish, who in the spring (as other females do) drops her eggs (but some call it *spawn*) which makes her infirm: and if it so happen that she lags behind her natural mate in the fall of the leaf, she is then prohibited the benefit of salt-water to bathe her fins, and carry off her slimy impurities, which is the natural cause of her kipperish infirmity, that alters her delicate proportion of body, and blots out the beautiful vermilion stain and sanguin tincture of blood, which vividly and transparently shines through her rubified gills; so that now she begins to look languid and pale, her fins they fag, and her scales by degrees lose their natural shining brightness; as also her regular and well-compos'd fabrick of body, looks thin, lean, and discoloured: and her head that grows big and disproportionable, as if distemper'd and invaded with the rickets; over whose chaps hangs a callous substance, not much unlike to a falcon's beak, which plainly denotes her out of season, and as plainly as any thing demonstrates her kippar.

Now I come to nominate some eminent rivers in England, that accommodate the angler with the race of salmon. First, therefore, I pre-

fer the river Trent, because of her rapid and oriental streams, that never sully themselves, till arriving near to the shores of Gainsborough, where Trent oft washeth her banks with the Eagre, so glides immediately into the arms of Humber. Next unto Trent, we present you with the translucid glittering streams of Severn, that not far from Bristol mingle themselves with the ocean. Nor shall we omit those torpid and melancholy streams of Owse, that gulph themselves into Trent-fall. But of all rivers that glide through the cultivated fields in England, the bountiful, beautiful, and most illustrious Thames has the sovereignty of the rest ; because her streams influence not England only, but all the banks and shores in Europe ; and is without precedent, because of the excellency and delicacy of her fish, more especially below Bridg ; where the merchants turn anglers, and throw their lines as far as both Indies, Peru, the Ganges, Mozambique, Barbary, Smirna, Alexandria, Aleppo, Scandaroon, and all the wealthy ports in the universe. These are the fish that feast the nation ; otherwise England would be unlike it self, if unhappily wanting such provident anglers.

But Scotland has already received a character of most of her eminent rivers and rivulets, that wash and moisten her sandy shores ; nor have I

nominated more than four metropolitan rivers in England, that bathe her fertil and florid banks; because having a mind to step into Wales, or the suburbs of it, to discover there a singular curiosity, which probably may puzzle the opinion of artists and others. Now one of these rivers is called Wye, but the other is known by the name of Usk; both which rivers, as I am told, incorporate themselves on the southside of Monmouth. But the reason why I mention these two eminent rivers, is only in regard of their various entertainments, by reason the salmon there are always in season; for the one supplies the defects of the other. As thus for example; if when to consider Wye flourisheth with salmon, Usk, as if no river, is rarely discours'd of. On the contrary, when as Usk sends her supplies to the bordering inhabitants, then is Wye as little as any thing thought of. By this contrariety and diversity of nature, the natives may conclude that winter and summer give not only the season to salmon, but rather that they have laws from the streams they glide in; or Wales differs from all the world.

The next thing that falls under the angler's consideration, is the bait or charm for the royal race of salmon; which I reduce under the classis of two generals, viz. the fly for frolick, to flourish and sport on the surface of the streams; and

the ground-bait for diversion, when designing to drag at the bottom. But what if I direct you a central way, that in my opinion, upon approved practice will intice him ashore in mid-water. Now if the angler design that for his exercise, (in such case) let him make provision of fair and large minews, small gudgeons, or a diminutive dace, (with the artificial use of the swivel to flourish his bait) the brightness or gloominess of the day considered : But if the ground-bait be intended, which always succeeds best in discoloured waters ; then in such case, prepare for him a well-scoured lob-worm, or knotted dew-worm, drag'd forth of the forest, or any other steril or barren soil, which as soon as any thing (with dextrous management) will compel him ashore though it cost him his life. I write from experience, for I am not unacquainted with the multiform variety of terrene animals ; as you may read more at large in my following appendix : more especially of those worms that are taken and drag'd forth out of a hard and skirrous earth, which ought to be well depurated (or scoured) two or three days in the finest, cleanest and sweetest moss that fastens it self to the root of the ash-tree ; sprinkling it first with new and sweet ale ; afterwards remember to squeeze it forth, so operate like an artist : but that which is better, and more concordant to my approbation, is fledged

cream, from the benevolence of the dairy ; which to admiration, makes your worm become viscous and tough ; and that which yet is more to be admired, they also become bright, and almost transparent : for that end I counsel and advise the angler, when designing to approach the deeps for diversion, that he take some always with him to heighten his exercise, or influence and inamour his game. It is not so difficult to put some in a box made of wood called *lignum vitæ*, perforated with holes, besmearing or anointing it over first with the chymical oil of bays, sulphur, Barbadoes tar, ivy, *cornu-cervi* ; or indeed almost any other oil that has but a strong and foetid empyruma, will serve well enough, where the oil of oesprey is generally wanting.

With these requisite circumstantialia we approach the deeps, and the strongest descents and falls in the stiffest streams ; the like we do in eddies, and turns in back-waters ; for the salmon you must know loves a solitary shade. Arm well be sure, and fish as fine as you can, (*Isaac Owldam* used to fish with but three hairs at hook) and forget not the swivel, as above precautioned ; and the running line be sure you remember. Stand close I advise you, and keep your distance, especially when approaching the rapid fords, because there, for the most part, the streams run clear, and you with design come on

purpose to destroy him ; as it's probable you may, provided your art, skill and ingenuity do but serve to manage so eminent an encounter. Now give me leave but to step from the water-side to numerate and describe the various brood of salmon ; so to distinguish them according to mode, or as some will have it, the custom of the country. Where note, in the south they call him *samlet* ; but if you step to the west, he is better known there by the name of *skeggar* ; when in the east they avow him *penk* ; but to the northward, *brood* and *locksker*, so from thence to a *tecon* ; then to a *salmon*.

Now to recreate with the fly, (meaning the artificial) that's another sort of exercise for the angler's diversion ; which ought to be considered, and diversly consulted, in regard of so great variety of form, lustre, beauty and proportion. For that end let me advise you, that the ground of your fly be for the most part obscure, of a gloomy, dark and dusky complexion ; fashioned with tofts of bears-hair, blackish or brownish discolour'd wool, interwoven sometimes with peacocks feathers, at otherwhiles lap'd about with grey, red, yellow, green, or blewish silk, simple colours, or colours sometimes intermingled. For instance, black and yellow represent the wasp or hornet ; and a promiscuous brown the flesh fly ; so of the rest. For that end consult the humour

of the fish, who to humour your exercise puts himself out of humour, chiefly and principally when he parts with his life. These requisite precautions ought to be the study of every studious and ingenious angler, together with the knowledge of time and season, when to resort to the river for recreation. The next thing necessary is the shape of your rod, which ought in all respects to represent the rush in its growth ; for that end we call it rush-grown : and be sure it be streight and plient. Your line also that must be accurate and exactly taper'd ; your hook well compassed, well pointed, and well barbed : and be mindful that your shank exceed not in length ; I mean not so long as when you drag with the ground-bait. Nor is it proper for the artist to court a stream, except he be always provided of his dubbing bag, wherein are contained all sorts of thrums, threads, silks, moccado-ends, silver and gold twist ; which are of excellent use to adorn your fly, and in a great measure quicken the sight of your game ; provided the day be promiscuous and dark, occasioned by smooty and discoloured clouds.

Now should I enumerate the multiform variety of animals, the various colours and proportion of insects, with the diversity of flies, it would but redouble my labour and trouble ; since already I have discoursed them in another

place ; where the artist also, if he be ingenious, may consult and examine the methods of experiments, so make himself master of this solitary mystery ; otherwise let him remain silent among proficient, and a profest ignoramus among practitioners. And among the variety of your fly-adventurers, remember the hackle, or the fly-substitute, form'd without wings, and drest up with the feather of a capon, pheasant, partridge, moccaw, phlimingo, paraketa, or the like, and the body nothing differing in shape from the fly, save only in ruffness and indigency of wings. Another necessary observation, is the wing of your fly, which ought to proceed from the teal, heron, malard, or faulcon. The pinion and wing thereof ought to lie close, and so snug as to carry the point exactly downward. But the last thing material is, the moderate stroak, which always proves mortal, and best succeeds if used without violence ; the line also, keep that streight as occasion requires, so that nothing be remiss, nor any thing wanting ; and the necessity of the wheel be sure you remember.

The salmon loves those rapid rivers, where  
The craggy rocks above the streams appear.  
In deepest waters, and in strongest streams  
He lives ; yet like a martyr sometimes dies in flames.

## THE TROUT.

I have already told you that the salmon is king in the freshes : And now I must tell you that the princely trout has his residence and principality in the same fluctuating element, partaking very much of the nature of salmon, admiring stiff and rapid streams in the vernon ingress ; but he accosts the solitary deeps most months in the winter. In the spring, you shall observe this active animal scud to the fords, where he flutters his fins at every silly fly ; for that's his rendezvouz, and there you'll find him, picking and gliding against stones in the bottom, to scour off, if possible, the slimy substance and scurf from his sickly sides, frequently occasioned through want of motion. So that when the sun vegetates and invigorates the creation, then is he invigorated with motion and activity, which argues a very great and unpardonable absurdity in the ignorant and incredulous angler, to fancy that peregrination debilitates and weakens him, when apparently it adds an additional strength, not well considering they were only told so ; or peradventure they had read it in some printed book, concluding from thence an infallibility in the press.

But as I intend not to burden you with cir-

cumlocutions, for brevity sake, I shall range the trout under the consideration of the first classis of fish. For that end, I must signalize his vivacity and vigour, his activity and courage, how naturally they spring from the nature of this fish, till age or accident indispose and deprive him, not only of activity, but of natural ability ; who struggles with himself to out-do motion, and out-live, if possible, the law of his life. So that to prohibite him travel, you totally destroy him ; since he is a fish that can't live under confinement. And thus it happens to the race of salmon, for nature's laws are alike to both. In the summer's solstice he accosts the fords, making inspection and inquisition after the variety of emmits and insects, hovering his fins in every murmuring purling stream in rivers and rivulets, which not only puts a spur to the angler's exercise, but his expectation also : and this, if any thing, is the angler's Elizium, which I shall not insist upon here, because having enlarged upon it sufficiently already. In this place I shall only treat of the ground-bait, which most commonly is a knotted or budled dew-worm ; much of the nature and kind of the former, but not usually so large as that we procure for the salmon.

Now as every angler concludes the trout a delicate fish for diversion, so others, as artists,

consult him a delicious entertainment. But the trout to entertain himself, as eagerly sucks in a well-scour'd red-worm, as the wide-mouth'd Humber swallows up a full spring-tide. For that end, grudg him not what he loves, and give him time to digest it. Your business is only to stand sentinel, and to keep a vigilant eye and a diligent hand over him; for patience is not only an exercise but an excellency in anglers, provided they fall not asleep at their exercise; especially when angling or troling with the ground-bait, which upon probate proves most profitable after gluts of rain and discoloured waters. Nor is this ground-bait otherwise than a worm, variously discours'd by me at several times, and in sundry places. For that end (to avoid repetitions) where the worm fails of success, make trial of the minew, in sharps or scours, by dragging at the bottom, or in mid-water; which if dextrously performed (with the swivel) by the hand of an artist, he shall seldom or rarely fail of success.

But for the fly-fishing, if that be the artist's intention, let me soberly advise him to sollicite moderate winds, rather than intemperate and violent gusts. Rally my reasons, and sum them up; you will find them more copious in my former conference, where at large I discourse and decipher both the shape, colour, and the

proportion of flies ; for I hate tautologies, because hateful in themselves ; and there's nothing more troublesom to an ingenious artist, than to be gluttet by telling a story twice. The trout, therefore, judicially considered, his mouth is not by much so large as the salmon's, nor requires he so copious nor so large a hook, nor need his tackle be so robust and strong. But for the rod and line, take care, that they in all respects be exactly tapered. And to hit the mark as near as may be, let care be taken that the line in every part be equally stretch'd, and the steel of your hook of an even temper ; nor matters it how light you are arm'd at the hook ; so that on the surface, when you flourish your fly, be sure that you gain the head of the stream ; and if possible, the wind, to facilitate your cast. But if the ground-bait be your exercise, then let the length of your line seldom or rarely exceed the rule of your rod : whilst the fly-diversion grants a larger charter, distance and dimension also come under the consideration of every artist that is mindful to measure exact proportion, by concealing himself from the streams he sports in. So that if at any time the fly fails of success, as frequently it has happened to my self and others, let the angler then have recourse to the ash-tree-grub, the palmer-worm, caterpillar, green or gray drak, the depinged grasshopper, or that

truculent insect, the green munket of the owl-tree. But if none of these baits presented, succeed to profit, and the water, as we apprehend, to remain discoloured, let him then assault the trout at the bottom, with that mortal allure-ment which I call the gild-tale ; for that of all worms allures him ashore.

The generous trout to make the angler sport,  
In deep and rapid streams will oft resort.  
Where if you flourish but a fly, from thence  
You hail a captive, but of fish the prince.

#### THE PIKE.

The pike is a voracious ravenous fish, that frequents the waters, and lives always upon spoil : for moss-trooper like, he murders all he meets with. And as it is impossible to find him without an appetite, so is it as improbable to proffer him any thing that he'll refuse. One would think him a graduate by his various appellations, as that of jack, pickerel, pike, and lucit, which makes him look big and swell with titles, as Westminster-hall look'd blough with Dunbar trophies. Now the angler that consults this formidable desperado, must search him in the spring by examining the ditches, narrow grips and gullies, where probably he may find him

poaching after mice ; and in the avenues in marshes hunting after frogs, with which he trucks his life for a trifle. But the yellow frog, of all frogs, brings him to hand, for that's his dainty and select diet, wherein nature has placed such magical charms, that all his powers can never resist them, if fastned on the hook with that exactness, that his life may shine, and the bait seem undeprived of natural motion ; which if dextrously performed, the angler will be convinced, that a ledger of all baits is the most truculent destructive morsel in the world.

But March expiring, and April on the ascendent, his eye-sight clears up, and his appetite too, for a brighter bait ; and then a small roach, or a bream will down ; so will a bleak, and a small young dace, or, for variety, the head of an eel. But if a junior perch be strip'd of his fins, or a fresh plump gudgeon neatly link'd to the arming be but laid before him, he shall never refuse it, when so greedy of a worm that he'l hazard his life for it. But then I prescribe it no approved bait, rather a fortunate accident in my successful adventures. But his winter-quarters are the sullen deeps, where he burdens himself with clouds of water, as aged people do that heap on apparel ; when in the spring he is all gait, and like the prodigal, scorns that his life should out-live his patrimony. But the sum,

mer approaching, we then consider him more circumspect, more cunning, more cautious, and under better guards; for then in a deep you may search him, and probably find him; but then you must have it at the tail of a ford: when in autumn you shall find him lap himself in candocks, at other times in bullrushes; *and wherever the fry is, there is he, if not in the midst, yet he's never far from them.* I have known this fish deluded with a trout; a trout did I say? there's no fish that swims in the freshes is such an alluring temptation; nor can the pike any more resist this charm, than he can resist his natural disposition after diet. The consequence proves true upon the angler's examination; for the pike has strong inclinations after any thing that swims; who as seldom as any fish wants an appetite, and by his good will would always be eating.

After this manner we discourse the pike; who dwells almost every where, except in the ocean, or in the brackish waters; but in the lough, you shall find him there o're-grown, sometimes to an amazing bigness; when in the river, and translucid streams in rivulets, his taste is from thence transchanged to a more excellent sweetness, and upon proof will be found much more nutritious. But his way of germinating is the same with the salmon, to answer the ends of

procreation, as for the most part all barrel'd fish do, who rises early in the infancy of the year, and admires all changes that the season presents.

The pike, or lucit, is a mercenary ;  
Or anglers seem among themselves to vary.  
He loves no streams, but hugs the silent deeps :  
And eats all hours, and yet no house he keeps.

#### THE CARP.

The carp is a fish complicated of a moross mixture, and a torpid motion, one that loves to live in melancholy calms, rather than to ramble in the rapid rivers and translucid streams. Ponds and pools are generally his palaces, where he loves good eating, but seldom or rarely travels far to fetch it ; who as seldom as any fish exceeds the compass of his colony, nor ever attains to that maturity of largeness, where there's rapid rivers, and swift gliding streams, as he does in the lake or solitary lough. The antients were of opinion, and so am I, that travel attenuates and lessens growth ; and that in the rivers and spacious rivulets, every master fish pleads a right of possession ; whereby acts of hostility are hourly commenced, with the loss of life to the weaker sort, at least of his habita-

tion, when a stronger than himself claims a right of possession ; for when to consider the antipathy in fish, as the secret animosity that lurks under the flesh, it's no wonder that the great ones eat up the little ones. And this our daily experience, as a monitor, discovers unto us, the antipathy and animosity fish have in the ocean ; for antipathy will be antipathy as certainly as sympathy is sympathy, notwithstanding the nature of climat, constitution or element.

Since, therefore, we have signified the residence of the carp, it's but requisite to proceed to tell you what he loves ; and that is soon done, if you cast but your eye on the blooming hawthorn ; for then your carp-angling begins to commence, which terminates in August, as the vulgar would have it : but this rule admits of too many exceptions ; for all the summer-season, more especially in a dropping and moist air, he bites without dispute, if he likes his commons, and you but cautious enough to conceal your self, who as rarely as any fish quarrels with the fineness or coarseness of your tackle ; which deserves a serious consideration, in as much as neatness and fineness are requisite and necessary accomplishments in any thing of art, more especially that of angling : and the bait to surprize him is less difficult than any thing, because by every angler so generally understood ;

which will shorten my discourse, and invite me to a conclusion. But before I close, let me tell you what he loves; and that's the unctuousness of the purplish dew-worm, provided you depurate him from all impurities, to remonstrate his beauty and lustre of life. Examine him but with this bait to free me from suspicion, and remove the censure of clamorous anglers, that oft-times repine at their own undertakings; but that I cannot help, they may use the lob-worm if they please, which if they rightly order, will (I'll assure them) turn to good account, more especially if perfumed with the oil of annis.

But my observation leads me to another curiosity, and that is paste. But of pastes (let me tell you) there are as many sorts among anglers, as there are saints-days in the Pope's kalendar: but this hinders not but that pastes may be effectual, more especially when commix'd and compounded with fine bean-flower, English-honey, and poudred sugar, amalgamized or mingled with the yolk of an egg; and if the fat of an heron be supperadded to it, it makes it not the worse; but the marrow of a heron makes it much more the better. Besides, sometimes he loves a taste of the dairy-maid; as at other times he affects the smell of the shambles, because a great admirer of clotted blood, or almost any thing when he is in humour.

Now as operation in artifice is the *corona* of art, so demonstration in science is the ultimate end of experience. I forfeit neither my reason nor opinion in this assertion: nor do I in my arguments undermine those artists that practically and experimentally understand the right use of the worm, though some with honey and other dulcids have sweetly allured him, and some others with tar (supposing him a tarpolin) have summoned him ashore; yet I declare upon practice, that if the worm do not pleasure him, the angler may mingle despairs with his sports. But then let him consider the complement of licorish, or the homogeniety of the oil of annis, cummin, or assafetida, to furnish it with a hogoe, which, in my opinion, surpasseth the camerial oil of oespres: yet not that I altogether doubt the truth of so famous a secret, celebrated by the antients, but rather the rarity of so admirable a discovery; such another some fancy is that of the Phenix.

The carp's no courtier, nor a country guest,  
Yet answers both, all after as he's drest.  
He loves the silent deeps, in ponds and pools;  
A dish for states-men, or a mess for fools.

## THE PERCH.

The perch is a well-disciplined martial fish, of much more mettle, gallantry, and courage, than the carp, though not almost, but altogether, of as slow a motion ; and though as free from the taint of controversy, as the wax is free to submit to the impression of the seal, yet he never enters the list but he always arms himself. It's true, he's a volunteer that lives above fear, nor dreads he that any thing of art can invade him ; nay, though he see himself surrounded with danger and difficulties, and immured with rocks and ruinous decays, yet he will shew himself as prodigal of his stock of life, as any fish living that floats in water. It is true, I must confess, that he is a great admirer of smooth rivers, but the rapid streams in rivulets he seldom or never frequents, notwithstanding him so bold and daring a fish : nor is he of any great activity in the solitary lough ; and would to his liking use as little exercise in the river, did not the streams sometimes invade him, which makes him more active than otherwise he would be, because of self-preservation. Which still strengthens my opinion of preferring the river-fish in excellency to exceed those in the pond : though peradventure travel mitigates growth, (as we

formerly discours'd,) yet it most generously compensates the gustó; for every fish that comes cautiously by his commons, is by so much the more confirm'd delicious, and, if I mistake not, as nutritious also.

Now would not any man think those conceptions very sordid, to prefer the goose to the gossander, and vie the hog with the hind? It's true, some hug and imbrace the vision of remote novelties, because to fancy that distance and difficulty make things rare; so it may well enough, for it makes them dear. And what would it signify to a rural palat, was that palat by foreign curiosities daily imposed upon? Besides, it's treason in the abstract, against the law of bounty, for any man to imagine partiality in nature, since every thing is destined by an immutable decree, to answer the primary ends ordained. The great Work-master needs no contribution from the mine to enable him to infuse virtue into the creation; nor needs he to borrow any thing from the creature, since the creature is only the marginal note of the universe; the creation it self being the stupendous volume. But as every thing naturally adheres to its own like, and semblances partake of their own properties, stars then were not made meerly to gaze at, nor elements but as vortrices for corporeal reception; otherwise how could birds divide their

ambient air, or fish force a passage through the fluctuating ocean, where sometimes the treacherous net betrays them? yet so resolv'd are they with contempt to cruelty, that they scorn to petition a reprieve for life, but rather submit themselves to be tortur'd to death, by the tormenting hand of the scarifying cook, that dispenseth with art to elevate the appetite, if when only to make it pleasant to a generous acceptance.

But to look for the perch, you need not go far to seek him that is to be found almost any where, if you please but to step to the suburbs of the streams of Trent, or the solitary deeps near the rapid streams in most rivers and rivulets in the circle of England; if examined at the bottom, for you may search and find him under hollow banks, eddies, pools, miln-pits, turns of streams, 'at the tales of sluices, flood-gates, and back-waters, near to the stumps of trees, wier-heads, stanks, candocks, and bull-rushes; but if there be any ruinous decays, there you will certainly find him that is to be found: Indeed one would think him a piece of an antiquary, because he loves to be rifling among ruins. Now presupposing you have found him, what is next to be done? that ought to be considered, in regard it's the angler's care and study to accommodate him like an artist, with what

he loves. But you will ask me what that is? and I readily answer, and tell you, not with coarse tackle, nor a slovenly bait: for though the carp is not squeemish, nor the perch shame-faced, yet he hates rudeness, coarsetackle, and slovenly commons; greatly admiring dew-worms if well depurated, cankers, caterpillars, cod-worms, grubs, brandlins, minews, and the junior fry of small fish; these novelties affect him to a change of element, who lays down his life for what he loves. But the charm of all baits that invites him ashore (as fancy is seldom unfurnished with invention) is that truculent mortal the gild-tail, which sooner than any thing sends him a summons of death; for which at any time he shall give you his life, and that is as much as the world has to part with, nor hath he any more than himself to give.

Now let the angler that would fish for perch,  
The turns in rivers, and back-waters search.  
In deepest lakes the largest perch you'll find:  
And where the perch is, kind will answer kind.

#### BREAM.

The bream, though we grant him a flegmatick fish, and a fish as naturally as any fish addicted to ease and idleness, yet he enjoys himself as much in limpid streams as other fish do

that seek sanctuary in solitary lakes. And as he hates rambling far from home, so he abhors correspondency with those that dó; contenting himself with torpid streams, and hugs his fancy in solitary deeps. Trent, I have observed, for the race of bream, may challenge all England, nay, all Europe, for ought I know, more especially near those streams that wet the ports of Gainsborough; where sometimes he washeth his fins with the Eagre, and arrives there to that amazing bigness, that I blush to report it, lest the reader should suspect me. Indeed the bream is an excellent companion, if you can but get him into humour to bite, which may easily be done, if you do but treat him with the compost of paste; for that will insinuate him into the pie, where his bones will absorp, and his flesh amalgamize with fresh sweet butter; which being dissolved, will entertain you with a nutritious liquor, that for phlegmatick humours is both physick and diet.

I never knew any angler (except it was one) that singly devoted himself a whole day's diversion, in order to court and entertain this fish; nor do I remember him inroll'd in the angler's catalogue, among the first classis of dignified fish. For that end, therefore, as I intend brevity in his description, so give me leave to shew

you the readiest way how to surprize and take him. But then you must consider him no constant companion for all constitution of rivers and rivulets, though our southern streams frequently enjoy him, except otherwise they prove too rapid and forcible; for if so, then he takes up his residence in calmer streams, that enamour him with bull-rushes, at other whiles with can-docks: whose recreation is little more than the limits of his confinement; from whence he seldom extravagants himself, until compell'd from thence by the mediums of art, as at other times by inundation, or deluges of water, that send him sometimes a gaol-delivery.

But the variety of baits to allure this fish being so numerous and various, I shall confine myself only to a few; which upon examination will be found effectual. Compound, therefore, a paste as formerly described, of honey, intermingled with a little brandy, bean-flower, and the yolk of an egg, which you may, if you please, tinge with gambogium, vermilion, &c. This bait sometimes, as soon as any thing, entices him ashore. But in regard he is a fish inconstant as to diet, some, therefore, feed him with gentles, and not without good success; some others with grubs, and othersome with caterpillars; but better is that of cod-worms; and sometimes any

thing will do, if he be in humour. But then you are to consider he loves early rising, and is ready for breakfast by break of day : so that if his commons affect him, and you so fortunately happy to meet with a cloudy gloomy morning, you may engage him for ought I know, to keep you company till the solitudes of night ; which a well-scoured red worm will sometimes do, and so will cheese, for he loves the dairy : but all the world cannot make him fly-proof ; yet a brandlin makes his teeth water. But the gild-tail, as above, is such an invincible charm, that all his powers cannot withstand it ; but he will come ashore in despatch of death.

Now if the angler fish in Thames for bream,  
Or famous Trent ; ne're let him search a stream :  
Deepes most allure him, so do eddies too ;  
For near to banks and stanks he lies purdue.

#### TENCH.

The tench of all the families of fish is both physick and physician ; of a balsamick, nutritious, and medicinal nature, that fortunately cures when others kill ; and distributes more good than hurt in his colony. It's true, he is sought for by every angler, though obtained by few ; and the diseased fish that finds him, finds

a cure, and that's a reward answerable to diligence. Now as every stream courts this physical fish, yet but few rivers in the nation enjoy him, who for the most part inhabits the pool ; yet are not the rivers denied him for a publick good. I cannot deny that he loves deep waters, more especially those that are of a torpid and slow motion ; such upon examination he greatly admires : nor shall any man overrule him, nor at any time perswade him to be out of conceit with flags and bull-rushes. I have already told you that he is medicine and physician ; and now let me tell you he's a delicious morsel.

That angler that knows any thing of Angling, must of necessity know that the tench of all fish is no fish of prey, and one that lives upon as little food as any fish that wags a fin ; but then he must have it choice and delicate, wholsom and juicy ; and truly he well deserves it, since so little serves his turn. Search well, therefore, in the solitary deeps, and there as soon as in any place you'll find him, as if by nature destinated to a cynical life, which the ignorant impute to a want of exercise ; not well considering it's no part of his business to ramble in the rivers, to expose himself to ruin : which makes me fancy that but a few junior Piscatori-ans have thorowly consulted this Æsculapian, who beyond dispute is of a balsamick nature ;

whose slimy sides administer relief, if when but to glance upon his fellow-creature. So that I think it worthy my management and undertaking to draw forth some directions how the angler may surprize him with our innocent artillery of hook and line ; which will be enough, as I conceive, to convince him, if in season he please but to make a trial.

In the south of England, where the fields are fertil, (so in the north, though more uncultivated,) this piece of curiosity is frequently discours'd among anglers, meaning such as out of a fancy, or foreign curiosity, have undertaken to feed him with tar and rye-bread, supposing him a tarpollin ; and not without success, whilst some others have diverted him with various pasts, using 'em as an argument to make him pie-proof. Then again some have fed him with English honey, the yolks of eggs, and the oil of annis, commassated and mingled with fine bean-flower ; this bait is better approved of than rudely to choak him with toasted cheese. I own, I must confess, there be many ways to feed him, though, to my certain knowledg, (except in the pond,) there are but few places to find him in. He therefore that solicites a sight of this physical fish, and impatiently longs to hear him rumble in the panier, let him follow my advice, with

well-scour'd dew-worms, kept very sweet in cleanly moss ; and if that prove ineffectual to answer his design, then let him provoke him with the flag or dock-worm, which will certainly answer the angler's intention ; otherwise let him blame both me and my directions.

The tench best loves those torpid waters, where  
The deeps are shaded well with reeds ; and there  
The wounded fish that could not long endure  
The smart and pain, finds him, so finds a cure.

#### BARBLE.

The barble, though experienced a resolute fish, yet is he as shame-faced as any of his fellows : and as he hates to quarrel, so he abhors an affront ; but reserves his strength, activity, and agility, till the rod or the net prove his examinant ; whose belly or spawn may be eaten as diet, but then it proves in operation but churlish physick ; not that I assert it my opinion only, let experience upon examination better instruct you. Now when the angler comes to the water-side, and brings what he loves, he courts a familiarity, though his credit of late has been much impair'd in the cook-room : which possibly may proceed from the ignorant

order of such as study rather to gratify their voracious appetites, than the curious methods of the art of angling. However, Isaac Walton has provided a cook, that, in his opinion, can dress him well enough, whose arguments beyond dispute, had indubitably miscarried, had not his wife had a finger in the pie. Thus he, and some others, dress fish before they catch them; but I approve it requisite to catch them first, and then at your leisure dress them afterwards.

The barble, so named from his barbs or wattles, most passionately admires the depth of the river, at the tale of a stream: where you shall usually find him sucking of soil, and lying purdue for worms and insects, or any thing else that is sweet and edible. And by how much the stronger you observe the stream, by so much the more strength has the fish that inhabits therein. And if there be rubbish, or any sort of lumber, for his part he likes it never the worse; and if ruinous decays, or great stones in the bottom, so much the better for his security, whose provision is rarely any thing else, save only what nature daily provides him. Nor is he numbred among the fish of prey; nor is he a glutton, yet he knows how to eat; nor is he over-curious to court for varietics, though some feed him with paste, and their liberality

he retaliates ; and some proffer him cheese to close up the orifice of his stomach, them he also gratifies ; and some give him worms well depurated and scoured, for which modicum he contributes his thanks : but he that would feed him to death with a dainty, must bring him a dish of salmon spawn.

The barble courts the rapid torrents more  
 Than solid deeps : strong streams remote from shore  
 Oblige him most ; because the strongest streams  
 Bring him supplies, the rod brings only flames.

: CHEVEN.

The chub, or cheven, is a fish of a supine nature, yet of a robust and rural disposition, had he but a heart to manage his strength ; who upon examination is by every one understood better for diversion by half than diet : a coarse feeder, and himself as coarse to be fed on ; yet of such a voracious appetite, that he scorns to see any thing that he cannot eat, if another fish can ; but my modesty constrains me to forbear mentioning it. Now the spring approaching, every thing inamours him, for then he haunts the fords for fashion. 'Tis true he's an early riser, that will sport the angler at break of day, provided he furnish him with codworms, can.

kers, caterpillars, cow-dung-grubs, gentles, pastes tinctured with cambogium, &c. But then you must cautiously obscure your self, and appear like an angler least in sight. Yet still there's another way much better to surprize him, that is by dibbling on the surface of the water, if circumspectly you conceal your self behind a bush, or the more private and solitary shade of trees. But your engine for this encounter, is a natural fly, either the flesh fly, the bank fly, the gray or the green drake; but the green munkit of the owlder-tree excels all the rest, as the sun in excellency outlustres the stars. Moreover you shall find him gaping after grass-hoppers, or any other insect that presents in season. And since nothing comes amiss, so nothing distates him; and where the locust is, there is he; which if well examined to the center of the calms, he shall recompense the examinant with the reward of his life; always provided he but separate the body from the leatherish wing, which by reason of its viscosity is rarely digested; nor is it otherwise by him well accepted.

'Tis true, with green cheese some anglers do treat him, but then it succeeds best at the tale of a stream; at the fall of fords, into the solitary deeps. And that you may know he affects variety, let the artist at discretion exchange the dairy maid's commons, for the beauty of a bright

and well-scoured red-worm, or the head of a frog in April or May, or a black snail sometimes in a dewy morning. These invitations make his teeth stand a water. But for salmon-spawn if you bring him that novel, you do your business, and his too ; and shall have no cause I'll assure you to repent it, when upon so fair an exchange, he trucks away his life for a trifle. But September approaching, you must bring him beef pith, for which he shall sacrifice all he has, and give you his carcase in exchange for his commons. What's more to be desired by the rule of discretion, except the angler be so indiscreet as not to accommodate him ?

The chub of all fish in the silver Trent,  
Invites the angler to the tournament ;  
Where near a stream you'll always find him ready  
To meet the bait before it meets the eddy.

#### GRAILING.

Umbar or grailing is an amorous fish, that loves a frolick as he loves his life, whose teeth water after every wasp, as his fins flutter after every fly ; for if it be but a fly, or the product of an insect, out of a generous curiosity he is ready to entertain it. Smooth and swift streams more than any thing enamour him, notwithstanding

he declines the force of a torrent : Nor shall you perswade him to quarrel with the gliding streams, provided they be sweet, clear and shining. It is from these translucid streams that the hackle, and the artificial fly court him ashore. But of all natural insects that accommodate the art, the green drake is that sovereign ophthalmick that opens his eyes and shuts them again, with the hazard of his life, and loss of his element. Yet for this fly-admirer, there is another bait, and that is the munket, or a seagreen-grub, generated, as I take it, amongst owlde-trees. The like product issues from the willow, so does it from the sallow ; nor is the primp fence denied this vegetable animal, save only they are different in splendour and colour, as also as different in shape and proportion. Take then this insect from the owlde-tree, to refute the hypothesis of the incredulous angler ; which if ingeniously cultivated by the art of angling, will upon proof of a well-manag'dexamination, invite umbar or grailing from the top, or mid-water, to kiss your hand, or I'll break my rod and disclaim the art.

Well then, as we consider the umbar not over curious of deeps, we must consider him also not over-cautious of shallows, contenting himself with a middle fate, that directs him to the smoothest and stiffest streams, dedicating and devoting

himself to motion, because a great admirer of peregrination ; and though not so generally understood as the trout is, yet give me leave to tell you, if you fish him finely, he will keep you company, either in Darwin, so in Dove, or in the glittering silver streams of Trent : Pray therefore when you fish him, fish him finely, for he loves curiosity, neat and slender tackle ; and, lady-like, you must touch him gently, for to speak plain English, he is tender about the chaps, otherwise perchance you defeat your self, so lose your design. A brandlin, if any thing, will entice him from the bottom ; but the gild-tail, of all worms, upon change of water, will invite him ashore, tho it cost him his life.

Umbar or grailing in the streams he'll lie,  
Hov'ring his fins at every silly fly.

Fond of a feather ; you shall see him rise

At emmits, insects, hackles, drakes and flies.

#### BURBOLT.

The burbolt is a fish so rarely discours'd, and of so little conversation with other fish, that it's as difficult to find him, as it is to describe him, who differs in nature from most other fish ; so that if the angler be not very ingenious, well

educated and disciplined in the rudiments of angling, he undertakes a task he can hardly perform, either to describe his nature or his haunt. I know there are some rodomontadoes of the rod, that wilfully and extravagantly will arraign their faith, and rest it upon the mouldy records and frothy opinion of slippery authority, whereby to confirm themselves in the vanity of tradition, as also to gratify the zeal of putationers. For that end I must tell you, and you may tell others, that the silver streams of triumphant Trent, as frequently as any streams, stroke the scaly fins of this famous fish, who loves to live by them, but cares not to live in them, rather absconding himself in eddies, and sometimes in arches, not far from streams and torrents of water, where he is frequently found by the industrious angler : for to search him striving against a stream, is like to Q. Elizabeth's *Scogen*, that at the sun's meridian (with a candle and lantern) sought up and down for an honest man : So to rifle the streams in Trent, or any other river for this *incognito*, is but labour in vain, to seek for him that hides himself from the rest of his associates in solitary recesses ; a lively imitation of Diogenes in *Dolio*.

The burbolt therefore we are to consider him a fish, that as rarely as any fish travels far from home to fetch his food ; from whence we con-

clude him not over-cautious, whatever it costs him, that values not his life to purchase what he loves. And fashion he affects not, nor the formality of novels ; who contents himself with country-commons, rather than to ramble up and down for varieties ; yet would have it constant, though not over-costly : who betters every thing by his own delicacy, because himself is a delicate morsel ; but seldom tasted, and as rarely consulted. Which makes every angler desirous of him, since he that takes him gets a reward ; which a well-scoured red-worm certainly accomplishes, as soon as any thing except the gudgeon, for that's a charm that compels him ashore.

To write the burbolt's epitaph ; he dreams  
That baulks the calms, to search him in the streams.  
That angler that will court him to his dish,  
Must bring him gudgeons to obtain his wish.

#### FLounder.

The flounder is a fish that bites before any man's face, not dreading the aspect of an invader. It's true, he's a fish that's as bold as a buccaneer ; of much more confidence than caution, yet nothing more curious ; one that loves good meat, and is good meat himself ; whose appetite is open as early as his eyes, and contemplates

day before sun-rise, frequently busying himself about break-fast, half an hour sometimes before break of day ; and delights, I must tell you, to dwell among stones, so does he among stakes and gravelly bottoms ; besides he's a great admirer of deeps and ruinous decays, yet as fond as any fish of moderate streams, and none beyond him except the perch, that is more solicitous to rifle into ruins ; insomuch that a man would fancy him an antiquary, when to consider him so affected with reliques, yet of that undaunted courage, that he dares to feed before any man's face, provided there be but water enough to cover him, though not to conceal him. Moreover, he adheres so close to the bottom, that a man would think him inoculated to it, or at least an inmate in another element.

For that end let us consider the flounder a resolute fish, and one that struggles stoutly for a victory with the angler, and is more than ordinarily difficult to deal with, by reason of his built, which is altogether flat as it were a level ; so that if it happen your tackle be fine, and the bottom, as it sometimes falls out, to be foul, you run the risk of your adventure and artillery. Now some folks, beyond measure, admire this fish, because opinionated he is so nutritious : And truly he's good food, which makes him so desirable, though seldom or rarely not over-cau-

tious to come by, if the angler be industrious but to bring him a bait that he likes, and that is but reasonable. Present him with a lob-worm, he'll retaliate your courtesy ; or in exchange, a depurated dew-worm, he'll not be ungrateful, for he loves variety of all sorts of worms, the tag or taggil, besides bradlins and gild-tails, which will at any time intice him to die for what he loves ; for you must know he's a fish so fond of a worm, that he'll go to the banquet tho he die at the board.

He that intends the flounder to surprize,  
Must rise betimes, and fish before sun-rise.  
But if the sluggard cannot rise so early,  
Let him nod on, perhaps at noon he'll parly.

#### EEL, OR CONGER.

The eel insinuates himself into all sorts of waters, and can live in a stream, or without it ; in the deepest pit, or the shallowest rivulet ; in dirty muddy ditches, and silty owsy bottoms ; or in rocky cavities in any rivers, wetting his fins sometimes with the ocean. Now some are conceited that eels are insects, and content not themselves with the law of germination : And if so, then it seems that nature was more unactive about the race of eels, than other animals

committed to her conduct ; because to protrude and thrust them forth as inanimates, after the manner of vegetation. Such are the ignorant conceptions of Gesner, and the unthinking rabble of his ridiculous proselytes ; who, because to suck in such pernicious principles, have tainted, nay poisoned themselves by infecting others : For had they but considered that eels have eggs, (tho not so long as other fish to bear them about them) without dispute it would expose some of them to a blush, if when to reflect on their erroneous rashness, that causeth the artist to laugh at their ignorance. But that eels do germinate, is past dispute ; for if the roe, or spawn, be the product of germination, then eels, as other animals, may germinate *in specie*, because furnished with all the qualities for germination ; as is observed by the female fish, whose burdened belly in the spring (if examined) will sufficiently convince the incredulity of such as would by advice be better informed, whilst permitting others to content themselves with the vanity of ignorance, that eels are insects.

The eel therefore, you shall find him in caverns, and the cavities sometimes of hollow rocks, grips and gullies, devised on purpose by engineers for the draining of grounds : Or else you may observe him in holes or hollow banks, the flaws in

bridges and broken breaches, occasioned sometimes by inundations of water ; out of which abscondments any man may angle him, that contrives but a worm neatly on the end of a wand ; which artifice is probing, and some call it *proking* ; but we dispute not the term. Now a more expeditious invention, though not half so genteel, is that engine or artifice some call a *gleave*, but some others the *eel-spear*. Then there's bobbing with a bunch or cluster of worms, strung upon threads, non-commissionated by anglers : Yet night-hooks were never prohibited, nor need they, since the eel bites in the heat of the day. You must therefore consider him a fish of an odd humour, that the sight of a worm shall tempt him ashore, though he sacrifice his life to the lust of his adversary.

The eel and conger lies in sandy bays,  
On gravel beds, and sometimes in decays.  
In hollow banks or stanks, in bridges there  
You'll find this fish as soon as any where.

#### LAMPRE.

The lampre, (or suck-stone,) frequently accosts the streams in Severn, and is conversant also with many other rivers in the kingdom of

England. A fish that makes more sport in the pie than the pool; but of no great acquaintance nor familiarity with anglers; and that is the reason he is so little discours'd, as if there were no such thing in being: but assure your self there is, and the plenty of such in the river Cam, and some other rivers, as Thames and Trent, that I dare to assert and divulge them numerous: But as torpid deeps do not always delight him, so transparent streams do not altogether transport him; nor admires he the torrents of rapid rivers: And because no constant housekeeper, we have considered him as unconstant to diet. It's true, I have no commission to assign him a traveller, and yet he is seldom or rarely at home. At home did I say? surely I mistook my self, because he has no home to go to, who lives like an intruder, insinuating himself into all sorts of company, and puts a foot under every ones table: for we find him a fish altogether in suspicion; therefore seldom admitted among the scaly society; who prefers sand and gravel-beds infinitely before muddy recrements; and loves to be casting and sucking stones, because it's a great part of his life and maintenance; except otherwhiles he stumbles upon offil or garbage, which if he do, he feasts himself like a country-farmer; when at other times, like a shotten herring, he is forced

to take up with shorter commons ; and such are the roots of segs and candocks, which assign him a sutable sauce to his diet.

I never yet knew an angler with the rod, that designed a day's diversion with this piece of suspicion. It is true, I have heard him variously discoursed, and perhaps as often as other men, have seen him make circles in his own element, but irregular ones out on't ; for I have been at his death sometimes with an instrument, and sometimes without it ; but never at his destruction with the rod and line. The next enquiry will be, how we shall surprize this *Argos*, and reduce him, in some measure, to the angler's designs. In order to that, some court him with loaches, some with minnows, some with dew-worms, a small gudgeon, or toasted cheese : but the maw of a beast best pleaseth him of any thing ; and truly I fancy it the most natural bait for such a kind of a nasty fish, that nothing can surprize but the noosed net, except he happens to meet with the berbed spear.

The lampre loves a gravelly bottom best,  
And's fam'd for pie-meat more than all the rest.  
I needs must say the angler takes a prize  
That takes this *Argos* ; or this fish all-eyes.

## ROACH.

As the roach is no costly fish, so is he not over-curiously enquired after. He that seeks him, without difficulty finds him as early for breakfast, as the sun salutes the creation; whose habitation is found bordering upon banks, in eddies, small turns, and meandring streams; and where there's a bush in the suburbs of the streams, there you shall find him sheltring himself, when recruits of rain force down the freshes, and drive the soil from off the fertil fields; for then you may fish him, and not go far to find him: when at other times, more especially near the approaching winter, he houses himself in the more solitary security of candocks and bull-rushes, in depths of the water. But whilst we paraphrase and discourse the roach, we but decipher and interpret the rud; since nature's laws are alike to both, for both have but one fate and period, though of different complexion in fin, having natural inclination to long and warm days, to small and triling streams, yet neither of them lovers nor admirers of travel; by which you may guess, that seldom or rarely they are found far from home; for placing a content in their little confinements,

shews their unwillingnes to examine the extent of their confines.

Now you are to consider the roach a great fly-admirer, who examines the season by the sun's distribution of heat, that generously warms and nourisheth the creation, by giving a new life after the death of an expiring winter. And since we observe him so inamoured with flies, care must be taken to bring him what he loves; and that is the ant, when insects come in, for which servile gratitude he recompenseth the angler. Or if, in the mean time, he be accommodated with bank-flies, small flesh-flies, or a well-scoured gentle, he doubly retaliates, when he gives you himself. I have given him brand-lins, bee-grubs, cow-grubs, cabbage-grubs, cankers, caterpillars, pastes of all compounds, and of various tinctures; for which he never was ungrateful: but he that brings him the yellow cod-worm, brings him what he loves, for his patrimony can never purchase the prize, but submits to the charm, and proffers himself to the angler.

The roach (or rud) not greedy of promotion,  
Loves ponds and rivers, better than the ocean.  
In solitary pools they spend their time;  
And travel hate as an immortal crime.

## DACE.

The dace, or dare, is the fresh-water herring ; a fish that is common and constant ; one that loves to divert himself, and is the angler's diversion : for it's rare to come to the water-side, and find him out of humour to bite. Now to tell you where he lives, I need not ; for you shall find him in most or all the rivers and rivulets in England ; and to acquaint you with what he loves, is needless, for there's nothing that is edible he'l at any time refuse. Hot weather allures him forth of deeps ; for warm days invite him abroad for recreation, because then he bathes himself in the glittering streams ; but when affected with cold, he dives into the more solitary deeps, as most or all other fishes do, that burden themselves with water, as age is burdened with diseases and infirmities. But at the period of bright Cinthia's progress, when the sun and long days have consumed the recrement of the expiring winter ; then you shall find him sporting, and picking among the gliding silver streams of Trent : so in most rivers in the confines of the kingdom ; where you may recreate your self, and refresh him with a bank, stone, or flag-fly, as the opportunity of the place, and the season of the year presents.

For in the vernon ingress, if you proffer him drakes, either the green or the gray drake, he will never refuse them ; or should you invite him with their shadow (viz.) the artificial resemblance, you complement him with a curiosity : But the natural fly, more abundantly than the artificial, contributes to his humour. But his ground-bait is the brandlin, if well purged in delicate sweet and new moss ; or a fair large gentle, well depurated and scoured in bran : but the yellow cod-worm excels all the rest (as a flame in bowdie excels all colours) provided it be adorned with the head of a fly. This is the charm that invites him ashore, and as soon as any thing brings him to hand.

The dace of all fish is the daring fish  
To sport with flies, and after in the dish  
He's not to be despis'd ; because his end's  
To sport the angler, and to feast his friends.

#### RUFF.

The ruff, some call him *Pope* ; but call him what you will, for I suppose he obtained that title from his infallibility of biting ; which he seldom fails to do, if the angler happens to come where he is, and that is almost every where. This little desperado, tho he wants conduct, yet

has he resolution and courage enough to encounter death ; who seldom as any fish gives an affront, yet rarely or never refuses the combat. It is true, he is cautious, but not contentious ; more a hero than a Hector ; who never flies except at the face of his enemy ; and is for the most part constant in victory, save only when encountering the victorious angler. This little buckaneer arm'd at all points, consorts the angler, and entertains him at all times, provided he seek for him near the solitary decays of broken bridges, ruinous foundations, and the roots of trees. Besides, he loves bull-rushes, beds of segs and candocks, where frequently you may find him. So in eddies, turns in water, but in meandering pools you will rarely miss of him ; and where stumps, stakes, and hollow banks are, there is he to be found ; otherwise conclude he is not in that colony.

This little resolute animal, his stature considered, is of as great resolution as any fish that wags a fin, and as generous and profuse of his life as his lordship : not unlike the prodigal, that hates to out-live his estate and patrimony. The angler therefore that would civilly treat him, ought to bring him what he loves, and that you know is but requisite and reasonable ; and wherever you find him, it's a hundred to one that the

whole armado is not far from him ; since for the most part they move all in a body. One would think them mutineers, because all of a piece ; for if you hang but one, all the rest are in danger. Nor will they revolt, or retreat from their diet, since every one resolves to eat till he die. I fancy them somewhat of the nature of negroes, that expect after death to return back to the Gold-coast ; for if you bring him but a brandlin, or a well-purg'd gild-tail, he shall shew you his face, and leap into the pannier.

The ruff, or pope, inhabits little holes,  
Betwixt the Artick and Antartick Poles :  
Who seldom quarrels ; yet can't well dispense  
With an affront, who arms for his defence.

#### GUDGEON.

As the gudgeon is a most delicious fish, so ought he to be most delicately drest ; and because the angler's and every one's entertainment, therefore he's preferr'd before many other fish that make not so fine a show in the platter. It's true, there's no fear to surfeit of a diet that's so naturally nutritious, and converts all into nourishment, without the law of physick. This piece of curiosity is a curious admirer of limpid, clear

and cristalline streams, more especially when surrounded with gentle turns in rivers and rivulets, that have sandy bottoms ; and if paved with gravel, it's never the worse ; who almost to a miracle affects cleanliness in eating ; and as he loves his life, loves that his meat should always be well washed before he eats it. This fresh-water smelt seldom or never roves abroad as other fish do, to recreate himself with insects and flies ; but contents himself at home with a gentle, rather than to ramble abroad for varieties ; for to speak plain English, his life is in danger, and sentence of death pronounced at the sight almost of every master-fish. But the brandlin he adores as his select modicum, and the gild-tail sweetens all his diversions : so that if either be brought him to sport and play with, he would have it vivid, but not livid ; and sweetned and adorned with an odoriferous perfume.

Now some anglers have been pleased to write various encomiums on this little curious piece of mortality ; and they do him right : for he is a fish, that not only entertains the angler with the rod, but as if there were a familiarity betwixt them, nibbles at his toes, whilst he muddles in the streams ; diverting not the angler only, but the salmon also. Besides the perch admires him, and the eel, and the burbolt adore him. So do many other fish, but the pike above all fish no

sooner sees him, but his teeth water till he taste of the dainty.

The gudgeon loves the water, sweet and clear :  
In freshest streams, and smallest turns, he's there.  
Look till you find him ; then you find your wish,  
If for a banquet, or a bait for fish.

#### BLEAK.

The bleak or whitlin is the summer intelligencer, and more of a masculine than a feminine nature ; that conceals himself (lady-like) all the winter, till long days and a warm sun invites him forth to purchase flies, which are sold him sometimes at the rate of his life. This freshwater sprat is of most accurate motion, and feeds not much unlike the swallow, partaking very much of his nature and quality, as near as fish and fowl can do, or as near as fish and flesh can have, and that's as near as the elements can admit of : which certainly is a secret, yet very observable, if the angler but consider their coming in, which is in the vernal ingress ; their natural food, and their going out together, in the autumnal equinox. You must also remember that he loves not a stream, yet would he by no means dwell far from it ; and bites aloft at the race of flies, yet gratifies himself with the soil of the

earth. At mid-water, if you seek him, he's solicitous after gentles ; and if at the bottom, he desires a brandlin : but he that would court him to death with a dainty, must bring him a parcel of ant-flies.

The bleak or whitlin, floats in silent deeps  
In summer-time ; but all the winter sleeps ;  
For then he's seldom seen : this curious dish  
Implicit Walton calls the swallow-fish.

#### MINEW.

The minew or penk is, in my opinion, but a very small banquet for fish or fisher. But a little discourse shall serve for this little fish, that is no ways difficult to find, nor is he over-curious to catch, provided the artist but come where he is, and that's almost every where : nor need you search him in rapid streams, for there he is not, yet dwells not far from them ; but in rills and rivulets, in their small turns of water, with a bit of a worm, or a brandlin, if you please, you may turn him out as soon as with any thing.

The minue lives, I need not tell you how ;  
Examine Trent, and there you'll find enow.  
The salmon, trout, and perch, sliely he'l cheat  
Them of their lives ; and yet's their daily meat.

*Theoph.* And must this be our exercise to trample the beautiful banks and the florid meadows of famous Trent, to rifle her fords for diversion; and sweeten our senses with fragrant odorates that perfume the air? blest beyond expectation, to imprint on her silver sands the lively character of the angler's footsteps, whilst we flourish our artillery over the trembling streams, as they silently glide through the redolent fields, with a soft but sweet and murmuring noise.

*Arn.* Thus we may divert our selves with the streams of Trent, until the radiant zenith strike us with heat, and then consult umbrage under the shady oaks; where not to be idle, we may there form flies, and keep out of sunshine; where the rocks and the woods will invite us to contemplate the imbellished creation, the variety of creatures, and the all-glorious Creator.

*Theoph.* This I confess is sovereign advice, and if I mistake not, the shady trees of Sherwood will conduce to moderate the fiery strokes of the sun, whilst Phaeton with his chariot careers to the western fountains.

*Arn.* Nor till then is it needful to return to our exercise, and make inroads with our art and artificial artillery; for to practise the ground-bait in the heat of the day, is a piece of industry

without any ingenuity ; since the true knowledge and disquisitions of the ground-bait, if sedulously consulted, will sufficiently compensate the toil of the artist, because when to afford him a due poize of profit, with solitary pleasure. Moreover, it's less difficult to calculate the constant commons that fish themselves frequently acquire, than to enumerate the various and multiform classes of emmits, insects, worms and flies.

*Theoph.* I believe no less.

*Arn.* Then cast back your eye on those solid foundations of earth and rocks, and consider with your self the ornaments of nature ; how concretions are link'd together, and earths and clays amalgamiz'd and coagulated into minerals : how animals and insects are lodg'd and conceal'd in the surface of soils and stagnated pools ; meaning such as compensate the art and industry of every industrious and ingenious angler. Nor is it difficult to procure this mortal entertainment for exercise and recreation ; since it's nothing more than a knotted earth-worm, of which there are several sorts, and diversity of sizes ; consequently various kinds, and variety of colours.

*Theoph.* Pray, explain your self.

*Arn.* Thus I explain my self ; as the nature and quality of the earth is, such also are the generations and productions of animals and in-

sects ingendred therein. Some products we observe them to be naturally leprous, and such are usually struck with morbifick deformities. Some again are prolifick, and animated with life ; as some others are design'd for vegetation. Some earths are cold, frigid, and moist ; on the contrary, some others by reason of the salinity of sand, are fortified with heat almost to excess. There are also various complexions of earths and soils, which calify and indurate by the sun's reflection, so incrustate themselves by contact and connexion, that with little difficulty facilitate a warmth : so that whilst some are accidentally cold, as ardent are othersome because influenced by callifaction. But as some are naturally cold, by northern influence, destinated to a marly spongeous clay ; intemperately hot are othersome, by confluence of bituminous and sulphureous mixts cooperating with them. Some are boggy, some gravelly, some naturally fertile, othersome as naturally steril. All which demonstrate the various modification and methods of nature, and the divine preordinate wisdom of God the Creator, whose decrees are inviolable, and whose laws are irrevocable ; and from whom nature in all her operations copies to the life from the first original. When, therefore, seriously to consider the various families of insects and animals, naturally protruded and

thrust forth into the world, for the supply of themselves and their fellow-creatures, it demonstrates a benevolence, and not a prodigality in nature to stock the elements with such a numerous increase, as my self and others have curiously inspected. So that sometimes one animal, and sometimes another, infinitely excels as to the angler's recreation.

But the classis of worms are multiform and various ; manifestly the lob, or more properly the dew-worm, knob or knotted worm ; red-worm, brandlin, gild-tail, marish-worm ; flag and dock-worm, tag and tagil, spotspere, munck and muck-worm ; cod-worm and straw-worm, &c. But it's impossible to enumerate the innumerable sorts and varieties of worms, and the texture of insects, (different also in shape, colour, beauty, and proportion,) except prophetically instructed beyond the due mediums of art, or otherwise inspected by natural observation : as when to imagine some of them smooth, of a contrary quality are those that are ruff, fretted, and knotted. The various like we read of colour, form, beauty, proportion, and complexion ; as when to inspect some of them red, some others green, some red and green with a greenish cast ; and some green with a reddish tincture ; and some affected with a glance of both : some again display a brownish, blewish,

and purplish rubedo ; some others shine forth a citrine colour ; so that some are yellowish, and some again orange ; some are gray, some livid, some veril, some azure, and some more obscure, imprest with various signatures and remarkable observations. Nature generously provides multiplicity of this animal race, whereby to furnish her common-weal, and accommodate her solicitous admirers. But of all the worms that move in the earth, the gild-tail alone is the angler's *corona*.

*Theoph.* Now I conclude the fish as good as half catch'd, had we but cooks to order and dress them, and our appetites in effect moderately refresh'd ; had we but patience to pick out the bones. After this manner recreation brings a reward, when proportioned to propagate the sovereign ray of health ; but not that I extol the luxurious angler, that prefers the platter by the plentiful pannier : for he that imitates generous nature, must when he puts a period to the progress of the life of one fish, charitably endeavour the multiplication of thousands ; otherwise he that voraciously pursues his exercise, either spoils the creatures to gratify his luxury, or sports away their lives for the vanity of excess.

*Arn.* I approve of your morals and modest conceptions, that direct the angler to furnish himself with such convincing arguments, as in-

vite him only to fish for recreation. How few pretenders to the rod then, would covet the death of fish for fancy? Nay, who would not study to prolong their lives, were it for no other end than to furnish the fords, to relieve the necessitous, and divert the angler? Were not the ends of the creation made answerable to the means of preservation? Who disputes it? Then if so, let me tell you that immoderate exercise (in all or any one) puts a damp to pleasure; and if the end of pleasure can be adjudged destruction, then no man can be satisfied without excess. And what is excess but inordinate riot, that makes a breach in the royal commandments, in opposition to life, so results in death? Where note, this distinction is necessary to be understood; that as rods and nets are different means, so they also answer to different ends. The first, if when to consult rapid and roling streams; but the latter results in such parts of water, where no line nor rod claims a right of privilege; or with such a fish whose invincible strength, nothing but the net can encounter and overcome.

Thus arm'd at all points with our innocent artillery, and resolved to trample the redolent fields, and the florid meadows of famous Trent, we shall there encounter with murmuring streams

that invite to exercise and contemplation : whilst the shady forest, and solitary groves advance our speculation to the suburbs of Paradise ; where all the trees stand in such a beautiful order (to admiration) and divinely drest by the royal hand of him that made this stupendous creation, denotes mortals immortal, and time eternal : which true felicity no man attains to, by the study of morals only, and the beauty of the creation, but a crucified Saviour, and the piety of Christianity ; and then I know not but the streams of Damascus may as effectually cleanse as the pool of Bethesda.

*Theoph.* Your discourse seems too intricate, and ambiguous for the vulgar.

*Arn.* Not at all, for it neither violates humanity, nor opposes the piety of Christianity ; it only points to those destitute of devotion, that would, if possible, enervate the mystical ray of discovery, assassinate piety, and silence the oracles of truth, to strike truth dumb ; so bury and entomb it in the sepulchre of oblivion. But truth's bright and illustrious star will convince the world of the truth of this hypothesis, that neither envy nor emulation (nor studied art in opposition to truth) though fomented by the sons of Zoilus, shall never darken it so, as totally to deface it, but will shine forth a light to discover their shame, with the vice of the times,

and exorbitancy of life. I write to the intelligent, and not to alphabet anglers, that wander up and down besides themselves, to lick up the spumous froth of fiction, and rally the records of fabulous pamphleteers, to swell their impoverished empty volumes, on purpose spread abroad to amuze the unwary: but this I resolve against, by exhorting ingenuity to consult experience, notwithstanding my rudiments and laborious directions; for without due observation in the exercise of angling, besides speculation in the progress of theory, (in this, or indeed in any other art,) no man shall level a right foundation.

*Theoph.* Such signal remonstrations (like an ingressive spirit) strike deep impressions into my thoughtful breast. It must be a master; and what master but experience must we have, to induct us into the methods, mediums, and regularities of science? Does experience any more obliterate theory, than rudiments rip up the foundation of art? which they do not, nor cannot: then ought the rules of practicks to be the solicitation of every artist, which analysis of necessity I cannot but comply with; or let the surviving ages engrave on my tomb-stone, *post est occasio calva*.

*Arn.* To compleat a scholar, therefore, we are to consider that every pedagogue that initiates

his novice into the rudiments of grammar, gives him literature first. After the same manner, and not altering my methods, I have laid down the rules and hypotheses of the ground-bait. Where note, I prefer the worm for the angler's exercise (if artificially scoured) as a general bait before any other, and upon all occasions (inordinate seasons excepted) if purposing thereby to consult the bottom (as also the innumerable families of fish :) and so farewell, for it's almost sun-set.

THEOPHILUS.

What tho the night's dark scenes and shades display  
The bright sun's absence ; can't the stars make day ?

ARNOLDUS.

Can those obscurer tapers light the world,  
Whose lights are from the sun's bright furnace hurl'd ?  
Motion they have, it's true ; that causes wonder :  
But God that join'd their rays, takes them asunder.

THEOPHILUS.

From what bright influence then do comets borrow  
Their radiant beam ?

ARNOLDUS.

The stars, they strike them thorow.

THEOPHILUS.

Must we conclude the world all vegetation,  
Humane race excepted, by generation ?

ARNOLDUS.

The slippery womb of earth, in time sent out  
A thing incapable to walk about :  
Till God in love, out of a pure compassion,  
Made man the margin of this great creation.

THEOPHILUS.

Why then do mortals fight against superiours ;  
And pull down angels to advance inferiours ?

ARNOLDUS.

Man may attempt it ; but his slender arm  
Has hardly warmth in't for to keep him warm.

THEOPHILUS.

No, why then presumes he by force to raise  
His fires so high to make the heavens blaze ?

ARNOLDUS.

That's a mistake, man's but a minute's breath,  
Blown out of doors but with one puff of death.

THEOPHILUS.

And yet immortal too ! strange prodigy,  
That man the lord of all, should live to die !

ARNOLDUS.

'Tis true, a star fell on a shrine of earth,  
That touch'd mortality, and gave it birth,  
Conduct, and reason, and a soul immortal,  
Lit by the lamp of Heaven's glorious portal.  
Made all miraculous, yet this won't please :  
Heaven must die, to cure the world's disease.

And yet this mortal wonder we call man,  
Is still averse e're since the world began.

THEOPHILUS.

Ungrateful creature, who by Heaven's decree,  
Was made to live, and had the sov'raignty  
Of the creation. What to say I know not ;  
Nor what to think, for thoughts are things that do not.

ARNOLDUS.

Since days and nights all terminate in one,  
And stars made emblems of their sovereign sun :  
Then to be loyal, each a star must be ;  
But to be royal, claims the sov'raintie.  
The Gordian knot's so knit, none can untie  
But He that made the world's great harmony.  
For God with nature such sublime things blended,  
That man nor dev'ls, angels themselves can't find it.  
We can but climb the gradual steps of sense ;  
And they'r but motives to intelligence.  
But those sweet melting cords in a Saint's breast,  
That lives by faith of things yet unexpressed,  
Invigorate the soul ; and lends her eyes to see  
That earth and heaven, all's but harmony.

THEOPHILUS.

Then rocks are organs, and the ambient air  
But the harsh sound of heaven's softer quire.  
Waters make musick ; so all things by art,  
Where nature freely her free gifts impart,  
Speak harmony, and divinely shows  
That from another fountain this thing flows.

## ARNOLDUS.

Consider but the chaos in creation,  
When the Divinest made a separation :  
How that the earth stood still, whilst he rais'd higher  
The sun's bright torch, or all had been on fire.

## THEOPHILUS.

Amazing wonder ! see, Aurora now  
Strips off the sables from night's shady brow ;  
That Sol no sooner peeps to gild the skies,  
But all the mists before his presence flies.

## ARNOLDUS.

'Tis true they do ; and he that sees their flight,  
Sees darkness gradually transform'd to light.  
Yet let him not mistake himself, for day  
Is but Time's copy-book : cast that away,  
And what presents ? Death, more obscure than night,  
Through whose dark pilgrimage we creep to light.

## LAUS DEO.



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## NOTES.

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NOTES

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## NOTES.

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### Note I.

*I saw two thousand horse all advance in division over these silly shores.—P. 71.*

The passage of the Solway Sands, by a large body of cavalry, was a sight which might have been seen more than once during the great Civil Wars. In 1648, the Duke of Hamilton entered England by the way of Carlisle, and, in 1651, Charles II. took the same route. In both of these ill-fated expeditions, it is probable that a large part of the Scottish cavalry crossed the Solway, near Burgh on the sands. It is scarce necessary to add, that, chance when it would, the description in the text must be considered as exceedingly hyperbolic.

### Note II.

*I'se but fet my spear and cutrements.—P. 72.*

The people who dwell on either side of the Solway have an uncommon mode of taking salmon, by pursuing the fish on horseback, and at full gallop, through the shallows which are left by the tide in its retreat. The guide, who attends Theophilus and Arnoldus, takes his *leister*, or salmon-spear, along with him, that, in his own phrase, in case he meet with a fish, he may mar his march to the sea any more. This may be called a sort of salmon-hunting.

## Note III.

*My hook hangs still in his chaps.—P. 82.*

The hooking, playing, and finally the loss of a salmon, by an inexperienced and impatient angler, is very accurately described in the preceding passage. All fishermen of judgment know, that, when the salmon lies dead-still at the bottom, it is in order to collect his strength for a rally; and that it is very hazardous to strain the line on him at that moment. On the contrary, the judicious angler holds himself in readiness for the fish springing into the air, with the purpose of throwing the weight of its body on the line, and prepares to evade this manœuvre, by lowering the rod suddenly at the same moment, so as to slack the line, and then secure the purchase on the fish the instant afterwards. This requires great sleight of hand and presence of mind, and many a fish breaks away in such circumstances, and leaves the angler to mourn his impatience and want of address. This is one of the passages which shews Franck to have been a practical salmon-fisher.—See his caution in p. 85.

## Note IV.

*The name of Comer they mightily honour, but that of Gossip they utterly abominate.—P. 91.*

Commer (from the French Comere) and gossip are the Scottish and English words for a godmother, or more generally for a companion and intimate.

## Note V.

*The remarkable antiquities and mines of Boghall.—P. 92.*

Arnoldus here tells his companion a story of the hardships which he sustained upon a former expedition in Scotland, when he made one of a body of English cavalry which was stationed at Boghall, a castle of the Earls of Wigton. The village where they quartered is no other than the town of Biggar, which cannot, even in the present day, be recommended for the superior accommodations which it affords the traveller.

## Note VI.

*Kilmarnock, an ancient corporation.*—P. 98.

This borough is situated on the Irvine, which, by mistake, our author terms the *Mar*, and derives its name from being the burial-place of Saint Marnock. The manufacture of dirks and other edged-tools has declined, but, it need scarce be said, that of Scottish cloths has increased in a great proportion.

## Note VII.

*Famous Glasgow.*—P. 105.

The panegyric, which the author pronounces upon Glasgow, gives us a higher idea of the prosperity of Scotland's western capital, during the middle of the 17th century, than the reader perhaps might have anticipated. A satirist with respect to every other place, Franck describes Glasgow as the "nonsuch of Scotland, where an English florist may pick up a posy." Commerce had already brought wealth to Glasgow, and with wealth seems to have arisen an attention to the decencies and conveniences of life, unknown as yet in other parts of Scotland.

## Note VIII.

*Wellcome to Dunbarton.*—P. 111.

A strict search among records, were it worth while, might discover the name of the English Commandant of Dumbarton during the republick, who is here called Aquilla, and who, as an old acquaintance, receives Arnoldus and Theophilus in his fortress. Cromwell maintained twenty-eight garrisons in different parts of Scotland, in the forts and castles which he found ready built, besides erecting new citadels at Leith, Air, Inverness, and Glasgow. The expence of the standing army necessary to keep Scotland in subjugation, was as great a grievance to the English as the presence of the forces was to the Scotch.

## Note IX.

*The head of Læman.*—P. 114.

In this passage, and elsewhere, Arnoldus mistakes the name of the rivers in which he took his pastime. What he here calls the Læman is the Leven, the outlet of Loch-Lomond, which forms the harbour of Dunbarton ; a stream, which, with its banks and funny inhabitants, has been rendered immortal by Smollet's Ode. The whole description of taking the salmon, which follows, is in the true spirit of the sport, and cannot but amuse all true "gentlemen piscatorians and lovers of the rod."

## Note X.

*Island of Luss.*—P. 127.

Luss is a parish, not an island, nor is it easy to see how an island could have been the boundary of a lake, as the author asserts. By Luss we are to understand the mountains on the western side of Loch-Lomond.

## Note XI.

*The pass of Inch Callow.*—P. 127.

The Pass of Bealamaha, on the eastern side of the lake, is not improperly called the Pass of Inch-cailzie, being almost straight opposite to the island so termed. Inch-cailzie, or the Island of the Old Women, once contained a nunnery.

## Note XII.

*Beautiful Bohanun.*—P. 128.

The ludicrous description of Buchanan is no longer applicable, owing to the extensive woods and improvements which now adorn the vicinity of the Duke of Montrose's seat there. The "kirk of Dremen," mentioned in the same page, should have been spelled Drymen, and "Kilmarnock" ought to have been Kilmaronock. The ruins of the castle are still standing. It was once the seat of the Earls and Dukes of Lennox, and afterwards of the Cochrans, who became Earls of Dundonald. It has been, in its time, a place of strength and importance.

## Note XIII.

*The flourishing streets of Calvin.*—P. 129.

On the Kelvin and the Blane, which last, though the livelier trout-  
ing stream of the two, is not expressly mentioned by our au-  
thor, stand the gentlemen's seats which he has commemorated ;  
Duntreath, the seat of the Edmonstones, and Craig-Barnet and Glo-  
rat, belonging to families of the name of Stirling. The little old  
castle, or rather tower of Glorat, which furnishes our author with so  
much mirth, is still in existence.

## Note XIV.

*Kilsyth—Campsie.*—P. 130.

Near Kilsyth, as the author remarks, Montrose, in 1645, gained  
his last, and most splendid victory, in which four or five thousand  
of the vanquished fell in the flight and pursuit. The Campsie  
hills, although “ their weeping rocks” cannot be said to moisten  
the air, to the degree intimated in the text, are situated so as to  
catch the vapours, whether they rise from the Frith of Clyde, or  
from the Frith of Forth; and, accordingly, the climate is very moist.

## Note XV.

*Minevir—Drumon Castle—Mockeny.*—P. 136.

The parish of Monivaird, the ancient castle of the house of Drum-  
mond, and Mohany, belonging to an ancient branch of the same fa-  
mily, are all in Perthshire.

## Note XVI.

*Kinnule, that tantalized the tailor with an invisible stone.*—P. 146.

This legend, which our author tells at some length, is also nar-  
rated by one of the Italian novelists, (which of that amusing class  
I do not remember,) and was probably the original invention of some  
Norman *discur*. But tradition had early assigned it a local scene on  
the hill of Kinnoul, near Perth, and it is accordingly alluded to by  
Adamson, in his *Muses' Threnodie*. The Dragon-hole, in which it

is said to have been found, is a cave in a steep rock, in the face of Minnoul-hill, very dangerous and difficult of access ; the scene of many a merry May-game in the times of Popery, which were prohibited by the puritanic severity of the kirk-session of Perth. It is not unlikely that the trick put upon Jamie Keddie (Adamson fortunately has retrieved from oblivion the hero's name) was a jest, arising out of the humours of the festival.

We need not card nor cross-staff for our pole,  
But, thence ascending, clam the Dragon-hole,  
With crampets on our feet, and clubs in hand,  
Where, it's recorded, Jamie Keddie fand  
A stane, enchanted, like to Gyge's ring,  
Which made him disappear—a wondrous thing.  
If it had been his hap to have retain'd it.  
But, losing it, again could never find it.

*The Muses Threnodic. The Sixth Verse.*

Adamson's poem was first printed, 1638.

#### NOTE XVII.

*Scotland's great general, the Earl of Leven, was born promiscuously, of obscure parents.*—P. 152.

If being born *promiscuously* signifies to be born meanly, this was not the case. The celebrated David, Earl of Leven, was the son of Leslie of Balgonie, Captain of Blair Castle, by a daughter of Stuart of Ballechin.

#### NOTE XVIII.

*Old Drumkilbo.*—P. 153.

Drumkilbo, situated about three miles from the village of Meigle in Strathmore, belongs to a family of the name of Nairne.

#### NOTE XIX.

*Tipprofin—mossy and boggy, full of pits and horrid blackness.*—

P. 155.

The spacious moss of Tipperfin atones for its extreme ugliness, by producing great quantities of excellent marle. The author has

spoiled the silly tale which he tells concerning the origin of the name, by a slight alteration in the orisons of the poor priest who fell into the bog—*Ex profunditatibus*, &c. could never have formed Tipprofin, though *de profundis* might come near to that sound.

Note XX.

*The Loch of Pitloil.*—P. 155.

This small lake, with that called the Loch of Lundy, lies at the head of the water of Dighty, which rising on the southern side of the Seedlaw hills, flows to Dundee. The angler's tale of the witches, by whom he was here beset, is one of the few marvellous legends with which he burthens our credulity; and the belief of witchcraft, it must be remembered, was universal at this period. Neither does the Tourist himself seem very positive in believing the existence of these "mortal dæmons," as he calls them.

The word *whiturch* is never, in Scotland, used to signify a fox-terrier, as asserted in the text. Perhaps it may have been the proper name of the witch's lap-dog. *Whitret* signifies *weazel*—a natural enough name for that sort of dog.

XXI.

*The flourishing fields of Meghill, wherein lies interr'd the royal corps of King Arthur's consort.*—P. 164.

Some of the very curious sepulchral remains in the Church-yard of Meigle, in Strathmore, have been engraved by Pennant, but not with the most laudable accuracy. The common people are uniform in the tradition which points them out as referring to the history of King Arthur; and shew one of the most distinguished, as the monument of the celebrated Vanora, Guenever, or Ganore, the queen of that renowned sovereign. Arthur-stone, a neighbouring property, takes its name from the same hero. Certainly the number and curious sculpture of these ancient stones, now carefully protected by the proprietor of Meigle, Patrick Murray, Esq. of Symprim, are such as entitle us to refer them to some era of importance. But the renown of King Arthur and his chivalry was spread so universally through all Europe, that their exploits were readily adopted as the

solution of every doubt, and many vestiges of antiquity were ascribed them, merely on account of their traditional fame.

Note XXII.

*Elliot—when famous Leven was surprised in his quarters by the English cavalry.—P. 170.*

Elliot is more commonly termed Alyth. When Charles II. marched towards England in 1651, the Committee of Estates met there, for the purpose of levying forces to support the royal cause, and raise, if possible, the siege of Dundee. They were surprised by Allured, with a body of English horse, dispatched by Monk for that service, from his camp, then laid before Dundee. This sudden onset dispersed their hasty levies, and many of themselves, including the celebrated Lesley, Earl of Leven, were made prisoners. About twenty-five or thirty years ago, a considerable sum of money was found in the village, supposed to be a part of their supplies, which had been hastily secreted.

Note XXIII.

*Martyr fish with the blaze of a wisp and a barbed spear.—P. 171.*

The angler is naturally jealous of whatever appears to interfere with his own favourite pastime. But an old spearman may be allowed to state, in favour of the picturesque and manly sport of "burning the water," that the salmon so killed have been too long in the fresh water to rise at a fly; nor can it be otherwise, as the burning can only be practised when the river is low and the pools very clear, and, consequently, where there are no newly-run fish for the amusement of the angler.

Note XXIV.

*The brewster-wife, and Puggy, the cow of Billy Pringle.—P. 185.*

For the sake of accuracy, the author ought to have written, "Peggy, the cow of Baillie Pringle." By the way, in page 136, the author assigns Dumblane as the residence of the jovial baillie, whom he has here transplanted to Cupar. The foolish story of Doch an Dorough, which Captain Franck tells, after the manner of a dull man detailing a jest, is founded upon the ancient Scottish custom of the

landlord presenting a stirrup-cup to his guests, for which no reckoning was charged.

NOTE XXV.

*Carlisle-Mount—Kincarn O'Neal.*—p. 194, 195.

Read Cairn o' Mount and Kincardine O'Neale.

NOTE XXVI.

*Reven in Badenoch.*—P. 196.

Read, Ruthven in Badenoch, a small Highland village.

NOTE XXVII.

*Art was both engine and engineer, to invite this ship into this solitary lough.*—P. 197.

The curious account which the author gives of transporting a vessel to Loch-Ness, for the purpose of annoying the Highlanders who continued to defend their mountains long after the low country was subjected by Cromwell, was an instance, amongst many, of the determined perseverance, as well as the ingenuity, of the republican commanders. The nature of the war betwixt them and the Highlanders may be judged of, by perusing the Memoirs of Sir Ewen Cameron of Lochiel, printed in the first volume of Pennant's Tour. Art has, by means of the Caledonian Canal, now rendered Loch-Ness a navigable, or, according to the author's favourite phrase, a *portable lake*.

NOTE XXVIII.

*The earth in Ross has an antipathy against rats.*—P. 207.

The same was anciently believed of various districts. The earth of Liddesdale, for example, in Roxburghshire, was formerly sent for from a considerable distance to lay the floors of barns withal. Unfortunately, it was only useful against the small black rat, which is the original Scottish breed, and is now almost extinct. The great grey rat, which, as old Jacobites malignantly observed, came in at the Hanover accession, has overrun the privileged districts, as well as every other in Scotland, and is understood to have banished or destroyed the original breed. The black rat lives on land exclusively, the grey is amphibious.

## Note XXIX.

*Stranaver, where a rude sort of inhabitants dwell, almost as barbarous as Cannibals ; who, when they kill a beast, boil him in his hide, make a caldron of his skin, brewse of his body, drink of his blood, and bread and meat of his carcase.—P. 209.*

It would seem, that so lately as the middle of the seventeenth century, the inhabitants of Strathnaver retained the rude and savage mode of cookery once proper to all Scotland. In Edward the Third's reign, while the Scottish army forsook their camp at Stanhope-park, in Northumberland, they left nothing behind them but three hundred cauldrons, made of raw hides. "They have no occasion," says Froissart, "for pots or pans, for they dress the flesh of the cattle in the skins, after they have flayed them off." In Derricke's Image of Ireland, he gives the same account of the Irish commons which Franck does of the inhabitants of Strathnairn.

\* \* \* \* \*

Well, beeves are knocked doune,  
the butchers plaie their parte,  
Tho take each one the intrails forthe,  
the liver with the harte ;  
And beyng breathyng newe,  
th' unwashen puddyngs thei,  
Upon the coales or embers hotte,  
for want of gredyron laie,  
And, scarce not halfe enough,  
(draffe serveth well for hoggs,)  
Thei take them up, and fall therto,  
like ravnyng hongrie doggs.  
Devouring gutte and limme,  
no parte doth come amisse ;  
Whose lippes and chappes with blood doe swim,  
most true report is this.

\* \* \* \* \*

Long stabbers plucke thei forthe,  
instead of handsome knives ;

And with the same thei slashe me out,  
 good God ! what pretie shives.  
 Not shives of bread I meane,  
 for that were verie rare,\*  
 But gobbes of fleshe not boyld inough,  
 whiche is their common fare.  
 Their chiefest drinke is milke;  
 for want of milke, the brothe  
 Thei take; which thing the surgion sweares  
 Is phisicke, by his trothe.†

## Note XXX.

*John a Groat.*—P. 209.

This extreme inhabitant of Scotland lived upon the Pentland Frith, close by Duncan's bay-head. His dwelling is no more, and the site is occupied by a magazine. But some of the patriarch's descendants, in the fourth generation, reside in Caithness and Orkney. The fable of the barnacles, which follows, was echoed in all descriptions of Scotland until of late years. Hence Cleveland's jest :—

A Scot, when from the gallows tree broke loose,  
 Drops into Styx, and turns a Solun-geese.

## Note XXXI.

*Dunrobin.*—P. 211, 212.

Dunrobin is the baronial castle of the family of Sutherland; much enlarged and improved by the Marquis and Marchioness of Stafford.

---

\* “ A Bohemian baron, whose curiosity led him through Ireland, in the heat of Tyrone's rebellion, during eight days' journey, found no bread, not so much as a cake of oats, till he came to dine with Tyrone himself.”—MORRISON'S *Travels*. Part III. p. 163.—“ Con-more, the great O'Neal, cursed any of his pedigree who should learn English, build houses, or sow corn.”

† Lord Somers' *Tracts*, second edition, 1809. Vol. I. p. 588. 589.

## Note XXXII.

*Tayn in Ross, sacks all their malefactors, so swims them to their graves.—P. 213.*

Punishment, by drowning, was once universally practised through Scotland. An old Strathnaver Highlander of this period, is said to have bemoaned himself and his neighbours, advising all men to take care of themselves, for the *law* had come as near them as Tain. The Regent Murray drowned seven men at St Andrews, for piracy. I suppose the prevalence of this custom was founded on economy. The sack in which the criminals were tied, would serve the same purpose again, which a halter could not. They were held down with poles, till life was extinguished.

## Note XXXIII.

*Urquhart.—P. 217.*

The author speaks of the translator of Rabelais, Sir Thomas Urquhart of Cromarty, and of his father, the older Sir Thomas. The number of forty children, assigned in the text to the former, is at least as remarkable, and probably as fabulous, as any thing in the genealogy compiled by the son, who establishes Adam in the character of the first Urquhart of Cromarty. A tinge of insanity is visible in Sir Thomas Urquhart's writings, which did not, however, disqualify him from the task of translating Rabelais with the utmost spirit. Our author seems to have established his own style, in some degree, upon the same model with Sir Thomas.

## Note XXXIV.

*Old Chanery, hung about with charms.—P. 217.*

Channery, a town in Ross-shire, situated on the sea shore, derives its name from the establishments of Canons Regular, which long flourished there. How the place came to be peculiarly renowned for sorcery, does not appear; but it is so celebrated in the "Flying of Polwart and Montgomery," where Nicneven, the Hecate of Scottish necromancy, is thus introduced:—

Nicneven and her nymphs, in number anew,  
With charms from Caitness, and Chanrie in Ross.

If the witches of Chanrie possessed, as is intimated, the power of compelling grampuses to come ashore, their skill must, in such a situation, have been of great use to their town-folks.

NOTE XXXV.

*Bogagieth, the Marquess of Huntly's palace.—P. 220.*

Bog of Gight was the ancient name of Castle Gordon. Mr Pennant, in the first volume of his *Tour through Scotland*, quotes our author's description of this principal residence of the great family of Gordon, and illustrates it by an old print, which he conceives to represent that lofty fabric upon whose beauties Mr Franck is so eloquent. The building, in the engraving, very much resembles Heriot's hospital at Edinburgh; and the architecture seems at least a century too late for the year 1501, assigned as the date of the castle. It could have been wished that Mr Pennant had given us the authority on which he conceived the print to be designed to represent old Castle-Gordon. The author always reads Trespey for Strath-Spey—misled by the popular pronunciation.

The ancient residence was called *Bogra-gbdhu*, or windy bog, there being a very free circulation of air from the Frith and the west; and the ferry-boat is still the boat of Bog. This habitation was long known, all over the north, by the name of "The Bog," for an obvious reason. Spalden seldom uses any other term for it. —See *Statistical Account of Scotland*, Vol. 14, p. 265.

NOTE XXXVI.

*Steen-hive—Dunnottar-Castle—in this fine fortress they conceal the Regalia of Scotland.—P. 231.*

For Steen-hive, we must read Stone-haven. In Dunnottar-Castle the Regalia of Scotland were deposited for preservation during the Civil Wars; and when the fortress was near being compelled to surrender, they were secretly conveyed thence by the Reverend Mr Granger and his wife, and buried in the Kirk of Kinneff, of which Mr Granger was clergyman, and where they were secreted until the Restoration. In 1656, when our author travelled in Scotland, the general belief was received that they were concealed somewhere about the castle.

## Note XXXVII.

*Flourishing Aberdeen.*—P. 222.

From the high compliments which the author pays to Aberdeen, Glasgow, Montrose, and one or two other commercial towns, we must suppose the trade of Scotland, during the sixteenth century, to have been more considerable than is generally believed.

## Note XXXVIII.

*Dundee—storm'd and spoil'd by the rash precipitancy of foreign mercenaries.*—P. 234.

In 1651, Dundee was taken by storm, by the parliamentary army, commanded by General Monk, with circumstances of great violence and cruelty. Lumsden, the governor, is said to have been put to death after quarter had been given to him. In the statistical account of the parish, the slaughter is estimated, upon calculations there given, at about one-sixth part of the whole inhabitants. The worthy clergyman gives many traditional particulars of this merciless assault, which took place 1st September 1651. When our author proceeds to say, that "he that doomed Dundee to die, is dead himself, and doomed ere this," he confirms the opinion expressed in the preface, that his *Journal* had undergone various alterations subsequent to the date assigned to his travels. Monk, who is certainly the person meant, died 3d Jan. 1669-70.

## Note XXXIX.

*Scoon—How stands the kirk on all the kingdom?*—P. 241.

Our author has improved upon, or altered, the legend concerning the Mote-hill at Scone, said by old authors to be termed *Omnis Terra*, because every Baron in Scotland brought thither a handful of the soil of his estate, in token of his surrendering it to the king, to receive it again in feudal investiture. Mr Franck supposes the foundations of the church to have been laid upon this collection of earth, whereas the common account represents it to have been employed in forming the little mound, or *mons placiti*, called the Mote-hill.

## Note XL.

*On Tintaw-top, &c.—It is a riddle, and stuffed with varieties.—*

P. 257.

The rhymes which our author has taken the pains to preserve, are no riddle, but a puzzle, which children amuse themselves by reciting very fast—a forfeit being imposed for every blunder, which, in so many words of concurring sound, it is not easy to avoid. A wit of our own day has, however, made the Kist on Tintaw-Tap the subject of a humorous and burlesque ballad.

## Note XLI.

*Belgrade.—P. 261.*

Read Belford.—The first stage south of Berwick.

## Note XLII.

*I lived in the reign of five kings, and in the time of four great worthies.—P. 286.*

The five kings must have been James I., Charles I., Charles II., James II., William III. The worthies, though only the initial letter of each name is given, are Oliver Cromwell, Lord Russell, Algernon Sydney, and Alderman Cornish.

## THE ANGLER.

FROM

BROWNE'S BRITANNIA'S PASTORALS.

THE following curious sketch, evidently drawn from the life, has been added for the gratification of the lovers of the gentle art of Angling:—

\* \* \* \* \*

Now as an angler, melancholy standing  
 Upon a greene bancke yeelding roome for landing,  
 A wrigling yealow worme thrust on his hooke,  
 Now in the midst he throwes, then in a nooke:  
 Here pulls his line, there throws it in againe,  
 Mending his croke and baite, but all in vaine,  
 He long stands viewing of the curled streame;  
 At last a hungry pike, or well-growne breame,  
 Snatch at the worme, and hasting fast away,  
 He, knowing it a fish of stubborne sway,  
 Puls up his rod, but soft, (as having skill,)  
 Wherewith the hooke fast holds the fishe's gill.  
 Then all his line he freely yeeldeth him,  
 Whilst furiously all up and downe doth swimme  
 Th' insnared fish, here on the toppe doth scud,  
 There underneath the banckes, then in the mud;  
 And with his franticke fits so scares the shole,  
 That each one takes his hide, or starting hole:  
 By this the pike cleane wearied, underneath  
 A willowe lyes, and pants, (if fishes breathe,)

Wherewith the angler gently puls him to him ;  
 And least his hast might happen to undoe him,  
 Layes downe his rod, then takes his line in hand,  
 And, by degrees, getting the fish to land,  
 Walkes to another poole: at length is winner.

\* \* \* \* \*

WILLIAM BROWNE is a descriptive poet, to whom the most fastidious will concede the merit of having been a warm admirer and close observer of the charms of Nature ; though it must be admitted, that his taste for rural imagery is too indiscriminate ; that his pictures are generally out of *keeping* ; and that his passion for the Italian writers led him into frequent conceits. Yet every observing reader must have found enough of pleasing and accurate description in the *Britannia's Pastorals*, to ensure a considerable share of his lenity, even to the puerility and fantastic extravagance of the poet. Strength of pencil and power of selection, are the qualities we chiefly miss in the perusal.

G.

THE END.

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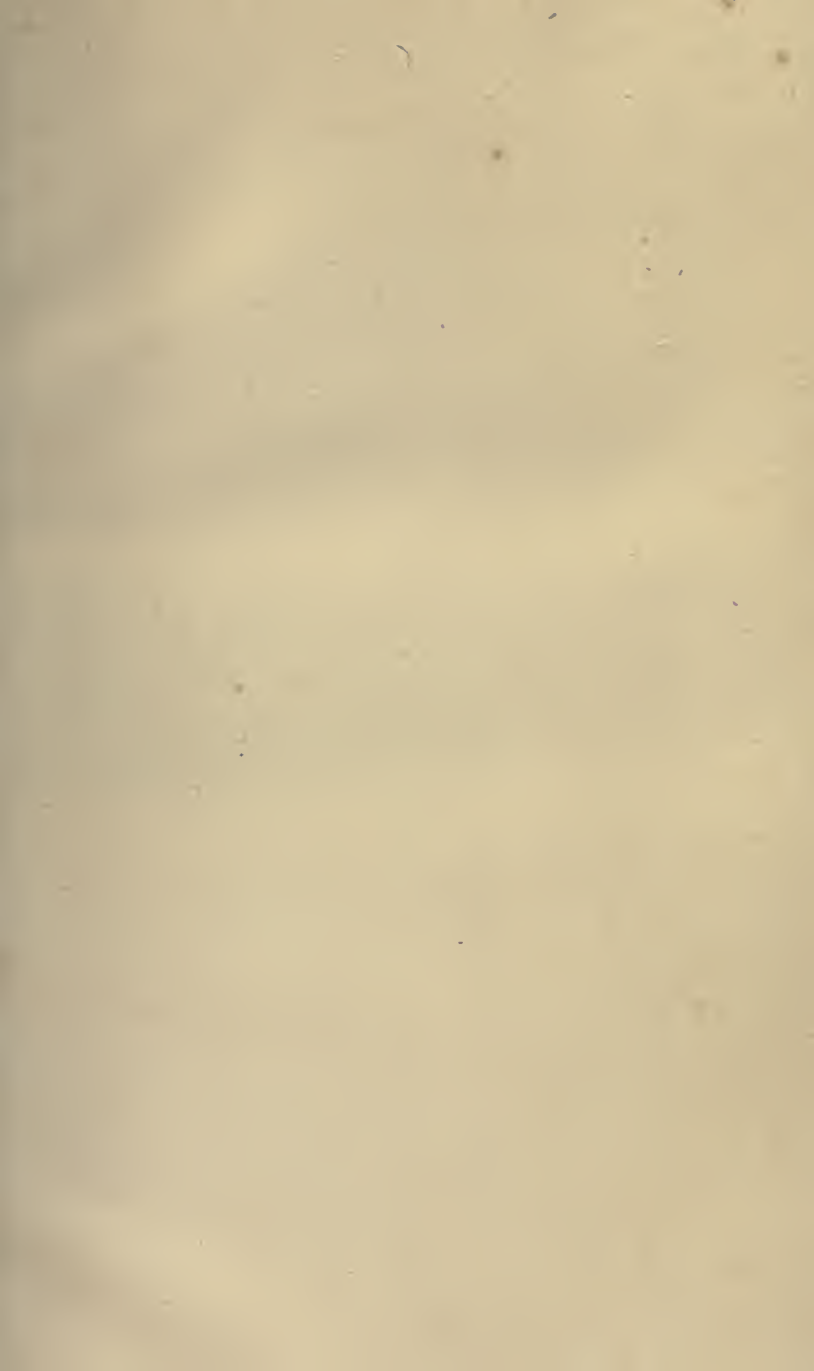
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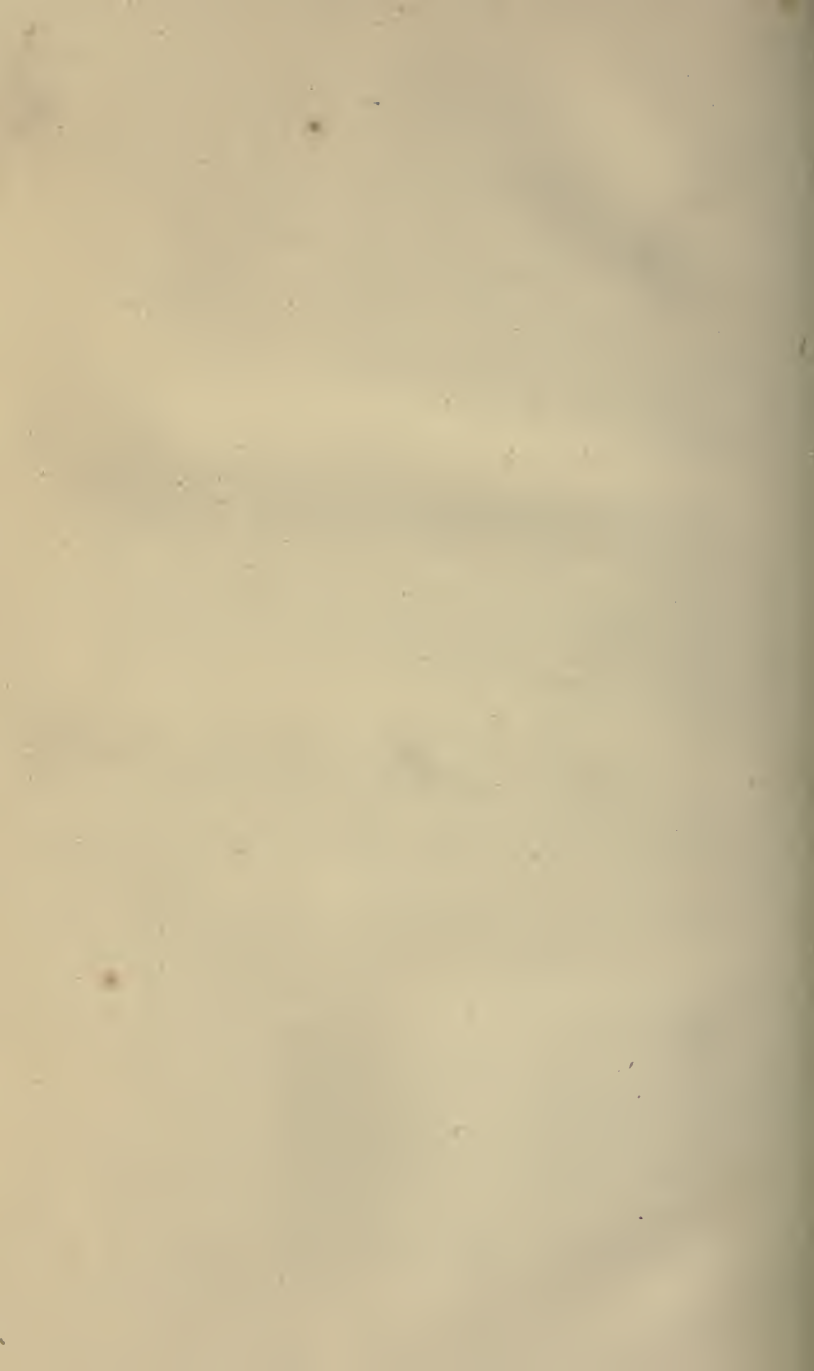
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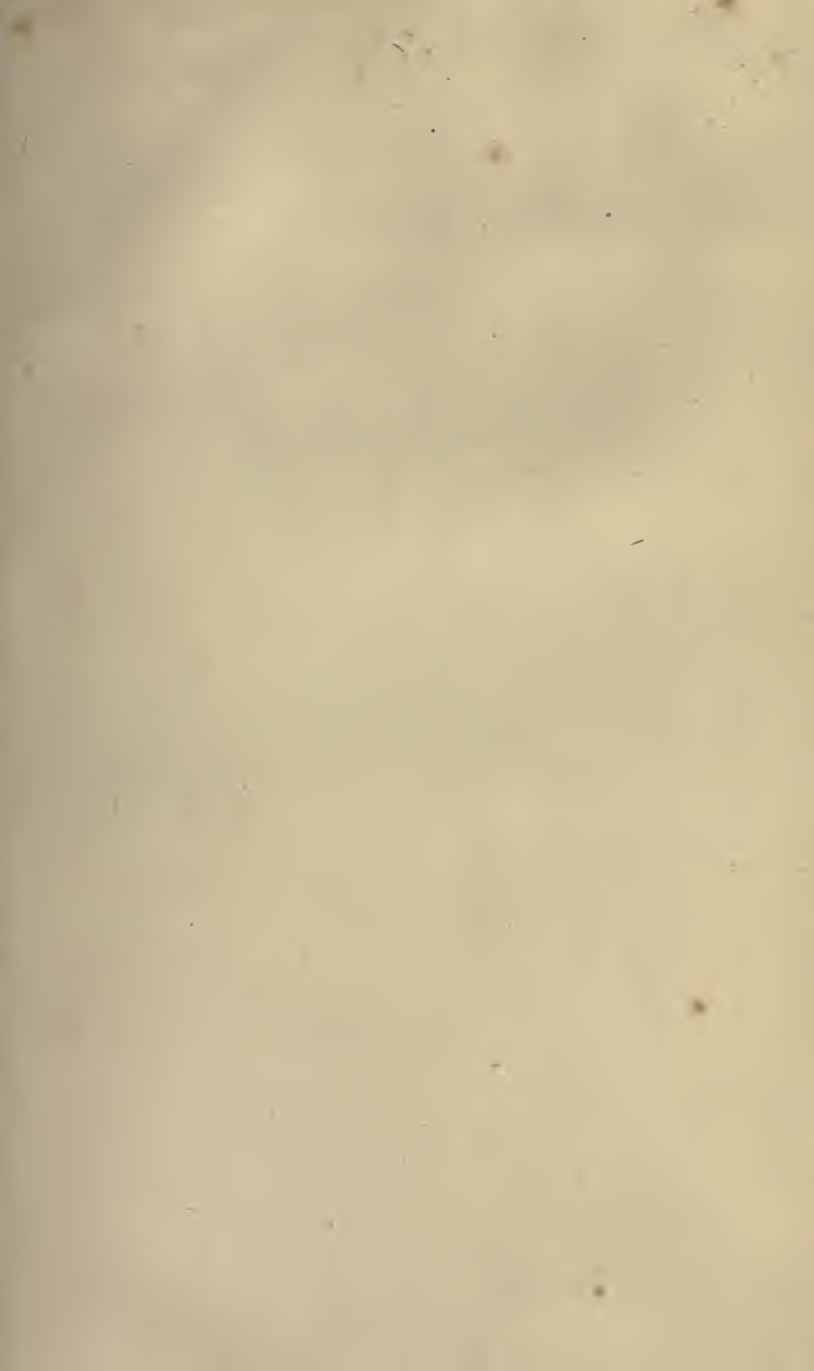
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